

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TOM JONES,  
A  
FOUNDLING.

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VOL. VI.

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By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

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— *Mores hominum multorum vidit* —

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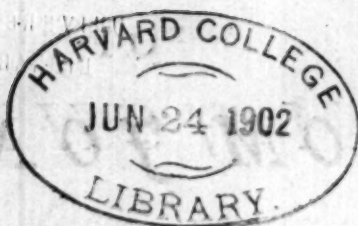
LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against  
*Catharine-street in the Strand.*

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THE  
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FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XVI.

*Containing the Space of Five Days.*

CHAP. I.

*Of Prologues.*

I Have heard of a Dramatic Writer who used to say, he would rather write a Play than a Prologue ; in like manner, I think, I can with less Pains write one of

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the

the Books of this History, than the Prefatory Chapter to each of them.

To say the Truth, I believe many a hearty Curse hath been devoted on the Head of that Author, who first instituted the Method of prefixing to his Play that Portion of Matter which is called the Prologue; and which at first was Part of the Piece itself, but of latter Years hath had usually so little Connexion with the Drama before which it stands, that the Prologue to one Play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern Date, seem all to be written on the same three Topics, *viz.* an Abuse of the Taste of the Town, a Condemnation of all Cotemporary Authors, and an Elogium on the Performance just about to be represented. The Sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great Invention of Authors, who have been capable of finding such various Phrases to express the same thing.

In like manner I apprehend, some future Historian (if any one shall do me the Honour of imitating my Manner) will, after much scratching his Pate, bestow some good  
Wishes

Wishes on my Memory, for having first established these several initial Chapters ; most of which, like Modern Prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other Book in this History as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other History as to this.

But however Authors may suffer by either of these Inventions, the Reader will find sufficient Emolument in the one, as the Spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known, that the Prologue serves the Critic for an Opportunity to try his Faculty of Hissing, and to tune his Cat-call to the best Advantage ; by which means, I have known those Musical Instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full Concert at the first rising of the Curtain.

The same Advantages may be drawn from these Chapters, in which the Critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a Whetstone to his noble Spirit ; so that he may fall with a more hungry Appetite for Censure on the History itself. And here his Sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these Chapters are calculated for that excellent Purpose ;

for in these we have always taken Care to intersperse somewhat of the four or acid Kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said Spirit of Criticism.

Again, the indolent Reader, as well as Spectator, finds great Advantage from both these ; for as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the others, and both the Play and the Book are thus protracted, by the former they have a Quarter of an Hour longer allowed them to sit at Dinner, and by the Latter they have the Advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth Page instead of the first ; a Matter by no means of trivial Consequence to Persons who read Books with no other View than to say they have read them, a more general Motive to reading than is commonly imagined ; and from which not only Law Books, and Good Books, but the Pages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of *Swift* and *Cervantes* have been often turned over.

Many other are the Emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them ; especially since it occurs to us that the principal Merit  
of

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of both the Prologue and the Preface is that  
they be short.

## CH A P. II.

*A whimsical Adventure which besel the Squire,  
with the distressed Situation of Sophia.*

WE must now convey the Reader  
to Mr. *Western's* Lodgings which  
were in *Piccadilly*, where he was placed by  
the Recommendation of the Landlord at the  
*Hercules Pillars at Hide-Park-Corner*; for at  
that Inn, which was the first he saw on his  
Arrival in Town, he placed his Horses,  
and in those Lodgings, which were the  
first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here when *Sophia* alighted from the  
Hackney-Coach, which brought her from  
the House of Lady *Bellafton*, she desired to  
retire to the Apartment provided for her,  
to which her Father very readily agreed,  
and whither he attended her himself. A  
short Dialogue, neither very material nor  
pleasant to relate minutely, then passed be-  
tween them, in which he pressed her vehe-  
mently to give her Consent to the Marriage  
with *Blifil*, who, as he acquainted her, was

to be in Town in a few Days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute Refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her Father, that after many bitter Vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard Words and Curfes, locked the Door and put the Key into his Pocket.

While *Sophia* was left with no other Company than what attend the closest State Prisoner, namely, Fire and Candle, the Squire sat down to regale himself over a Bottle of Wine, with his Parson and the Landlord of the *Hercules Pillars*, who, as the Squire said, would make an excellent third Man, and could inform them of the News of the Town, and how Affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal since the Horses of a many of the Quality stand at his House.

In this agreeable Society, Mr. *Western* past that Evening and great part of the succeeding Day, during which Period nothing happened of sufficient Consequence to find a Place in this History. All this time *Sophia* past by herself; for her Father swore she should never come out of her Chamber alive,



alive, unless she first consented to marry *Blifil*; nor did he ever suffer the Door to be unlocked unless to convey her Food, on which Occasions he always attended himself.

The second Morning after his Arrival, while he and the Parson were at Breakfast together on a Toast and Tankard, he was informed that a Gentleman was below to wait on him.

‘ A Gentleman!’ quoth the Squire,  
 ‘ who the Devil can he be? Do, Doctor,  
 ‘ go down and see who ’tis. Mr. *Blifil* can  
 ‘ can hardly be come to Town yet. ———  
 ‘ Go down, do, and know what his Business is.

The Doctor returned with an Account that it was a very well drest Man, and by the Ribbon in his Hat, he took him for an Officer of the Army; that he said he had some particular Business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. *Western* himself.

‘ An Officer!’ cries the Squire, ‘ what  
 ‘ can any such Fellow have to do with me?  
 ‘ If he wants an Order for Baggage-Wag-  
 ‘ gons, I am no Justice of Peace here,  
 B 4      ‘ nor



‘ nor can I grant a Warrant.——Let un  
‘ come up then, if he must speak to me.

A very genteel Man now entered the Room; who, having made his Compliments to the Squire, and desired the Favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows.

“ Sir, I come to wait upon you by the  
“ Command of my Lord *Fellamar*, but  
“ with a very different Message from what  
“ I suppose you expect, after what past the  
“ other Night.”

‘ My Lord who?’ cries the Squire, ‘ I  
‘ never heard the Name o’ un.’

‘ His Lordship,’ said the Gentleman,  
‘ is willing to impute every thing to the  
‘ Effect of Liquor, and the most trifling  
‘ Acknowledgment of that Kind will set  
‘ every thing right; for as he hath the most  
‘ violent Attachment to your Daughter,  
‘ you, Sir, are the last Person upon Earth,  
‘ from whom he would resent an Affront;  
‘ and happy is it for you both that he hath  
‘ given such public Demonstrations of his  
‘ Courage, as to be able to put up an Af-  
‘ fair of this Kind, without Danger of any  
‘ Im-

‘ Imputation on his Honour. All he desires therefore, is, that you will before me, make some Acknowledgment, the slightest in the World will be sufficient, and he intends this Afternoon to pay his Respects to you, in order to obtain your Leave of visiting the young Lady on the Footing of a Lover.

‘ I don’t understand much of what you say, Sir,’ said the Squire; ‘ but I suppose, by what you talk about my Daughter, that this is the Lord which my Lady Cousin *Bellaſton* mentioned to me, and said something about his courting my Daughter. If so be, that how, that be the Case — you may give my Service to his Lordship, and tell un the Girl is disposed of already.

‘ Perhaps, Sir,’ said the Gentleman, ‘ you are not sufficiently apprized of the Greatness of this Offer. I believe such a Person, Title, and Fortune, would be no where refused.

‘ Lookee, Sir,’ answered the Squire, ‘ to be very plain, my Daughter is bespoke already; but if she was not, I would not marry her to a Lord upon any Account;

‘ I hate all Lords ; they are a Parcel of  
 ‘ Courtiers and *Hannoverians*, and I will  
 ‘ have nothing to do with them.’ —

‘ Well, Sir,’ said the Gentleman, ‘ if  
 ‘ that is your Resolution, the Message I  
 ‘ am to deliver to you, is, that my Lord  
 ‘ desires the Favour of your Company this  
 ‘ Morning in *Hide-Park*.’

‘ You may tell my Lord,’ answered the  
 Squire, ‘ that I am busy and cannot come.  
 ‘ I have enough to look after at home, and  
 ‘ can’t stir abroad on any Account.’

‘ I am sure, Sir,’ quoth the other, ‘ you  
 ‘ are too much a Gentleman to send  
 ‘ such a Message ; you will not, I am con-  
 ‘ vinced, have it said of you, that after  
 ‘ having affronted a noble Peer, you refuse  
 ‘ him Satisfaction. His Lordship would  
 ‘ have been willing, from his great Regard  
 ‘ to the young Lady, to have made up  
 ‘ matters in another way ; but unless he is  
 ‘ is to look on you as a Father, his Ho-  
 ‘ nour will not suffer his putting up such  
 ‘ an Indignity as you must be sensible you  
 ‘ offered him.’

‘ I offered him !’ cries the Squire ; ‘ it  
‘ is a d—m’d Lie, I never offered him any  
‘ Thing.’

Upon these Words the Gentleman returned a very short verbal Rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual Remonstrances, which no sooner reached the Ears of Mr. *Western*, than that worthy Squire began to caper very briskly about the Room, bellowing at the same time with all his Might, as if desirous to summon a greater Number of Spectators to behold his Agility.

The Parson, who had left great part of the Tankard unfinished, was not retired far ; he immediately attended therefore on the Squire’s Vociferation, crying, ‘ Bless me ! Sir, what’s the Matter ?’ — ‘ Matter !’ quoth the Squire, ‘ here’s a Highway-Man, I believe, who wants to rob and murder me ——— for he hath fallen upon me with that Stick there in his Hand, when I wish I may be d —n’d if I gid un the least Provocation.’

‘ How, Sir,’ said the Captain, ‘ did you not tell me, I ly’d.’

‘ No, as hope to be saved, answered the Squire.—I believe I might say, “ ’Twas a Lie that I had offered any Affront to my Lord,”—‘ but I never said the Word *you lie*. — I understand myself better, and you might have understood yourself better than to fall upon a naked Man. If I had had a Stick in my Hand, you would not have dared strike me. I’d have knocked thy Lanthorn Jaws about thy Ears. Come down into Yard this Minute, and I’ll take a Bout with thee at single Stick for a broken Head, that I will ; or I will go into naked Room and box thee for a Belly full. At unt half a Man, at unt I’m sure.’

The Captain, with some Indignation, replied, ‘ I see, Sir, you are below my Notice, and I shall inform his Lordship you are below his.—I am sorry I have dirtied my Fingers with you.—At which Words he withdrew, the Parson interposing to prevent the Squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some Efforts for the Purpose, did not seem very violently bent on Success. However, when the Captain was departed, the Squire sent many Curses and some Menaces after him ; but as these did  
not

not set out from his Lips till the Officer was at the Bottom of the Stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his Ears, or at least did not retard his Departure.

Poor *Sophia* however, who, in her Prison, heard all her Father's Outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her Foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old Gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter Voice. These Screams soon silenced the Squire, and turned all his Consideration towards his Daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least Apprehension of any Harm happening to her, threw him presently into Agonies: For except in that single Instance in which the whole future Happiness of her Life was concerned, she was sovereign Mistress of his Inclinations.

Having ended his Rage against the Captain, with swearing he would take the Law of him, the Squire now mounted up Stairs to *Sophia*, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the Door, he found all pale and breathless. The Moment however that she saw her Father, she collected all her Spirits, and catching him hold by the  
Hand,



Hand, she cry'd passionately, ' O my dear  
' Sir, I am almost frightned to Death; I  
' hope to Heaven no Harm hath happen-  
' ed to you.'—' No, no, cries the Squire,  
' no great Harm. The Rascal hath not  
' hurt me much, but rat me if I don't ha  
' the Laa o'un.' ' Pray, dear Sir, says she,  
' tell me what's the Matter, who is it that  
' hath insulted you?' ' I don't know the Name  
' o'un, answer'd *Western*, some Officer Fel-  
' low I suppose that we are to pay for beating  
' us, but I'll make him pay this Bout, if the  
' Rascal hath got any thing, which I sup-  
' pose he hath not. For thof he was drest  
' out so vine, I question whether he hath  
' got a Voot of Land in the World.'  
' But, dear Sir, cries she, what was the  
' Occasion of your Quarrel?' ' What  
' should it be, *Sophy*? answered the Squire,  
' but about you, *Sophy*? All my Misfor-  
' tunes are about you; you will be the  
' Death of your poor Father at last. Here's  
' a Varlet of a Lord, the Lord knows who  
' forsooth! who hath a taan a Liking to  
' you, and because I would not gi un my  
' Consent, he sent me a Kallenge. Come,  
' do be a good Girl, *Sophy*, and put an  
' End to all your Father's Troubles; come  
' do, consent to ha un; he will be in Town  
' within this Day or two; do but promise  
' me to marry un as soon as he comes, and  
' you



‘ you will make me the happiest Man in  
 ‘ the World, and I will make you the  
 ‘ happiest Woman; you shall have the  
 ‘ finest Cloaths in *London*, and the finest  
 ‘ Jewels, and a Coach and Six at your  
 ‘ Command. I promised *Allworthy* already  
 ‘ to give up half my Estate,—Odrab-  
 ‘ bet it! I should hardly stick at giving up  
 ‘ the whole.’ ‘ Will my Papa be so kind, says  
 ‘ she, as to hear me speak?’—‘ Why wout  
 ‘ ask, *Sophy*? cries he, when dost know that  
 ‘ I had rather hear thy Voice, than the Mu-  
 ‘ sic of the best Pack of Dogs in *England*.  
 ‘ —Hear thee, my dear little Girl! I hope  
 ‘ I shall hear thee as long as I live; for if I  
 ‘ was ever to lose that Pleasure, I would not  
 ‘ gee a Brass Varden to live a Moment lon-  
 ‘ ger. Indeed, *Sophy*, you do not know  
 ‘ how I love you, indeed you don’t, or  
 ‘ you never could have run away, and left  
 ‘ your poor Father, who hath no other Joy,  
 ‘ no other Comfort upon Earth but his lit-  
 ‘ tle *Sophy*.’ At these Words the Tears stood  
 in his Eyes; and *Sophia*, (with the Tears  
 streaming from hers) answered, ‘ Indeed, my  
 ‘ dear Papa, I know you have loved me ten-  
 ‘ derly, and Heaven is my Witness how sin-  
 ‘ cerely I have returned your Affection; nor  
 ‘ could any thing but an Apprehension of be-  
 ‘ ing forced into the Arms of this Man, have  
 ‘ driven me to run from a Father whom I  
 ‘ love

' love so passionately, that I would, with  
 ' Pleasure, sacrifice my Life to his Happi-  
 ' ness; nay, I have endeavoured to reason  
 ' myself into doing more, and had almost  
 ' worked up a Resolution, to endure the  
 ' most miserable of all Lives, to comply  
 ' with your Inclination. It was that Re-  
 ' solution alone to which I could not force  
 ' my Mind; nor can I ever.' Here the  
 Squire began to look wild, and the Foam  
 appeared at his Lips, which *Sophia* observ-  
 ing, begged to be heard out, and then pro-  
 ceeded, ' If my Father's Life, his Health,  
 ' or any real Happiness of his was at Stake,  
 ' here stands your resolved Daughter, may  
 ' Heaven blast me, if there is a Misery I would  
 ' not suffer to preserve you. — No, that  
 ' most detested, most loathsome of all Lots  
 ' would I embrace. I would give my  
 ' Hand to *Bliss* for your Sake.' — ' I tell  
 ' thee, it will preserve me, answers the Fa-  
 ' ther; it will gee me Health, Happiness,  
 ' Life, every thing, — Upon my Soul I  
 ' shall die if dost refuse me; I shall break  
 ' my Heart, I shall upon my Soul.' — ' Is  
 ' it possible, says she, you can have such a  
 ' Desire to make me miserable?' ' I tell  
 ' thee noa, answered he loudly, my whole  
 ' Desire is to make thee happy; me! d—n  
 ' me if there is a Thing upon Earth I  
 ' would

' would not do to see thee happy.'—' And  
 ' will not my dear Papa allow me to have  
 ' the least Knowledge of what will make  
 ' me so? If it be true that Happiness consists  
 ' in Opinion; what must be my Condition,  
 ' when I shall think myself the most mis-  
 ' erable of all the Wretches upon Earth.'  
 ' Better think yourself so, said he, than  
 ' know it by being married to a poor bas-  
 ' tardly Vagabond.' ' If it will content  
 ' you, Sir, said *Sophia*, I will give you  
 ' the most solemn Promise never to marry  
 ' him nor any other one while my Papa  
 ' lives, without his Consent. Let me de-  
 ' dicate my whole Life to your Service;  
 ' let me be again your poor *Sophy*, and my  
 ' whole Business and Pleasure be, as it hath  
 ' been, to please and divert you.' ' Lookey,  
 ' *Sophy*, answered the Squire, I am not to  
 ' be choused in this Manner. Your Aunt  
 ' *Western* would then have Reason to think  
 ' me the Fool she doth. No, no, *Sophy*, I'd  
 ' have you to know I have a got more Wis-  
 ' dom, and know more of the World than  
 ' to take the Word of a Woman in a Mat-  
 ' ter where a Man is concerned.' ' How,  
 ' Sir, have I deserved this Want of Confi-  
 ' dence? said she, have I ever broke a sin-  
 ' gle Promise to you? Or have I ever been  
 ' found guilty of a Falshood from my Cra-  
 Vol. VI.                      C                      ' dle?'

‘dle?’ ‘Looke, *Sophy*, cries he, that’s  
 ‘neither here nor there. I am determin’d  
 ‘upon this Match, and have him you shall,  
 ‘d—n me if shat unt. D—n me if shat unt,  
 ‘though dost hang thyself the next Morn-  
 ‘ing.’ At repeating which Words he  
 clinched his Fist, knit his Brows, bit his  
 Lips, and thundered so loud, that the poor  
 afflicted, terrified *Sophia* sunk trembling in-  
 to her Chair, and had not a Flood of  
 Tears come immediately to her Relief, per-  
 haps worse had followed.

*Western* beheld the deplorable Condition  
 of his Daughter with no more Contrition  
 or Remorse, than the Turnkey of *Newgate*  
 feels at viewing the Agonies of a tender  
 Wife, when taking her last Farewel of her  
 condemned Husband; or rather he looked  
 down on her with the same Emotions which  
 arise in an honest fair Tradesman, who sees  
 his Debtor dragged to Prison for 10*l.*  
 which, though a just Debt, the Wretch is  
 wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the Case  
 still more nearly, he felt the same Com-  
 punction with a Bawd when some poor  
 Innocent whom she hath ensnared into her  
 Hands, falls into Fits at the first Proposal  
 of what is called seeing Company. Indeed  
 this Resemblance would be exact, was it  
 not

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not that the Bawd hath an Interest in what she doth, and the Father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can in Reality have none in urging his Daughter to almost an equal Prostitution.

In this Condition he left his poor *Sophia*, and departing with a very vulgar Observation on the Effect of Tears, he locked the Room, and returned to the Parson, who said every Thing he durst in Behalf of the young Lady, which though perhaps it was not quite so much as his Duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the Squire into a violent Rage, and into many indecent Reflections on the whole Body of the Clergy, which we have too great an Honour for that sacred Function to commit to Parson.

C 2.

CHAP.

## C H A P. III.

*What happened to Sophia during her Confinement.*

THE Landlady of the House where the Squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a strange Opinion of her Guests. However as she was informed that the Squire was a Man of a vast Fortune, and as she had taken Care to exact a very extraordinary Price for her Rooms, she did not think proper to give any Offence; for though she was not without some Concern for the Confinement of poor *Sophia*, of whose great Sweetness of Temper and Affability, the Maid of the House had made so favourable a Report, which was confirmed by all the Squire's Servants, yet she had much more Concern for her own Interest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very haughty Kind of a Gentleman.

Though *Sophia* eat but little, yet she was regularly served with her Meals; indeed I believe if she had liked any one Rarity, that the Squire, however angry, would have



have spared neither Pains nor Cost to have procured it for her ; since however strange it may appear to some of my Readers, he really doated on his Daughter, and to give her any Kind of Pleasure was the highest Satisfaction of his Life.

The Dinner Hour being arrived, black *George* carried her up a Pullet, the Squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the Key) attending the Door. As *George* deposited the Dish, some Compliments passed between him and *Sophia* (for he had not seen her since she left the Country, and she treated every Servant with more Respect than some Persons shew to those who are in a very slight Degree their Inferiors) *Sophia* would have had him take the Pullet back, saying, she could not eat ; but *George* begged her to try, and particularly recommended her to the Eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this Time the Squire was waiting at the Door ; but *George* was a great Favourite with his Master, as his Employment was in Concerns of the highest Nature, namely, about the Game, and was accustomed to take many Liberties. He had officiously carried up the Dinner, being, as he said, very



desirous to see his young Lady ; he made therefore no Scruple of keeping his Master standing above ten Minutes, while Civilities were passing between him and *Sophia*, for which he received only a good-humoured Rebuke at the Door when he returned.

The Eggs of Pullets, Partridges, Pheasants, &c. were, as *George* well knew, the most favourite Dainties of *Sophia*. It was therefore no Wonder, that he who was a very good-natured Fellow, should take Care to supply her with this Kind of Delicacy, at a Time when all the Servants in the House were afraid she would be starved ; for she had scarce swallowed a single Morsel in the last forty Hours.

Though Vexation hath not the same Effect on all Persons, as it usually hath on a Widow, whose Appetite it often renders sharper than it can be rendered by the Air on *Bansted* Downs, or *Salisbury* Plain, yet the sublimest Grief, notwithstanding what some People may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And *Sophia* herself, after some little Consideration, began to dissect the Fowl, which she found to be as full of Eggs as *George* had reported it.

But

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a Fowl with three Legs be so invaluable a Curiosity, when perhaps Time hath produced a Thousand such, at what Price shall we esteem a Bird which so totally contradicts all the Laws of Animal Œconomy, as to contain a Letter in its Belly? *Ovid* tells us of a Flower into which *Hyacinthus* was metamorphosed, that bears Letters on its Leaves, which *Virgil* recommended as a Miracle to the Royal Society of his Day; but no Age nor Nation hath ever recorded a Bird with a Letter in its Maw.

But though a Miracle of this Kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in *Europe*, and perhaps in a fruitless Enquiry, yet the Reader by barely recollecting the last Dialogue which passed between Messieurs *Jones* and *Partridge*, will be very easily satisfied from whence this Letter came, and how it found its Passage into the Fowl.

*Sophia*, notwithstanding her long Fast, and notwithstanding her favourite Dish was there before her, no sooner saw the Letter

than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

‘ Madam,

‘ Was I was not sensible to whom I have  
‘ the Honour of writing, I should endeavour, however difficult, to paint the  
‘ Horrors of my Mind, at the Account brought me by Mrs. *Honour* : but as Tenderness alone can have any true Idea of the Pangs which Tenderness is capable of feeling ; so can this most amiable Quality which my *Sophia* possesses in the most eminent Degree, sufficiently inform her what her *Jones* must have suffered on this melancholy Occasion. Is there a Circumstance in the World which can heighten my Agonies, when I hear of any Misfortune which hath befallen you ? Surely there is one only, and with that I am accursed. It is, my *Sophia*, the dreadful Consideration that I am myself the wretched Cause. Perhaps I here do myself too much Honour, but none will envy me an Honour which costs me so extremely dear. Pardon me this Presumption, and pardon me the greater still, if I ask you whether my Advice, my Assistance, my Presence, my Absence, my Death or my Tortures can bring you any Relief ? Can  
‘ the

‘ the most perfect Admiration, the most  
 ‘ watchful Observant, the most ardent Love,  
 ‘ the most melting Tenderness, the most  
 ‘ resigned Submission to your Will, make  
 ‘ you Amends for what you are to sacrifice  
 ‘ to my Happiness? If they can, fly, my  
 ‘ lovely Angel, to those Arms which are  
 ‘ ever open to receive and protect you; and  
 ‘ to which, whether you bring yourself a-  
 ‘ lone, or the Riches of the World with  
 ‘ you, is, in my Opinion, an Alternative  
 ‘ not worth regarding. If, on the contra-  
 ‘ ry, Wisdom shall predominate, and, on  
 ‘ the most mature Reflection, inform you,  
 ‘ that the Sacrifice is too great; and if there  
 ‘ be no Way left to reconcile you to your  
 ‘ Father, and restore the Peace of your  
 ‘ dear Mind, but by abandoning me, I  
 ‘ conjure you drive me for ever from your  
 ‘ Thoughts, exert your Resolution, and  
 ‘ let no Compassion for my Sufferings bear  
 ‘ the least Weight in that tender Bosom.  
 ‘ Believe me, Madam, I so sincerely love  
 ‘ you better than myself, that my great and  
 ‘ principal End is your Happiness. My  
 ‘ first Wish (why would not Fortune in-  
 ‘ dulse me in it?) was, and pardon me if I  
 ‘ say, still is to see you every Moment the  
 ‘ happiest of Women; my second Wish is to  
 ‘ hear you are so; but no Misery on Earth can

‘ equal mine, while I think you owe an  
 ‘ uneasy Moment to him who is,

‘ Madam,

‘ In every Sense, and to every Purpose,

‘ Your devoted

‘ *Thomas Jones.*’

What *Sophia* said, or did, or thought upon this Letter, how often she read it, or whether more than once, shall all be left to our Reader’s Imagination. The Answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but not at present; for this Reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good Causes, one of which was this, she had no Paper, Pen, nor Ink.

In the Evening while *Sophia* was meditating on the Letter she had received, or on something else, a violent Noise from below disturbed her Meditations. This Noise was no other than a round Bout at Altercation between two Persons. One of the Combatants, by his Voice, she immediately distinguished to be her Father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller Pipes to belong to the Organ of her Aunt *Western*, who was just arrived in Town, and  
 having

having by means of one of her Servants, who stopt at the *Hercules Pillars*, learnt where her Brother lodged, she drove directly to his Lodgings.

We shall therefore take our Leave at present of *Sophia*, and with our usual Good-Breeding, attend her Ladyship.

#### C H A P. IV.

*In which Sophia is delivered from her Confinement.*

THE Squire and the Parson (for the Landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoaking their Pipes together, when the Arrival of the Lady was first signified. The Squire no sooner heard her Name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up Stairs ; for he was a great Observer of such Ceremonials, especially to his Sister, of whom he stood more in Awe than of any other human Creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. *Western*, on her Arrival in the Dining-Room, having flung herself into a Chair, began thus to harangue. ‘ Well,



' surely no one ever had such an intolerable  
 ' Journey. I think the Roads, since so  
 ' many Turnpike Acts, are grown worse  
 ' than ever. La, Brother, how could you get  
 ' into this odious Place? No Person of Con-  
 ' dition, I dare swear, ever set Foot here be-  
 ' fore.' ' I don't know, cries the Squire, I  
 ' think they do well enough; it was Land-  
 ' lord recommended them. I thought as  
 ' he knew most of the Quality, he could  
 ' best shew me where to get among um.'  
 ' Well, and where's my Niece? says the  
 ' Lady, have you been to wait upon Lady  
 ' *Bellaston* yet?' ' Ay, ay, cries the Squire,  
 ' your Niece is safe enough; she is up  
 ' Stairs in Chamber.' ' How, answered the  
 ' Lady, is my Niece in this House, and doth  
 ' she not know of my being here?' No,  
 ' no Body can well get to her, says the Squire,  
 ' for she is under Lock and Key. I have her  
 ' safe; I vetch'd her from my Lady Cou-  
 ' sin the first Night I came to Town, and  
 ' I have taken Care o' her ever since; she  
 ' is as secure as a Fox in a Bag, I promise  
 ' you.' ' Good Heaven! returned Mrs.  
 ' *Western*, what do I hear! I thought what  
 ' a fine Piece of Work would be the Con-  
 ' sequence of my Consent to your coming  
 ' to Town yourself; nay, it was indeed  
 ' your own headstrong Will, nor can I  
 ' charge



‘ charge myself with having ever consented  
 ‘ to it. Did not you promise me, Bro-  
 ‘ ther, that you would take none of these  
 ‘ headstrong Measures. Was it not by  
 ‘ those headstrong Measures that you for-  
 ‘ ced my Niece to run away from you in  
 ‘ the Country? Have you a Mind to ob-  
 ‘ lige her to take such another Step?’  
 ‘ Z—ds and the Devil, cries the Squire,  
 ‘ dashing his Pipe on the Ground, did ever  
 ‘ Mortal hear the like? when I expected  
 ‘ you would have commended me for all  
 ‘ I have done, to be fallen upon in this  
 ‘ Manner!’ ‘ How! Brother, said the La-  
 ‘ dy, have I ever given you the least Rea-  
 ‘ son to imagine I should commend you  
 ‘ for locking up your Daughter? Have I  
 ‘ not often told you, that Women in a  
 ‘ free Country are not to be treated with  
 ‘ such arbitrary Power? We are as free as  
 ‘ the Men, and I heartily wish I could  
 ‘ not say we deserve that Freedom better.  
 ‘ If you expect I should stay a Moment  
 ‘ longer in this wretched House, or that I  
 ‘ should ever own you again as my Rela-  
 ‘ tion, or that I should ever trouble myself  
 ‘ again with the Affairs of your Family,  
 ‘ I insist upon it that my Niece be set at Li-  
 ‘ berty this Instant.’ This she spoke with  
 so commanding an Air, standing with her  
 Back

Back to the Fire, with one Hand behind her, and a Pinch of Snuff in the other, that I question whether *Thalestria* at the Head of her Amazons, ever made a more tremendous Figure. It is no Wonder therefore that the poor Squire was not Proof against the Awe which she inspired. There,' he cried, throwing down the Key, ' There it is, do whatever you please. I intended only to have kept her up till *Bliss* came to Town, which can't be long; and now if any Harm happens in the mean Time, remember who is to be blamed for it.'

' I will answer it with my Life, cry'd Mrs. *Western*, but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one Condition, and that is, that you will commit the whole entirely to my Care, without taking any one Measure yourself, unless I shall eventually appoint you to act. If you ratify these Preliminaries, Brother, I yet will endeavour to preserve the Honour of your Family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral State.'

' I pray you, good Sir, said the Parson, permit yourself this once to be admonished by her Ladyship; peradventure by communing with young Madam *Sophia*, she will

‘ will effect more than you have been able  
‘ to perpetrate by more rigorous Mea-  
‘ sures.’

‘ What dost thee open upon me?’ cries  
the Squire. ‘ If thee dost begin to babble,  
‘ I shall whip thee in presently.’

‘ Fie, Brother,’ answered the Lady, ‘ is  
‘ this Language to a Clergyman? Mr. *Sup-*  
‘ *ple* is a Man of Sense, and gives you the  
‘ best Advice, and the whole World, I  
‘ believe, will concur in his Opinion; but  
‘ I must tell you I expect an immediate  
‘ Answer to my categorical Proposals. Ei-  
‘ ther cede your Daughter to my Disposal,  
‘ or take her wholly to your own sur-  
‘ prizing Discretion, and then I here, be-  
‘ fore Mr. *Supple*, evacuate the Garrison,  
‘ and renounce you and your Family for  
‘ ever.’

‘ I pray you let me be a Mediator,’ cries  
the Parson; ‘ let me supplicate you.’

‘ Why there lies the Key on the Table,’  
cries the Squire. ‘ She may take un up, if  
‘ she pleases; who hinders her?’

‘ No,

‘ No, Brother,’ answered the Lady, ‘ I  
‘ insist on the Formality of its being deli-  
‘ vered me, with a full Ratification of all  
‘ the Concessions stipulated.’

‘ Why then I will deliver it to you.—  
‘ —There ’tis,’ cries the Squire. ‘ I am  
‘ sure, Sister, you can’t accuse me of ever  
‘ denying to trust my Daughter to you.  
‘ She hath a lived wi’ you a whole Year  
‘ and muore to a Time, without my ever  
‘ zeeing her.’

‘ And it would have been happy for her,’  
answered the Lady, ‘ if she had always  
‘ lived with me. Nothing of this Kind  
‘ would have happened under my Eye.’

‘ Ay, certainly,’ cries he, ‘ I only am  
‘ to blame.’

‘ Why, you are to blame, Brother,’ an-  
swered she, ‘ I have been often obliged to  
‘ tell you so, and shall always be obliged  
‘ to tell you so. However, I hope you  
‘ will now amend, and gather so much  
‘ Experience from past Errors, as not  
‘ to defeat my wisest Machinations by  
‘ your Blunders. Indeed, Brother, you  
‘ are

‘ are not qualified for these Negotiations.  
 ‘ All your whole Scheme of Politics is  
 ‘ wrong. I once more, therefore, insist,  
 ‘ that you do not intermeddle. Remem-  
 ‘ ber only what is past.——

‘ Z—ds and Bl—d, Sister,’ cries the  
 Squire, ‘ What would you have me say ?  
 ‘ You are enough to provoke the Devil.’

‘ There now,’ said she, ‘ just according  
 ‘ to the old Custom. I see, Brother, there  
 ‘ is no talking to you. I will appeal to Mr.  
 ‘ *Supple*, who is a Man of Sense, if I said  
 ‘ any Thing which could put any Human  
 ‘ Creature into a Passion ; but you are so  
 ‘ wrong-headed every Way.’

‘ Let me beg you, Madam,’ said the  
 Parson, ‘ not to irritate his Worship.’

‘ Irritate him ?’ said the Lady ;—‘ Sure  
 ‘ you are as great a Fool as himself. Well,  
 ‘ Brother, since you have promised not to  
 ‘ interfere, I will once more undertake the  
 ‘ Management of my Neice. Lord have  
 ‘ Mercy upon all Affairs which are under  
 ‘ the Directions of Men. The Head of  
 ‘ one Woman is worth a thousand of you.’  
 And now having summoned a Servant to  
 shew

shew her to *Sophia*, she departed, bearing the Key with her. She was no sooner gone, than the Squire (having first shut the Door) ejaculated twenty Bitches, and as many hearty Curses against her, not sparing himself for having ever thought of her Estate; but added, ‘ Now one hath been a Slave so long, it would be Pity to lose it at last, for want of holding out a little longer. The Bitch can’t live for ever, and I know I am down for it upon the Will.’

The Parson greatly commended this Resolution; and now the Squire having ordered in another Bottle, which was his usual Method when any Thing either pleased or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal Julap, so totally wash away his Choler, that his Temper was become perfectly placid and serene, when Mrs. *Western* returned with *Sophia* into the Room. The young Lady had on her Hat and Capuchin, and the Aunt acquainted Mr. *Western*, ‘ that she intended to take her Niece with her to her own Lodgings; for, indeed, Brother,’ says she, ‘ these Rooms are not fit to receive a Christian Soul in.’

‘ Very



‘ Very well, Madam,’ quoth *Western*,  
 ‘ whatever you please. The Girl can never  
 ‘ be in better Hands than yours ; and the  
 ‘ Parson here can do me the Justice to say,  
 ‘ that I have said fifty Times behind your  
 ‘ Back, that you was one of the most sensible  
 ‘ Women in the World.’

‘ To this,’ cries the Parson, ‘ I am  
 ‘ ready to bear Testimony.’

‘ Nay, Brother,’ says Mrs. *Western*, ‘ I  
 ‘ have always, I’m sure, given you as favourable  
 ‘ a Character. You must own  
 ‘ you have a little too much Hastiness in  
 ‘ your Temper ; but when you will allow  
 ‘ yourself Time to reflect, I never knew a  
 ‘ Man more reasonable.’

‘ Why then, Sister, if you think so,’  
 said the Squire, ‘ here’s your good Health  
 ‘ with all my Heart. I am a little passionate  
 ‘ sometimes, but I scorn to bear  
 ‘ any Malice. *Sophy*, do you be a good  
 ‘ Girl, and do every Thing your Aunt orders  
 ‘ you.’

‘ I have not the least Doubt of her,’  
 answered Mrs. *Western*. ‘ She hath had al-  
 ‘ ready

‘ ready an Example before her Eyes, in  
 ‘ the Behaviour of that Wretch her Cousin  
 ‘ *Harriot*, who ruined herself by neglecting  
 ‘ my Advice.—O Brother, what think  
 ‘ you? You was hardly gone out of Hear-  
 ‘ ing, when you set out for *London*, when  
 ‘ who should arrive but that impudent Fel-  
 ‘ low with the odious *Irish* Name—that  
 ‘ *Fitzpatrick*. He broke in abruptly upon  
 ‘ me without Notice, or I would not have  
 ‘ seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligi-  
 ‘ ble Story about his Wife, to which he  
 ‘ forced me to give him a Hearing; but  
 ‘ I made him very little Answer, and de-  
 ‘ livered him the Letter from his Wife,  
 ‘ which I bid him answer himself. I sup-  
 ‘ pose the Wretch will endeavour to find  
 ‘ us out; but I beg you will not see her,  
 ‘ for I am determined I will not.’

‘ I zee her?’ answered the Squire; ‘ you  
 ‘ need not fear me. I’ll ge no Encourage-  
 ‘ ment to such undutiful Wenches. It is  
 ‘ well for the Fellow her Husband, I was  
 ‘ not at Huome. Od rabbit it, he should  
 ‘ have taken a Dance thru the Horse-pond,  
 ‘ I promise un. You zee, *Sophy*, what  
 ‘ Undutifulness brings Volks to do. You  
 ‘ have an Example in your own Family.’  
 ‘ Brother,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ you need not  
 ‘ shock

‘ shock my Niece by such odious Repetitions. Why will you not leave every Thing entirely to me ?’ ‘ Well, well ; I wull, I wull ;’ said the Squire. And now Mrs. *Western*, luckily for *Sophia*, put an End to the Conversation, by ordering Chairs to be called. I say luckily ; for had it continued much longer, fresh Matter of Dissension would, most probably, have arisen between the Brother and Sister ; between whom Education and Sex made the only Difference ; for both were equally violent and equally positive, they had both a vast Affection for *Sophia*, and both a sovereign Contempt for each other.

## C H A P. V.

*In which Jones receives a Letter from Sophia, and goes to a Play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.*

THE Arrival of *Black George* in Town, and the good Offices which that grateful Fellow had promised to do for his old Benefactor, greatly comforted *Jones* in the Midst of all the Anxiety and Uneasiness which he had suffered on the Account of *Sophia* ; from whom, by the Means of the  
said

said *George*, he received the following Answer to his Letter, which *Sophia*, to whom the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper was restored with her Liberty, wrote the very Evening when she departed from her Confinement.

‘ Sir,

‘ As I do not doubt your Sincerity in  
‘ what you write, you will be pleased to  
‘ hear that some of my Afflictions are at  
‘ an End, by the Arrival of my Aunt  
‘ *Western*, with whom I am at present, and  
‘ with whom I enjoy all the Liberty I can  
‘ desire. One Promise my Aunt hath in-  
‘ sisted on my making, which is, that I  
‘ will not see or converse with any Person  
‘ without her Knowledge and Consent.  
‘ This Promise I have most solemnly given,  
‘ and shall most inviolably keep: And tho’  
‘ she hath not expressly forbidden me writ-  
‘ ing, yet that must be an Omission from  
‘ Forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is in-  
‘ cluded in the Word conversing. How-  
‘ ever, as I cannot but consider this as a  
‘ Breach of her generous Confidence in my  
‘ Honour, you cannot expect that I shall,  
‘ after this, continue to write myself, or to  
‘ receive Letters without her Knowledge.  
‘ A Promise is with me a very sacred  
‘ Thing,

‘ Thing, and to be extended to every  
 ‘ Thing understood from it, as well as to  
 ‘ what is expressed by it; and this Consi-  
 ‘ deration may perhaps, on Reflection, af-  
 ‘ ford you some Comfort. But why should  
 ‘ I mention a Comfort to you of this Kind?  
 ‘ For though there is one Thing in which  
 ‘ I can never comply with the best of Fa-  
 ‘ thers, yet am I firmly resolved never to  
 ‘ act in Defiance of him, or to take any  
 ‘ Step of Consequence without his Consent.  
 ‘ A firm Perswasion of this, must teach you  
 ‘ to divert your Thoughts from what For-  
 ‘ tune hath (perhaps) made impossible:  
 ‘ This your own Interest persuades you.  
 ‘ This may reconcile you, I hope, to Mr.  
 ‘ *Allworthy*; and if it will, you have my  
 ‘ Injunctions to pursue it. Accidents have  
 ‘ laid some Obligations on me, your good  
 ‘ Intentions probably more. Fortune may,  
 ‘ perhaps, be sometimes kinder to us both  
 ‘ than at present. Believe this, that I shall  
 ‘ always think of you as I think you de-  
 ‘ serve, and am,

*Sir,*

*Your Obliged Humble Servant,*

Sophia Western.’

‘ I charge you write to me no more—  
‘ at present at least ; and accept this, which  
‘ is now of no Service to me, which I know  
‘ you must want, and think you owe the  
‘ Trifle only to that Fortune by which you  
‘ found it. \*

A Child who hath just learnt his Letters, would have spelt this Letter out in less Time than *Jones* took in reading it. The Sensations it occasioned were a Mixture of Joy and Grief ; somewhat like what divide the Mind of a good Man, when he peruses the Will of his deceased Friend, in which a large Legacy, which his Distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeased ; and indeed the Reader may probably wonder that he was displeased at all ; but the Reader is not quite so much in Love as was poor *Jones* : And Love is a Disease, which, tho’ it may in some Instances resemble a Consumption, (which it sometimes causes) in others proceeds in direct Opposition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one Symptom in a favourable Light.

\* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100*l*.



One Thing gave him complete Satisfaction, which was, that his Mistress had regained her Liberty, and was now with a Lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent Treatment. Another comfortable Circumstance, was the Reference which she made to her Promise of never marrying any other Man: For however disinterested he might imagine his Passion, and notwithstanding all the generous Overtures made in his Letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting Piece of News, than that *Sophia* was married to another tho' the Match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined Degree of *Platonic* Affection which is absolutely detached from the Flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a Gift confined to the female Part of the Creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtless with great Truth) that they would, with the utmost Readiness, resign a Lover to a Rival, when such Resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal Interest of such Lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this Affection is

in Nature, though I cannot pretend to say, I have ever seen an Instance of it.

Mr. *Jones* having spent three Hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid Letter, and being, at last, in a State of good Spirits, from the last-mentioned Considerations, he agreed to carry an Appointment which he had before made into Execution. This was to attend Mrs. *Miller* and her younger Daughter into the Gallery at the Playhouse, and to admit Mr. *Partridge* as one of the Company. For as *Jones* had really that Taste for Humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much Entertainment in the Criticisms of *Partridge*; from whom he expected the simple Dictates of Nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by Art.

In the first Row then of the first Gallery did Mr. *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller*, [her youngest Daughter, and *Partridge* take their Places. *Partridge* immediately declared, it was the finest Place he had ever been in. When the first Musick was played, he said, 'It was a Wonder how so many Fiddlers could play at one Time, without putting one another out.' While the Fellow was lighting the upper Candles, he cry'd out

to

to Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ Look, look, Madam,  
 ‘ the very Picture of the Man in the End  
 ‘ of the Common-Prayer Book, before the  
 ‘ Gunpowder-Treason Service :’ Nor could  
 he help observing, with a Sigh, when all  
 the Candles were lighted, ‘ That here were  
 ‘ Candles enough burnt in one Night, to  
 ‘ keep an honest poor Family for a whole  
 ‘ Twelvemonth.’

As soon as the Play, which was *Hamlet*  
 Prince of *Denmark*, began, *Partridge* was  
 all Attention, nor did he break Silence till  
 the Entrance of the Ghost ; upon which  
 he asked *Jones*, ‘ what Man that was in the  
 ‘ strange Dress ; something,’ said he, ‘ like  
 ‘ what I have seen in a Picture. Sure it is  
 ‘ not Armour, is it ?’ *Jones* answered,  
 ‘ That is the Ghost.’ To which *Partridge*  
 replied with a Smile, ‘ Perswade me to that,  
 ‘ Sir, if you can. Though I can’t say I  
 ‘ ever actually saw a Ghost in my Life,  
 ‘ yet I am certain I should know one, if I  
 ‘ saw him, better than that comes to. No,  
 ‘ no, Sir, Ghosts don’t appear in such  
 ‘ Dresses as that, neither.’ In this Mis-  
 take, which caused much Laughter in the  
 Neighbourhood of *Partridge*, he was suf-  
 fered to continue, ’till the Scene between  
 the Ghost and *Hamlet*, when *Partridge* gave  
 D 2 ‘ that

that Credit to Mr. *Garrick*, which he had denied to *Jones*, and fell into so violent a Trembling, that his Knees knocked against each other. *Jones* asked him what was the Matter, and whether he was afraid of the Warrior upon the Stage? ‘O la! Sir,’ said he, ‘I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any Thing; for I know it is but a Play: And if it was really a Ghost, it could do one no Harm at such a Distance, and in so much Company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only Person.’ ‘Why, who,’ cries *Jones*, ‘dost thou take to be such a Coward here besides thyself?’ ‘Nay, you may call me Coward if you will; but if that little Man there upon the Stage is not frightned, I never saw any Man frightned in my Life. Ay, ay; *go along with you!* Ay, to be sure! Who’s Fool then? Will you? Lud have Mercy upon such Fool-Hardiness!——Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.——*Follow you?* I’d follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the Devil——for they say he can put on what Likeness he pleases.——Oh! here he is again.——*No farther!* No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I’d have gone for all the King’s Dominions.’ *Jones* offered

offered to speak, but *Partridge* cried, ‘ Hush, hush, dear Sir, don’t you hear ‘ him !’ And during the whole Speech of the Ghost, he sat with his Eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on *Hamlet*, and with his Mouth open ; the same Passions which succeeded each other in *Hamlet*, succeeding likewise in him.

When the Scene was over, *Jones* said, ‘ Why, *Partridge*, you exceed my Expectations. You enjoy the Play more ‘ than I conceived possible.’ ‘ Nay, Sir, answered *Partridge*, ‘ if you are not afraid ‘ of the Devil, I can’t help it ; but to be ‘ sure it is natural to be surprized at such ‘ Things, though I know there is nothing ‘ in them : Not that it was the Ghost that ‘ surprized me neither ; for I should have ‘ known that to have been only a Man in a ‘ strange Dress : But when I saw the little ‘ Man so frightned himself, it was that ‘ which took Hold of me.’ ‘ And dost ‘ thou imagine then, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ that he was really frightned ?’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ did not you yourself observe ‘ afterwards, when he found out it was his ‘ own Father’s Spirit, and how he was ‘ murdered in the Garden, how his Fear ‘ forsook him by Degrees, and he was struck

‘ dumb with Sorrow, as it were, just as I  
 ‘ should have been, had it been my own  
 ‘ Case.—But hush ! O la ! What Noise  
 ‘ is that ? There he is again.—Well, to  
 ‘ be certain, though I know there is no-  
 ‘ thing at all in it, I am glad I am not  
 ‘ down yonder, where those Men are.’ Then  
 turning his Eyes again upon *Hamlet*, ‘ Ay,  
 ‘ you may draw your Sword ; what signi-  
 ‘ fies a Sword against the Power of the  
 ‘ Devil ?’

During the second Act, *Partridge* made very few Remarks. He greatly admired the Fineness of the Dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the King’s Countenance. ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ how People  
 ‘ may be deceived by Faces ? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true Saying. Who  
 ‘ would think, by looking in the King’s  
 ‘ Face, that he had ever committed a Mur-  
 ‘ der ?’ He then enquired after the Ghost ; but *Jones*, who intended he should be surprized, gave him no other Satisfaction, than ‘ that he might possibly see him a-  
 ‘ gain soon, and in a Flash of Fire.’

*Partridge* sat in fearful Expectation of this ; and now when the Ghost made his next Appearance, *Partridge* cried out,  
 ‘ There, Sir, now ; what say you now ? Is he  
 ‘ frightened



‘frightned now or no? As much frightned  
 ‘as you think me, and, to be sure, no  
 ‘Body can help some Fears, I would not  
 ‘be in so bad a Condition as what’s his  
 ‘Name, Squire *Hamlet*, is there, for all  
 ‘the World. Bless me! What’s become  
 ‘of the Spirit? As I am a living Soul, I  
 ‘thought I saw him sink into the Earth.’  
 ‘Indeed, you saw right,’ answered *Jones*.  
 ‘Well, well,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘I know  
 ‘it is only a Play; and besides, if there  
 ‘was any Thing in all this, Madam *Miller*  
 ‘would not laugh so: For as to you, Sir,  
 ‘you would not be afraid, I believe, if  
 ‘the Devil was here in Person.—There,  
 ‘there—Ay, no Wonder you are in  
 ‘such a Passion; shake the vile wicked  
 ‘Wretch to Pieces. If she was my own  
 ‘Mother I should serve her so. To be  
 ‘sure, all Duty to a Mother is forfeited by  
 ‘such wicked Doings.—Ay, go about  
 ‘your Business; I hate the Sight of  
 ‘you.’

Our Critic was now pretty silent till the Play, which *Hamlet* introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, ‘till *Jones* explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the Spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never

committed Murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, ' If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, ' a good Actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked Man there hath, to sit upon a much higher Chair than he sits upon.—No wonder he run away; for your Sake I'll never trust an innocent Face again.'

The Grave-digging Scene next engaged the Attention of *Partridge*, who expressed much Surprize at the Number of Skulls thrown upon the Stage. To which *Jones* answered, ' That it was one of the most famous Burial-Places about Town.' ' No wonder then,' cries *Partridge*, ' that the Place is haunted. But I never saw in my Life a worse Grave-digger. I had a Sexton, when I was Clerk, that should have dug three Graves while he is digging one. The Fellow handles a Spade as if it was the first Time he had ever had one in his Hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.'—Upon *Hamlet's* taking up the Skull, he cry'd out, ' Well, it is strange to see how fearless some Men are: I never

‘ never could bring myself to touch any  
 ‘ Thing belonging to a dead Man on any  
 ‘ Account.—He seemed frightned enough  
 ‘ too at the Ghost I thought. *Nemo omni-*  
 ‘ *bus horis sapit.*’

Little more worth remembring occurred during the Play; at the End of which Jones asked him, ‘ which of the Players he ‘ had liked best?’ To this he answered, with some Appearance of Indignation at the Question, ‘ The King without Doubt.’ ‘ Indeed, Mr. *Partridge*,’ says Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ you are not of the same Opinion with the ‘ Town; for they are all agreed, that *Ham-*  
 ‘ *let* is acted by the best Player who was  
 ‘ ever on the Stage.’ ‘ He the best Player!’ cries *Partridge* with a contemptuous Sneer, ‘ why I could act as well as he myself. I  
 ‘ am sure if I had seen a Ghost, I should  
 ‘ have looked in the very same Manner,  
 ‘ and done just as he did. And then, to  
 ‘ be sure, in that Scene, as you called it,  
 ‘ between him and his Mother, where you  
 ‘ told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help  
 ‘ me, any Man, that is, any good Man,  
 ‘ that had had such a Mother, would have  
 ‘ done exactly the same. I know you are  
 ‘ only joking with me; but, indeed, Ma-  
 ‘ dam, though I was never at a Play in  
 ‘ *London*, yet I have seen acting before in

‘ the Country ; and the King for my Money ; he speaks all his Words distinctly, half as loud again as the other.——Any Body may see he is an Actor.’

While Mrs. *Miller* was thus engaged in Conversation with *Partridge*, a Lady came up to Mr. *Jones*, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*. She said, she had seen him from the other Part of the Gallery, and had taken that Opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great Service to himself. She then acquainted him with her Lodgings, and made him an Appointment the next Day in the Morning ; which, upon Recollection, she presently changed to the Afternoon ; at which Time *Jones* promised to attend her.

Thus ended the Adventure at the Play-house ; where *Partridge* had afforded great Mirth, not only to *Jones* and Mrs. *Miller*, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any Thing that passed on the Stage.

He durst not go to Bed all that Night, for Fear of the Ghost, and for many Nights after,

ter, sweat two or three Hours before he went to sleep, with the same Apprehensions, and waked several Times in great Horrors, crying out, ‘ Lord have Mercy upon us ! there ‘ it is.’

## C H A P. VI.

*In which the History is obliged to look back.*

**I**T is almost impossible for the best Parent to observe an exact Impartiality to his Children, even though no superior Merit should bias his Affection ; but sure a Parent can hardly be blamed, when that Superiority determines his Preference.

As I regard all the Personages of this History in the Light of my Children, so I must confess the same Inclination of Partiality to *Sophia* ; and for that I hope the Reader will allow me the same Excuse, from the Superiority of her Character.

This extraordinary Tenderness, which I have for my Heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long Time without the utmost Reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire what hath happened to this lovely Creature since her Departure

from her Father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short Visit to Mr. *Bliffl*.

Mr. *Western*, in the first Confusion into which his Mind was cast, upon the sudden News he received of his Daughter, and in his first Hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any Account of the Discovery to *Bliffl*. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first Inn he came to, and dispatched away a Messenger to acquaint *Bliffl* with his having found *Sophia*, and with his firm Resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to Town.

As the Love which *Bliffl* had for *Sophia* was of that violent Kind, which nothing but the Loss of her Fortune, or some such Accident, could lessen, his Inclination to the Match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own Account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this Offer. Indeed, he now proposed the Gratification of a very strong Passion besides Avarice, by marrying this young Lady, and this was Hatred: For he concluded that Matrimony afforded an equal Opportunity of satisfying either Hatred or Love; and this Opinion is very  
pro-



probably verified by much Experience. To say the Truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary Behaviour of married Persons to each other, we shall, perhaps, be apt to conclude, that the Generality seek the Indulgence of the former Passion only in their Union of every Thing but of Hearts.

There was one Difficulty, however, in his Way, and this arose from Mr. *Allworthy*. That good Man, when he found by the Departure of *Sophia*, (for neither that, nor the Cause of it, could be concealed from him) the great Aversion which she had for his Nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying Matters so far. He by no Means concurred with the Opinions of those Parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the Inclinations of their Children in the Affair of Marriage, as to solicit the good Pleasure of their Servants when they intend to take a Journey; and who are, by Law or Decency at least, withheld often from using absolute Force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the Institution to be of the most sacred Kind, he thought every preparatory Caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest Way to effect this, was by laying the Foundation in previous Affection.

*Bliss!*

*Bliss* indeed soon cured his Uncle of all Anger on the Score of Deceit, by many Vows and Protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many Declarations of *Western* very well tallied; but now to persuade *Allworthy* to consent to the renewing his Addresses, was a Matter of such apparent Difficulty, that the very Appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprizing Genius; but this young Gentleman so well knew his own Talents, that nothing within the Province of Cunning, seemed to him hard to be achieved.

Here then he represented the Violence of his own Affection, and the Hopes of subduing Aversion in the Lady by Perseverance. He begged that in an Affair on which depended all his future Repose, he might at least be at Liberty to try all fair Means for Success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle Methods. ‘ Besides, Sir, said he, if they fail, you may then (which will be surely time enough) deny your Consent.’ He urged the great and eager Desire which *Mr. Western* had for the Match, and lastly, he made great Use of the Name of *Jones*, to whom he imputed all

all that had happened, and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young Lady was even an Act of Charity.

All these Arguments were well seconded by *Thwackum*, who dwelt a little stronger on the Authority of Parents than Mr. *Blifil* himself had done. He ascribed the Measures which Mr. *Blifil* was desirous to take to Christian Motives; ‘and though,’ says he, ‘the good young Gentleman hath mentioned Charity last, I am almost convinced it is his first and principal Consideration.’

*Square*, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same Tune, though in a different Key, and would have discovered much Moral Fitness in the Proceeding; but he was now gone to *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health.

*Allworthy*, though not without Reluctance, at last yielded to the Desires of his Nephew. He said, he would accompany him to *London*, where he might be at Liberty to use every honest Endeavour to gain the Lady: ‘But I declare,’ said he, ‘I will never give my Consent to any absolute Force being put on her Inclinations, nor  
shall

‘ shall you ever have her, unless she can be  
 ‘ brought freely to Compliance.’

Thus did the Affection of *Allworthy* for his Nephew, betray the superiour Understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the Prudence of the best of Heads often defeated by the Tenderness of the best of Hearts.

*Blifil* having obtained this unhop'd for Acquiescence in his Uncle, rested not till he carried his Purpose into Execution. And as no immediate Business required Mr. *Allworthy's* Presence in the Country, and little Preparation is necessary to Men for a Journey, they set out the very next Day, and arrived in Town that Evening when Mr. *Jones*, as we have seen, was diverting himself with *Partridge* at the Play.

The Morning after his Arrival, Mr. *Blifil* waited on Mr. *Western*, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible Assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as *Sophia* could make him; nor would the Squire suffer the young Gentleman to return to his Uncle, till he had, almost against his Will, carried him to his Sister.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mr. Western, pays a Visit to his Sister, in company with Mr. Blifil.*

MRS. *Western* was reading a Lecture on Prudence, and Matrimonial Politics to her Niece, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke in with less Ceremony than the Laws of Visiting require. *Sophia* no sooner saw *Blifil*, than she turned pale, and almost lost the Use of all her Faculties; but her Aunt on the contrary waxed red, and having all her Faculties at Command, began to exert her Tongue on the Squire.

‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ I am astonished  
‘ at your Behaviour, will you never learn  
‘ any Regard to Decorum? Will you still  
‘ look upon every Apartment as your own,  
‘ or as belonging to one of your Coun-  
‘ try Tenants? Do you think yourself  
‘ at Liberty to invade the Privacies of  
‘ Women of Condition, without the least  
‘ Decency or Notice?’——‘ Why, what,  
‘ a Pox! is the Matter now, quoth the  
‘ Squire, one would think, I had caught you  
‘ at—— None of your Brutality, Sir, I  
‘ beseech you,’ answered she.—— You have  
‘ surprized

‘ surprized my poor Niece so, that she can  
‘ hardly, I see, support herself. — Go,  
‘ my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit  
‘ your Spirits ; for I see you have Occa-  
‘ sion.’ At which Words, *Sophia*, who  
never received a more welcome Command,  
hastily withdrew.

‘ To be sure, Sister,’ cries the Squire,  
‘ you are mad, when I have brought Mr.  
‘ *Bliffl* here to court her, to force her  
‘ away.’

‘ Sure, Brother,’ says she, ‘ you are  
‘ worse than mad, when you know in  
‘ what Situation Affairs are, to — I am  
‘ sure, I ask Mr. *Bliffl* pardon, but he  
‘ knows very well to whom to impute so  
‘ disagreeable a Reception. For my own  
‘ part, I am sure, I shall always be very glad  
‘ to see Mr. *Bliffl* ; but his own good Sense  
‘ would not have suffered him to proceed  
‘ so abruptly, had you not compelled him  
‘ to it.’

*Bliffl* bowed and stammered and looked  
like a Fool ; but *Western* without giving  
him time to form a Speech for the Purpose,  
answered, ‘ Well, well, I am to blame if  
‘ you will, I always am, certainly ; but  
‘ come,



‘ come, let the Girl be fetched back again,  
 ‘ or let Mr. *Bliffl* go to her — He’s come  
 ‘ up on Purpose, and there is no time to  
 ‘ be lost.’

‘ Brother,’ cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘ Mr.  
 ‘ *Bliffl*, I am confident, understands him-  
 ‘ self better than to think of seeing my  
 ‘ Niece any more this Morning after what  
 ‘ hath happened. Women are of a nice  
 ‘ Contexture, and our Spirits when disor-  
 ‘ dered are not to be recomposed in a Mo-  
 ‘ ment. Had you suffered Mr. *Bliffl* to  
 ‘ have sent his Compliments to my Niece,  
 ‘ and to have desired the Favour of waiting  
 ‘ on her in the Afternoon, I should possibly  
 ‘ have prevailed on her to have seen him ;  
 ‘ but now I despair of bringing about any  
 ‘ such Matter.’

‘ I am very sorry, Madam,’ cried *Bliffl*,  
 ‘ that Mr. *Western*’s extraordinary Kindness  
 ‘ to me, which I can never enough ac-  
 ‘ knowledge, should have occasioned——’  
 ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she interrupting him,  
 ‘ you need make no Apologies, we all  
 ‘ know my Brother so well.’

‘ I don’t care what any Body knows of  
 ‘ me,’ answered the Squire,— ‘ but when  
 ‘ must he come to see her ; for consider, I  
 ‘ tell

‘ tell you, he is a come up on purpose, and so  
‘ is *Allworthy*.’ ‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ what-  
‘ ever Message Mr. *Blifil* thinks proper to  
‘ send to my Niece, shall be delivered to  
‘ her, and I suppose she will want no In-  
‘ structions to make a proper Answer. I  
‘ am convinced she will not refuse to see  
‘ Mr. *Blifil* at a proper Time.’——‘ The  
‘ Devil she won’t,’ answered the Squire.—  
‘ Odsbud! — Don’t we know——I say no-  
‘ thing, but some Volk are wiser than all  
‘ the World.——If I might have had my  
‘ will, she had not run away before: And  
‘ now I expect to hear every Moment she  
‘ is guone again. For as great a Fool as  
‘ some Volk think me, I know very well  
‘ she hates’——‘ No Matter, Bro-  
‘ ther,’ replied Mrs. *Western*, ‘ I will not  
‘ hear my Niece abused. It is a Reflection  
‘ on my Family. She is an Honour to  
‘ it, and she will be an Honour to it, I  
‘ promise you. I will pawn my whole Re-  
‘ putation in the World on her Conduct.—  
‘ I shall be glad to see you, Brother, in the  
‘ Afternoon; for I have somewhat of Im-  
‘ portance to mention to you.——At pre-  
‘ sent Mr. *Blifil*, as well as you, must ex-  
‘ cuse me, for I am in haste to dress.’——  
‘ Well but,’ said the Squire, ‘ do, appoint  
‘ a Time.’——‘ Indeed,’ said she, ‘ I can  
‘ appoint

‘ appoint no Time.— I tell you, I will see  
 ‘ you in the Afternoon.’—‘ What the De-  
 ‘ vil would you have me do,’ cries the  
 Squire, turning to *Blifil*, ‘ I can no muore  
 ‘ turn her, than a Beagle can turn an old  
 ‘ Hare. Perhaps, she will be in a better  
 ‘ Humour in the Afternoon.’ — ‘ I am  
 ‘ condemned, I see, Sir, to Misfortune,’ an-  
 swered *Blifil*, ‘ but I shall always own my  
 ‘ Obligations to you.’—— He then took  
 a ceremonious Leave of Mrs. *Western*, who  
 was altogether as ceremonious on her Part,  
 and then they departed, the Squire mutter-  
 ing to himself with an Oath, that *Blifil*  
 should see his Daughter in the Afternoon.

If Mr. *Western* was little pleased with this  
 Interview, *Blifil* was less. As to the for-  
 mer, he imputed the whole Behaviour of  
 his Sister to her Humour only, and to her  
 Dissatisfaction at the omission of Ceremony  
 in the Visit; but *Blifil* saw a little deeper  
 into Things. He suspected somewhat  
 of more Consequence, from two or three  
 Words which dropt from the Lady; and,  
 to say the Truth, he suspected right, as  
 will appear when I have unfolded the se-  
 veral Matters which will be contained in  
 the following Chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Schemes of Lady Bellaſton for the Ruin of Jones.*

LOVE had taken too deep a Root in the Mind of Lord *Fellamar* to be plucked up by the rude Hands of Mr. *Western*. In the Heat of Reſentment he had indeed given a Commiſſion to Captain *Egglane*, which the Captain had far exceeded in the Execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his Lordſhip been able to find the Captain after he had ſeen Lady *Bellaſton*, which was in the Afternoon of the Day after he had received the Affront; but ſo induſtrious was the Captain in the Diſcharge of his Duty, that having after long Enquiry found out the Squire's Lodgings very late in the Evening, he ſat up all Night at a Tavern, that he might not miſs the Squire in the Morning, and by that Means miſſed the Revocation which my Lord had ſent to his Lodgings.

In the Afternoon then next after the intended Rape of *Sophia*, his Lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a Viſit to Lady *Bellaſton*,

ston, who laid open so much of the Character of the Squire, that his Lordship plainly saw the Absurdity he had been guilty of in taking any Offence at his Words, especially as he had those honourable Designs on his Daughter. He then unbosomed the violence of his Passion to Lady *Bellaſton*, who readily undertook the Cause, and encouraged him with certain Assurance of a most favourable Reception; from all the Elders of the Family, and from the Father himself when he should be sober, and should be made acquainted with the Nature of the Offer made to his Daughter. The only Danger, she said, lay in the Fellow she had formerly mentioned, who, though a Beggar and a Vagabond, had by some Means or other, she knew not what, procured himself tolerable Cloaths, and past for a Gentleman. ‘Now,’ says she, ‘as I have, for the sake of my Cousin, made it my Business to enquire after this Fellow, I have luckily found out his Lodging; with which she then acquainted his Lordship. ‘I am thinking, my Lord,’ added she, ‘(for this Fellow is too mean for your personal Resentment) whether it would not be possible for your Lordship to contrive some Method of having him pressed and sent on board a Ship. Neither Law nor Conscience

' science forbid this Project : for the Fel-  
 ' low, I promise you, however well drest,  
 ' is but a Vagabond, and as proper as any  
 ' Fellow in the Streets to be pressed into the  
 ' Service ; and as for the conscientious  
 ' Part, surely the Preservation of a young  
 ' Lady from such Ruin is a most merito-  
 ' rious Act ; nay, with regard to the Fel-  
 ' low himself, unless he could succeed  
 ' (which Heaven forbid) with my Cousin, it  
 ' may probably be the means of preserving  
 ' him from the Gallows, and perhaps may  
 ' make his Fortune in an honest Way.'

Lord *Fellamar* very heartily thanked her  
 Ladyship, for the Part which she was plea-  
 sed to take in the Affair, upon the Success  
 of which his whole future Happiness en-  
 tirely depended. He said, he saw at pre-  
 sent no Objection to the pressing Scheme,  
 and would consider of putting it in Exe-  
 cution. He then most earnestly recom-  
 mended to her Ladyship, to do him the  
 Honour of immediately mentioning his  
 Proposals to the Family ; to whom he said,  
 he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would set-  
 tle his Fortune in almost any manner they  
 should require. And after uttering many  
 Extasies and Raptures concerning *Sophia*,  
 he took his leave and departed, but not be-  
 fore



fore he had received the strongest Charge to be ware of *Jones*, and to lose no time in securing his Person where he should no longer be in a Capacity of making any Attempts to the Ruin of the young Lady.

The Moment Mrs. *Western* was arrived at her Lodgings, a Card was dispatched with her Compliments to Lady *Bellaſton*; who no ſooner received it, than with the Impatience of a Lover, ſhe flew to her Couſin, rejoiced at this fair Opportunity, which beyond her Hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the Proſpect of making the Propoſals to a Woman of Senſe, and who knew the World, than to a Gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the Appellation of *Hottentot*; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no Danger of a Refuſal.

The two Ladies being met, after very ſhort previous Ceremonials, fell to Buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. *Western* no ſooner heard the Name of Lord *Fellamar* than her Cheeks glowed with Pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the Eagerneſs of his Paſſion, the Earneſtneſs of his Propoſals, and the Generoſity of his Offer, ſhe

declared her full Satisfaction in the most explicit Terms.

In the Progress of their Conversation their Discourse turned to *Jones*, and both Cousins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate Attachment, which both agreed, *Sophia* had to that young Fellow ; and Mrs. *Western* entirely attributed it to the Folly of her Brother's Management. She concluded however at last, with declaring her Confidence in the good Understanding of her Niece, who though she would not give up her Affection in Favour of *Blifil*, will, I doubt not, says she, soon be prevailed upon to sacrifice a simple Inclination to the Addresses of a fine Gentleman, who brings her both a Title and a large Estate: For indeed,' added she, ' I must do *Sophy* the Justice to confess, this *Blifil* is but a hideous kind of Fellow, as you know, *Bellaſton*, all Country Gentlemen are, and hath nothing but his Fortune to recommend him.'

' Nay,' said Lady *Bellaſton*, ' I don't then so much wonder at my Cousin ; for I promise you, this *Jones* is a very agreeable Fellow, and hath one Virtue which the Men say is a great Recommendation  
' to

‘ to us. What do you think, *Bel*—I shall  
 ‘ certainly make you laugh ; nay, I can hardly  
 ‘ tell you myself for laughing ? —Will you  
 ‘ believe that the Fellow hath had the Af-  
 ‘ surance to make Love to me ? But if you  
 ‘ should be inclined to disbelieve it, here is  
 ‘ Evidence enough, his own Hand-writing,  
 ‘ I assure you.’ She then delivered her  
 Cousin the Letter with the Proposals of  
 Marriage, which if the Reader hath a De-  
 sire to see, he will find already on Record  
 in the XVth Book of this History.

‘ Upon my Word, I am astonished,’  
 said Mrs. *Western*, ‘ this is indeed a Master-  
 ‘ piece of Assurance. With your leave, I  
 ‘ may possibly make some use of this Letter ;  
 ‘ You have my full Liberty,’ cries Lady  
*Bellaſton*, ‘ to apply it to what Purpose you  
 ‘ please. However, I would not have it  
 ‘ shewn to any but Miss *Western*, nor to her  
 ‘ unless you find Occasion.’ ‘ Well, and  
 ‘ how did you use the Fellow ?’ returned Mrs.  
*Western*. ‘ Not as a Husband,’ said the  
 Lady, ‘ I am not married, I promise you,  
 ‘ my Dear. You know, *Bell*, I have try’d  
 ‘ the Comforts once already, and once I think  
 ‘ is enough for any reasonable Woman.’

This Letter Lady *Bellaſton* thought would certainly turn the Balance againſt *Jones* in the Mind of *Sophia*, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her Hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the Evidence of *Honour*, who, upon founding her, ſaw ſufficient Reason to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the Reader may wonder why Lady *Bellaſton*, who in her Heart hated *Sophia*, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a Match, which was ſo much to the Intereſt of the young Lady. Now I would deſire ſuch Readers to look carefully into human Nature, Page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find, in ſcarce legible Characters, that Women, notwithſtanding the prepoſterous Behaviour of Mothers, Aunts, &c. in matrimonial Matters, do in Reality think it ſo great a Miſfortune to have their Inclinations in Love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry Enmity higher than upon theſe Diſappointments; again he will find it written much about the ſame Place, that a Woman who hath once been pleaſed with the Poſſeſſion of a Man, will

go above half way to the Devil, to prevent any other Woman from enjoying the same.

If he will not be contented with these Reasons, I freely confess I see no other Motive to the Actions of that Lady, unless we will conceive she was bribed by Lord *Fellamar*, which for my own Part I see no Cause to suspect.

Now this was the Affair which Mrs. *Western* was preparing to introduce to *Sophia*, by some prefatory Discourse on the Folly of Love, and on the Wisdom of legal Prostitution for Hire, when her Brother and *Bliss* broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that Coldness in her Behaviour to *Bliss*, which tho' the Squire, as was usual with him, imputed to a wrong Cause, infused into *Bliss* himself, (he being a much more cunning Man,) a Suspicion of the real Truth.

## C H A P. IX.

*In which Jones pays a Visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.*

THE Reader may now perhaps be pleased to return with us to Mr. Jones, who at the appointed Hour attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick ; but before we relate the Conversation which now past, it may be proper, according to our Method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an Alteration of Behaviour in this Lady, that from changing her Lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this Interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding Day, when hearing from Lady Bellaston, that Mr. Western was arrived in Town, she went to pay her Duty to him, at his Lodgings at Piccadilly, when she was received with many scurvy Compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatned to be kicked out of Doors. From hence an old Servant of her Aunt Western, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the Lodgings of that Lady,



Lady, who treated her, not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the Truth, with Rudeness in another Way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her Scheme of Reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all Thoughts of bringing it about by any Means whatever. From this Moment Desire of Revenge only filled her Mind; and in this Temper meeting *Jones* at the Play, an Opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this Purpose.

The Reader must remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in the Account she gave of her own Story, with the Fondness Mrs. *Western* had formerly shewn for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at Bath, from the Disappointment of which, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* derived the great Bitterness her Aunt had expressed toward her. She had therefore no Doubt but that the good Lady would as easily listen to the Addresses of Mr. *Jones*, as she had before done to the other, for the Superiority of Charms was clearly on the side of Mr. *Jones*, and the Advance which her Aunt had since made in Age, she concluded (how justly I will not say)

was an Argument rather in Favour of her Project than against it.

Therefore, when *Jones* attended after a previous Declaration of her Desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm Assurance how much she should by so doing oblige *Sophia*; and after some Excuses for her former Disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. *Jones* in whose Custody his Mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her Scheme to him, and advised him to make sham Addresses to the older Lady, in order to procure an easy Access to the Younger, informing him at the same time of the Success which Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had formerly owed to the very same Stratagem.

Mr. *Jones* express'd great Gratitude to the Lady for the kind Intentions towards him which she had express'd, and indeed testified, by this Proposal; but besides intimating some Diffidence of Success from the Lady's Knowledge of his Love to her Neice, which had not been her Case in regard to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, he said, he was afraid Miss *Western* would never agree to an Imposition of this Kind, as well from her utter Detestation of all Fallacy, as from her avowed Duty to her Aunt.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was a little nettled at this ; and indeed if it may not be called a Lapse of the Tongue, it was a small Deviation from Politeness in *Jones*, and into which he would scarce have fallen, had not the Delight he felt in praising *Sophia*, hurried him out of all Reflection ; for this Commendation of one Cousin was more than a tacit Rebuke on the other.

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered the Lady, with some Warmth, ‘ I cannot think there is any  
 ‘ thing easier than to cheat an old Woman  
 ‘ with a Profession of Love, when her Complexion is amorous ; and, tho’ she is my  
 ‘ Aunt, I must say, there never was a more  
 ‘ liquorish one than her Ladyship. Can’t  
 ‘ you pretend that the Despair of possessing  
 ‘ her Niece, from her being promised to *Bliss*,  
 ‘ has made you turn your Thoughts towards her ? As to my Cousin *Sophia*, I  
 ‘ can’t imagine her to be such a Simpleton  
 ‘ as to have the least Scruple on such an  
 ‘ Account, or to conceive any Harm in  
 ‘ punishing one of these Hags for the  
 ‘ many Mischiefs they bring upon Families,  
 ‘ by their Tragi-comic Passions ; for which  
 ‘ I think it is pity they were not punishable  
 ‘ by Law. I had no such Scruple myself,  
 ‘ and yet I hope my Cousin *Sophia* will not  
 E 5      ‘ think

' think it an Affront when I say she cannot  
 ' detest every real Species of Falshood  
 ' more than her Cousin *Fitzpatrick*. To  
 ' my Aunt indeed I pretend no Duty, nor  
 ' doth she deserve any. However, Sir, I  
 ' have given you my Advice, and if you  
 ' decline pursuing it, I shall have the less  
 ' Opinion of your Understanding, that's  
 ' all.'

*Jones* now clearly saw the Error he had  
 committed, and exerted his utmost Power  
 to rectify it ; but he only faltered and  
 fluttered into Nonsense and Contradiction.  
 To say the Truth, it is often safer to abide  
 by the Consequences of the first Blunder, than  
 to endeavour to rectify it ; for by such En-  
 deavours, we generally plunge deeper instead  
 of extricating ourselves ; and few Persons  
 will on such Occasions, have the good Na-  
 ture, which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* display'd to  
*Jones* ; by saying, with a Smile, You need  
 ' attempt no more Excuses ; for I can  
 ' easily forgive a real Lover, whatever is  
 ' the Effect of Fondness for his Mistress.

She then renewed her Proposal, and very  
 fervently recommended it, omitting no Ar-  
 gument which her Invention could suggest  
 on the Subject ; for she was so violently in-  
 censed against her Aunt, that scarce any  
 Thing

Thing was capable of affording her equal Pleasure with exposing her, and, like a true Woman, she would see no Difficulties in the Execution of a favourite Scheme.

*Jones* however persisted in declining the Undertaking, which had not indeed the least Probability of Success. He easily perceived the Motives which induced *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* to be so eager in pressing her Advice. He said he would not deny the tender and passionate Regard he had for *Sophia*; but was so conscious of the Inequality of their Situations, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young Lady would condescend to think on one so unworthy; nay he protested he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a Profession of generous Sentiments, which we have not at present Leisure to insert.

There are some fine Women (for I dare not here speak in too general Terms) with whom Self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any Subject; and as Vanity is with them a ruling Principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever Praise they meet with; and, though the Property of others, convey it to their own Use. In the Company of these Ladies it is impossible

to say any thing handsome of another Woman, which they will not apply to themselves; nay they often improve the Praise they seize; as for Instance, if her Beauty, her Wit, her Gentility, her good Humour deserve so much Commendation, what do I deserve who possess those Qualities in so much more eminent a Degree?

To these Ladies a Man often recommends himself while he is commending another Woman; and while he is expressing Ardour and generous Sentiments for his Mistress, they are considering what a charming Lover this Man would make to them, who can feel all this Tenderness for an inferior Degree of Merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many Instances besides Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a Somewhat for Mr. *Jones*, the Symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor *Sophia* had formerly done.

To say the Truth, perfect Beauty in both Sexes is a more irresistible Object than it is generally thought; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely Lots, and learn by Rote (as Children to repeat what gives them no Idea) to despise Outside, and  
to



to value more solid Charms; yet I have always observed at the Approach of consummate Beauty, that these more solid Charms only shine with that Kind of Lustre which the Stars have after the rising of the Sun.

When *Jones* had finished his Exclamations, many of which would have become the Mouth of *Oroondates* himself, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* heaved a deep Sigh, and taking her Eyes off from *Jones*, on whom they had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the Ground, she cry'd, ' Indeed  
' Mr. *Jones*, I pity you; but it is the  
' Curse of such Tenderness to be thrown  
' away on those who are insensible of it.  
' I know my Cousin better than you, Mr.  
' *Jones*, and I must say, any Woman who  
' makes no Return to such a Passion and  
' such a Person, is unworthy of both.'

' Sure, Madam, said *Jones*, you can't  
' mean.'—' Mean? cries Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*,  
' I know not what I mean; there is some-  
' thing, I think, in true Tenderness be-  
' witching; few Women ever meet with it  
' in Men, and fewer still know how to va-  
' lue it when they do. I never heard such  
' truly noble Sentiments, and I can't tell  
' how it is, but you force one to believe  
' you.

‘ you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of Women who can overlook such Merit.’

The Manner and Look with which all this was spoke infused a Suspicion into *Jones*, which we don’t care to convey in direct Words to the Reader. Instead of making any Answer, he said, ‘ I am afraid Madam, I have made too tiresome a Visit,’ and offered to take his Leave.

‘ Not all, Sir, answered Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.--  
 ‘ Indeed I pity you, Mr. *Jones*, indeed I do;  
 ‘ but if you are going, consider of the Scheme  
 ‘ I have mentioned, I am convinced you  
 ‘ will approve it, and let me see you again  
 ‘ as soon as you can. ——— To-morrow  
 ‘ Morning if you will, or at least some  
 ‘ time to-morrow. I shall be at Home  
 ‘ all Day.’

*Jones* then, after many Expressions of Thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* forbear making him a Present of a Look at parting, by which if he had understood nothing, he must have had no Understanding in the Language of the Eyes. In Reality it confirmed his Resolution

lution of returning to her no more ; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this History, his whole Thoughts were now so confined to his *Sophia*, that I believe no Woman upon Earth could have now drawn him into an Act of Inconstancy.

Fortune however, who was not his Friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second Opportunity, to make the best of this ; and accordingly produced the tragical Incident which we are now in sorrowful Notes to record.

## C H A P. X.

### *The Consequence of the preceding Visit.*

**M**R. *Fitzpatrick* having received the Letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. *Western*, and being by that Means acquainted with the Place to which his Wife was retired, returned directly to *Bath*, and thence the Day afterwards set forward to *London*.

The Reader hath been already often informed of the jealous Temper of this Gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to re-

remember the Suspicion which he had at *Upton* conceived of *Jones*, upon his finding him in the Room with Mrs. *Waters*; and though sufficient Reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear that Suspicion, yet now reading so handsome a Character of Mr. *Jones* from his Wife caused him to reflect that she likewise was in the Inn at the same Time, and jumbled together such a Confusion of Circumstances in a Head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-ey'd Monster mentioned by *Shakespear* in his Tragedy of *Othello*.

And now as he was enquiring in the Street after his Wife, and had just received Directions to the Door, unfortunately Mr. *Jones* was issuing from it.

*Fitzpatrick* did not yet recollect the Face of *Jones*; however seeing a young well-dressed Fellow coming from his Wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that House: 'For I am  
' sure, said he, you must have been in it,  
' as I saw you come out of it.'

*Jones*

*Jones* answered very modestly, ‘ That he  
‘ had been visiting a Lady there.’ To  
which *Fitzpatrick* replied, ‘ What Business  
‘ have you with the Lady ?’ Upon which  
*Jones*, who now perfectly remembered the  
Voice, Features, and indeed Coat, of the  
Gentleman, cried out,——‘ Ha, my good  
‘ Friend! give me your Hand; I hope  
‘ there is no ill Blood remaining between  
‘ us upon a small Mistake which happen-  
‘ ed so long ago.’

‘ Upon my Soul, Sir, said *Fitzpatrick*,  
‘ I don’t know your Name, nor your Face.’  
‘ Indeed, Sir, said *Jones*, neither have I  
‘ the Pleasure of knowing your Name, but  
‘ your Face I very well remember to have  
‘ seen before, at *Upton*, where a foolish  
‘ Quarrel happened between us, which, if  
‘ it is not made up yet, we will now make  
‘ up over a Bottle.’

‘ At *Upton*! cried the other. —— Ha !  
‘ upon my Soul, I believe your Name is  
‘ *Jones*.’ ‘ Indeed answered he, it is.’  
——‘ O, upon my Soul, cries *Fitzpatrick*,  
‘ you are the very Man I wanted to meet.  
‘ ——Upon my Soul I will drink a Bottle  
‘ with you presently; but first I will give  
‘ you

‘ you a great Knock over the Pate. There  
 ‘ is for you, you Rascal. Upon my Soul,  
 ‘ if you do not give me Satisfaction for  
 ‘ that Blow, I will give you another.’ And  
 then drawing his Sword, puts himself in a  
 Posture of Defence, which was the only  
 Science he understood.

*Jones* was a little staggered by the Blow  
 which came somewhat unexpectedly ; but  
 presently recovering himself he also drew,  
 and tho’ he understood nothing of Fencing,  
 prest on so boldly upon *Fitzpatrick* that he  
 beat down his Guard, and sheathed one half  
 of his Sword in the Body of the said Gentle-  
 man who had no sooner received it than he  
 stept backwards, dropt the Point of his  
 Sword, and leaning upon it, cried, ‘ I have  
 ‘ Satisfaction enough ; I am a dead Man.’

‘ I hope not, cries *Jones*, but whatever  
 ‘ be the Consequence you must be sensible  
 ‘ you have drawn it upon yourself. At this  
 ‘ Instant a Number of Fellows rushed in and  
 ‘ seized *Jones*, who told them he should  
 ‘ make no Resistance, and begged some  
 ‘ of them at least would take Care of the  
 ‘ wounded Gentleman.’

‘ Ay, cries one of the Fellows, the  
 ‘ wounded Gentleman will be taken Care  
 ‘ enough



‘ enough of; for I suppose he hath not  
 ‘ many Hours to live. As for you, Sir,  
 ‘ you have a Month at least good yet.’  
 ‘ D—n me, *Jack*, said another, he hath  
 ‘ prevented his Voyage; he’s bound to an-  
 ‘ other Port now;’ and many other such  
 Jest was our poor *Jones* made the Subject of,  
 by these Fellows, who were indeed the Gang  
 employed by Lord *Fellamar*, and had dogged  
 him into the House of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*,  
 waiting for him at the Corner of the Street  
 when this unfortunate Accident happened.

The Officer who commanded this Gang  
 very wisely concluded, that his Business was  
 now to deliver his Prisoner into the Hands  
 of the Civil Magistrate. He ordered him  
 therefore to be carried to a publick House,  
 where having sent for a Constable, he deli-  
 vered him to his Custody.

The Constable seeing Mr. *Jones* very  
 well drest, and hearing that the Accident  
 had happened in a Duel, treated his Pri-  
 soner with great Civility, and, at his Re-  
 quest, dispatched a Messenger to enquire  
 after the wounded Gentleman, who was  
 now at a Tavern under the Surgeon’s Hands.  
 The Report brought back was that the  
 Wound was certainly mortal, and there were  
 no

no Hopes of Life. Upon which the Constable informed *Jones*, that he must go before a Justice. He answered, Wherever you please; I am indifferent as to what happens to me, for tho' I am convinced I am not guilty of Murder in the Eye of the Law, yet the Weight of Blood I find intolerable upon my Mind.

*Jones* was now conducted before the Justice, where the Surgeon who dressed Mr. *Fitzpatrick* appeared, and deposed that he believed the Wound to be mortal; upon which the Prisoner was committed to the Gatehouse. It was very late at Night, so that *Jones* would not send for *Partridge* till the next Morning; and as he never shut his Eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor Fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his Master so long, received a Message which almost deprived him of his Being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gate-house with trembling Knees and a beating Heart, and was no sooner arrived in the Presence of *Jones*, than he lamented the Misfortune that had befallen him with many Tears, looking all the while frequently about him

him in great Terror; for as the News now arrived that *Mr. Fitzpatrick* was dead, the poor Fellow apprehended every Minute that his Ghost would enter the Room. At last he delivered him a Letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from *Sophia* by the Hands of black *George*.

*Jones* presently dispatched every one out of the Room, and having eagerly broke open the Letter, read as follows.

‘ You owe the hearing from me again  
 ‘ to an Accident which I own surprizes  
 ‘ me. My Aunt hath just now shewn me  
 ‘ a Letter from you to Lady *Bellaston*,  
 ‘ which contains a Proposal of Marriage.  
 ‘ I am convinced it is your own Hand; and  
 ‘ ~~what more surprizes me is, that it is dated~~  
 ‘ at the very Time when you would have  
 ‘ me imagine you was under such Concern  
 ‘ on my Account.—I leave you to com-  
 ‘ ment on this Fact. All I desire is, that  
 ‘ your Name may never more be menti-  
 ‘ oned to

‘ *S. W.*’

Of the present Situation of *Mr. Jones's* Mind, and of the Pangs with which he  
 was

was now tormentèd, we cannot give the Reader a better Idea, than by saying his Misery was such, that even *Thwackum* would almost have pitied him. But bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good Genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an End to the sixteenth Book of our History.

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T H E

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XVII.

*Containing three Days.*

CHAP. I.

*Containing a Portion of introductory Writing.*

WHEN a Comic Writer hath made his principal Characters as happy as he can; or when a Tragic Writer hath brought them to the highest Pitch of human Misery, they both con-

conclude their Business to be done, and that their Work is come to a Period.

Had we been of the Tragic Complexion, the Reader must allow we were now very nearly arrived at this Period, since it would be difficult for the Devil, or any of his Representatives on Earth, to have contrived much greater Torments for poor *Jones*, than those in which we left him in the last Chapter; and as for *Sophia*, a good-natured Woman would hardly wish more Uneasiness to a Rival, than what she must at present be supposed to feel. What then remains to complete the Tragedy but a Murder or two, and a few moral Sentences.

But to bring our Favotirites out of their present Anguish and Distress, and to land them at last on the Shore of Happiness, seems a much harder Task; a Task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In Regard to *Sophia* it is more than probable, that we shall somewhere or other provide a good Husband for her in the End, either *Blifil*, or my Lord, or Somebody else; but as to poor *Jones*, such are the Calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his Imprudence, by which

if



if a Man doth not become a Felon to the World, he is at least a *Felo de se*; so destitute is he now of Friends, and so persecuted by Enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our Reader delights in seeing Executions, I think he ought not to lose any Time in taking a first Row at *Tyburn*.

This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any Affection which we may be supposed to have for this Rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our Heroe, we will lend him none of that supernatural Assistance with which we are entrusted, upon Condition that we use it only on very important Occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural Means of fairly extricating himself from all his Distresses, we will do no Violence to the Truth and Dignity of History for his Sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at *Tyburn* (which may very probably be the Case) than forfeit our Integrity, or shock the Faith of our Reader.

In this the Antients had a great Advantage over the Moderns. Their Mythology, which was at that Time more firmly believed by the Vulgar than any Religion

is at present, gave them always an Opportunity of delivering a favourite Heroe. Their Deities were always ready at the Writer's Elbow, to execute any of his Purposes; and the more extraordinary the Intervention was, the greater was the Surprize and Delight of the credulous Reader. Those Writers could with greater Ease have conveyed a Friend from one Country to another, nay from one World to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed Modern can deliver him from a Goal.

The *Arabians* and *Persians* had an equal Advantage in Writing their Tales from the *Genii* and *Fairies*, which they believe in as an Article of their Faith, upon the Authority of the *Koran* itself. But we have none of these Helps. To natural Means alone are we confined; let us try therefore what by these Means may be done for poor *Jones*; though to confess the Truth, something whispers me in the Ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his Fortune; and that a more shocking Piece of News than any he hath yet heard remains for him in the unopened Leaves of Fate.

## C H A P. II.

*The generous and grateful Behaviour of Mrs. Miller.*

**M**R. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* were just sat down to Breakfast, when *Blifil*, who had gone out very early that Morning, returned to make one of the Company.

He had not been long seated before he began as follows, ‘ Good Lord ! my dear ‘ Uncle, what do you think hath happened ? ‘ I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for fear ‘ of shocking you with the Remembrance ‘ of ever having shewn any Kindness to ‘ such a Villain.’ ‘ What is the Matter, ‘ Child, said the Uncle, I fear I have shewn ‘ Kindness in my Life to the Unworthy ‘ more than once. But Charity doth not ‘ adopt the Vices of its Objects.’ ‘ O, Sir, ‘ returned *Blifil*, it is not without the secret Direction of Providence that you ‘ mention the Word Adoption. Your adopted Son, Sir, that *Jones*, that Wretch ‘ whom you nourished in your Bosom, hath ‘ proved one of the greatest Villains upon

F 2

Earth.

‘ Earth.’ ‘ By all that’s sacred ’tis false,  
‘ cries Mrs. Miller. Mr. Jones is no Vil-  
‘ lain. He is one of the worthiest Crea-  
‘ tures breathing ; and if any other Person  
‘ had called him Villain, I would have  
‘ thrown all this boiling Water in his Face.’  
Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed  
at this Behaviour. But she did not give  
him Leave to speak, before turning to him,  
she cry’d, ‘ I hope you will not be angry  
‘ with me ; I would not offend you, Sir,  
‘ for the World ; but indeed I could not  
‘ bear to hear him called so.’ ‘ I must  
‘ own, Madam, said Allworthy very grave-  
‘ ly, I am a little surprized to hear you so  
‘ warmly defend a Fellow you do not know.’  
‘ O I do know him, Mr. Allworthy, said  
‘ she, indeed I do ; I should be the most  
‘ ungrateful of all Wretches if I denied it.  
‘ O he hath preserved me and my little Fa-  
‘ mily ; we have all Reason to bless him  
‘ while we live.—And I pray Heaven to  
‘ bless him, and turn the Hearts of his ma-  
‘ licious Enemies. I know, I find, I see he  
‘ hath such.’ ‘ You surprize me, Madam,  
‘ still more, said Allworthy, sure you must  
‘ mean some other. It is impossible you  
‘ should have any such Obligations to the  
‘ Man my Nephew mentions.’ ‘ Too surely,  
‘ answered she, I have Obligations to him of  
‘ the

'greatest and tenderest Kind. He hath  
 'been the Preserver of me and mine.—  
 'Believe me, Sir, he hath been abused,  
 'grossly abused to you, I know he hath, or  
 'you, whom I know to be all Goodness  
 'and Honour, would not, after the many  
 'kind and tender Things I have heard you  
 'say of this poor helpless Child, have so  
 'disdainfully called him Fellow. Indeed,  
 'my best of Friends, he deserves a kinder  
 'Appellation from you, had you heard the  
 'good, the kind, the grateful Things  
 'which I have heard him utter of you; he  
 'never mentions your Name but with a  
 'Sort of Adoration. In this very Room  
 'I have seen him on his Knees, imploring  
 'all the Blessings of Heaven upon your  
 'Head. I do not love that Child there  
 'better than he loves you.'

'I see, Sir, now, said *Bliss*, with one of  
 'those grinning Sneers with which the  
 'Devil marks his best Beloved, Mrs. *Mil-*  
 '*ler* really doth know him. I suppose you  
 'will find she is not the only one of your  
 'Acquaintance to whom he hath expo-  
 'sed you. As for my Character, I per-  
 'ceive by some Hints she hath thrown  
 'out, he hath been very free with it, but I  
 'forgive him.' 'And the Lord forgive  
 'you,

‘ you, Sir, says Mrs. *Miller*, we have all  
‘ Sins enough to stand in Need of his For-  
‘ giveness.’

‘ Upon my Word, Mrs. *Miller*, said  
‘ *Allworthy*, I do not take this Behaviour  
‘ of yours to my Nephew, kindly ; and I  
‘ do assure you as any Reflections which  
‘ you cast upon him must come only from  
‘ that wickedest of Men, they would on-  
‘ ly serve, if that were possible, to height-  
‘ en my Resentment against him : For  
‘ I must tell you, Mrs. *Miller*, the  
‘ young Man who now stands before you,  
‘ hath ever been the warmest Advocate for  
‘ the ungrateful Wretch whose Cause you  
‘ espouse. This, I think, when you hear it  
‘ from my own Mouth, will make you won-  
‘ der at so much Baseness and Ingratitude.’

‘ You are deceived, Sir, answered Mrs.  
‘ *Miller*, if they were the last Words which  
‘ were to issue from my Lips, I would say you  
‘ are deceived ; and I once more repeat it,  
‘ the Lord forgive those who have deceiv-  
‘ ed you. I do not pretend to say the  
‘ young Man is without Faults ; but they  
‘ are the Faults of Wildness and of Youth ;  
‘ Faults which he may, nay which I am  
‘ certain he will relinquish, and if he should  
‘ not,



‘ not, they are vastly over-ballanced by one  
 ‘ of the most humane tender honest Hearts  
 ‘ that ever Man was blessed with.’

‘ Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, said *Allworthy*,  
 ‘ had this been related of you, I should not  
 ‘ have believed it.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir, answered  
 ‘ she, you will believe every Thing I have  
 ‘ said, I am sure you will; and when you  
 ‘ have heard the Story which I shall tell  
 ‘ you, (for I will tell you all) you will be  
 ‘ so far from being offended, that you will  
 ‘ own (I know your Justice so well) that I  
 ‘ must have been the most despicable and  
 ‘ most ungrateful of Wretches, if I had  
 ‘ acted any other Part than I have.’

‘ Well, Madam, said *Allworthy*, I shall  
 ‘ be very glad to hear any good Excuse for  
 ‘ a Behaviour which I must confess, I think  
 ‘ wants an Excuse. And now, Madam,  
 ‘ will you be pleased to let my Nephew  
 ‘ proceed in his Story without Interruption.  
 ‘ He would not have introduced a Matter  
 ‘ of slight Consequence with such a Pre-  
 ‘ face. Perhaps even this Story will cure  
 ‘ you of your Mistake.’

Mrs. *Miller* gave Tokens of Submission,  
 and then Mr. *Bliffl* began thus. ‘ I am

‘ sure, Sir, if you don’t think proper to  
‘ resent the ill Usage of Mrs. *Miller*, I  
‘ shall easily forgive what affects me only.  
‘ I think your Goodness hath not deserved  
‘ this Indignity at her Hands.’ ‘ Well,  
‘ Child, said *Allworthy*, but what is this  
‘ new Instance? What hath he done of  
‘ late?’ ‘ What? cries *Blifil*, notwithstand-  
‘ ing all Mrs. *Miller* hath said, I am very  
‘ sorry to relate, and what you should ne-  
‘ ver have heard from me, had it not been  
‘ a Matter impossible to conceal from the  
‘ whole World. In short he hath killed a  
‘ Man; I will not say murdered, ——— for  
‘ perhaps it may not be so construed in  
‘ Law, and I hope the best for his Sake.

*Allworthy* looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he cried, ‘ Well, Madam, what say you now?’

‘ Why, I say, Sir, answered she, that I  
‘ never was more concerned at any Thing in  
‘ my Life; but, if the Fact be true, I am  
‘ convinced the Man, who ever he is, was in  
‘ Fault. Heaven knows there are many  
‘ Villains in this Town, who make it their  
‘ Business to provoke young Gentlemen.  
‘ Nothing but the greatest Provocation  
‘ could

‘ could have tempted him ; for of all the  
 ‘ Gentlemen I ever had in my House, I  
 ‘ never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tem-  
 ‘ pered. He was beloved by every one in  
 ‘ the House, and every one who came near  
 ‘ it.

While she was thus running on, a violent Knocking at the Door interrupted the Conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any Answer ; for as she concluded this was a Visiter to Mr. *Allworthy*, she hastily retired, taking with her her little Girl, whose Eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy News she heard of *Jones*, who used to call her his little Wife, and not only gave her many Playthings, but spent whole Hours in playing with her himself.

Some Readers may perhaps be pleased with these minute Circumstances, in relating of which we follow the Example of *Plutarch*, one of the best of our Brother Historians ; and others to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such Occasions.

## C H A P. III.

*The Arrival of Mr. Western, with some Matters concerning the Paternal Authority.*

MRS. Miller had not long left the Room, when Mr. *Western* entered; but not before a small wrangling Bout had pass'd between him and his Chairmen; for the Fellows who had taken up their Burden at the *Hercules Pillars*, had conceived no Hopes of having any future good Customer in the Squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his Generosity, (for he had given them of his own Accord Sixpence more than their Fare) they therefore very boldly demanded another Shilling, which so provoked the Squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty Curses on them at the Door, but retained his Anger after he came into the Room; swearing, that all the *Londoners* were like the Court, and thought of nothing but plundering Country Gentlemen. 'D—n me, says he, if I won't walk in the Rain rather than get into one of their Handbarrows again. ' They

‘ They have jolted me more in a Mile than  
‘ Brown Bess would in a long Fox Chace.’

When his Wrath on this Occasion was  
a little appeased, he resumed the same pas-  
sionate Tone on another. ‘ There, says  
‘ he, there is fine Business forwards now.  
‘ The Hounds have changed at last, and  
‘ when we imagined we had a Fox to deal  
‘ with, Od-rat-it, it turns out to be a Badg-  
‘ er at last.’

‘ Pray, my good Neighbour, said *All-*  
‘ *worthy*, drop your Metaphors, and speak a  
‘ little plainer.’ ‘ Why then, says the Squire,  
‘ to tell you plainly, we have been all this  
‘ Time afraid of a Son of a Whore of a  
‘ Bastard of Somebody’s, I don’t know  
‘ who’s not I—— And now here is a con-  
‘ founded Son of a Whore of a Lord, who  
‘ may be a Bastard too for ought I know  
‘ or care, for he shall never have a Daugh-  
‘ ter of mine by my Consent. They have  
‘ beggared the Nation, but they shall ne-  
‘ ver beggar me. My Land shall never  
‘ be sent over to *Hannover*.’

‘ You surprize me much, my good  
‘ Friend, said *Allworthy*.’ ‘ Why, zounds!  
‘ I am surprized myself, answered the  
F 6                             ‘ Squire,

‘ Squire, I went to zee Sister *Western* last  
 ‘ Night, according to her own Appoint-  
 ‘ ment, and there I was a had into a whole  
 ‘ Room-full of Women.—There was my  
 ‘ Lady Cousin *Bellaſton*, and my Lady *Bet-*  
 ‘ *ty*, and my Lady *Catharine*, and my La-  
 ‘ dy I don’t know who; d—n me if ever  
 ‘ you catch me among ſuch a Kennel of  
 ‘ Hoop-petticoat E——s. D—n me, I’d  
 ‘ rather be run by my own Dogs, as one  
 ‘ *Aſton* was, that the Story Book ſays was  
 ‘ turned into a Hare; and his own Dogs  
 ‘ kill’d un, and eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no  
 ‘ Mortal was ever run in ſuch a Manner;  
 ‘ if I dodged one Way, one had me, if I  
 ‘ offered to clap back, another ſnap’d me.  
 ‘ O! certainly one of the greateſt Matches in  
 ‘ *England*, ſays one Couſin (here he attempt-  
 ‘ ed to mimic them) A very advantageous  
 ‘ Offer indeed, cries another Couſin. (for you  
 ‘ muſt know they be all my Couſins, thoſe I  
 ‘ never zeed half oum before. “ Surely, ſays  
 ‘ that fat a—ſe B—, my Lady *Bellaſton*,  
 ‘ Couſin, you muſt be out of your Wits to  
 ‘ think of refuſing ſuch an Offer.”

‘ Now I begin to underſtand, ſays *All-*  
 ‘ *worthy*, ſome Perſon hath made Propo-  
 ‘ ſals to Miſs *Western*, which the Ladies of  
 ‘ the



‘ the Family approve, but is not to your  
 ‘ Liking.’

‘ My Liking ! said *Western*, how the De-  
 ‘ vil should it ? I tell you it is a Lord, and  
 ‘ those are always Volks whom you know I  
 ‘ always resolved to have nothing to do with..  
 ‘ Did unt I refuse a matter of vorty Years  
 ‘ Purchase now for a Bit of Land, which  
 ‘ one ousm had a Mind to put into a  
 ‘ Park, only because I would have no  
 ‘ Dealings with Lords, and dost think I  
 ‘ would marry my Daughter zu ? Besides,  
 ‘ ben’t I engaged to you, and did I ever  
 ‘ go off any Bargain when I had pro-  
 ‘ mised ?

‘ As to that Point, Neighbour, said *All-  
 ‘ worthy*, I entirely release you from any  
 ‘ Engagement. No Contract can be bind-  
 ‘ ing between Parties who have not a full  
 ‘ Power to make it at the Time, nor ever  
 ‘ afterwards acquire the Power of fulfilling  
 ‘ it.’

‘ Slud ! then, answered *Western*, I tell  
 ‘ you I have Power, and I will fulfil it.  
 ‘ Come along with me directly to *Doctors  
 ‘ Commons*, I will get a Licence ; and I  
 ‘ will go to Sister and take away the Wench  
 ‘ by

‘ by Force, and she shall ha un, or I will  
‘ lock her up and keep her upon Bread and  
‘ Water as long as she lives.’

‘ Mr. *Western*, said *Allworthy*, shall I  
‘ beg you will hear my full Sentiments on  
‘ this Matter?’ ‘ Hear thee! ay to be sure,  
‘ I will, answered he.’ ‘ Why then, Sir,  
‘ cries *Allworthy*, I can truly say, without  
‘ a Compliment either to you or the young  
‘ Lady, that when this Match was propo-  
‘ sed, I embraced it very readily and hear-  
‘ tily, from my Regard to you both. An  
‘ Alliance between two Families so nearly  
‘ Neighbours, and between whom there  
‘ had always existed so mutual an Inter-  
‘ course and good Harmony, I thought a  
‘ most desirable Event; and with Regard  
‘ to the young Lady, not only the concur-  
‘ rent Opinion of all who knew her, but  
‘ my own Observation assured me that she  
‘ would be an inestimable Treasure to a  
‘ good Husband. I shall say nothing of her  
‘ personal Qualifications, which certainly  
‘ are admirable; her Good-nature, her  
‘ charitable Disposition, her Modesty are  
‘ too well known to need any Panegyric:  
‘ but she hath one Quality which existed in  
‘ a high Degree in that best of Women,  
‘ who is now one of the first of Angels,  
‘ which

' which as it is not of a glaring Kind, more  
 ' commonly escapes Observation; so little  
 ' indeed is it remarked, that I want a Word  
 ' to exprefs it. I must use Negatives on  
 ' this Occasion. I never heard any thing  
 ' of Pertness, or what is called Repartee  
 ' out of her Mouth; no Pretence to Wit,  
 ' much less to that Kind of Wisdom, which  
 ' is the Result only of great Learning and  
 ' Experience; the Affectation of which,  
 ' in a young Woman, is as absurd as any  
 ' of the Affectations of an Ape. No dic-  
 ' tatorial Sentiments, no judicial Opinions,  
 ' no profound Criticisms. Whenever I  
 ' have seen her in the Company of Men,  
 ' she hath been all Attention, with the Mo-  
 ' desty of a Learner, not the Forwardness  
 ' of a Teacher. You'll pardon me for it,  
 ' but I once, to try her only, desired her  
 ' Opinion on a Point which was controvert-  
 ' ed between Mr. *Thwackum* and Mr. *Square*,  
 ' To which she answered with much Sweet-  
 ' ness, " You will pardon me, good Mr.  
 ' " *Allworthy*, I am sure you cannot in Ear-  
 ' nest think me capable of deciding any  
 ' Point in which two such Gentlemen dis-  
 ' agree." " *Thwackum* and *Square*, who both  
 ' alike thought themselves sure of a favour-  
 ' able Decision, seconded my Request. She  
 ' answered with the same good Humour,  
 ' I

“ I must absolutely be excused ; for I will  
 “ affront neither so much, as to give my  
 “ Judgment on his Side.” ‘ Indeed, she  
 ‘ always shewed the highest Deference to  
 ‘ the Understandings of Men ; a Quality,  
 ‘ absolutely essential to the making a good  
 ‘ Wife. I shall only add, that as she is most  
 ‘ apparently void of all Affectation, this  
 ‘ Deference must be certainly real.’

Here *Bliss* sighed bitterly ; upon which  
*Western*, whose Eyes were full of Tears at  
 the Praise of *Sophia*, blubbered out, ‘ Don’t  
 ‘ be Chicken-hearted, for shat ha her, d—n  
 ‘ me, shat ha her, if she was twenty Times  
 ‘ as good.’

‘ Remember your Promise, Sir, cried  
 ‘ *Allworthy*, I was not to be interrupted.’  
 ‘ Well, shat unt, answered the Squire, I  
 ‘ won’t speak another Word.’

‘ Now, my good Friend,’ continu-  
 ed *Allworthy*, ‘ I have dwelt so long  
 ‘ on the Merit of this young Lady, part-  
 ‘ ly as I really am in Love with her  
 ‘ Character, and partly that Fortune (for  
 ‘ the Match in that Light is really ad-  
 ‘ vantageous on my Nephew’s Side) might  
 ‘ not be imagined to be my principal View  
 ‘ in

‘ in having so eagerly embraced the Propo-  
 ‘ sal. Indeed I heartily wished to receive so  
 ‘ great a Jewel into my Family ; but tho’  
 ‘ I may wish for many good Things, I  
 ‘ would not therefore steal them, or be  
 ‘ guilty of any Violence or Injustice to  
 ‘ possess myself of them. Now to force a  
 ‘ Woman into a Marriage contrary to her  
 ‘ Consent or Approbation, is an Act of  
 ‘ such Injustice and Oppression, that I wish  
 ‘ the Laws of our Country could restrain  
 ‘ it ; but a good Conscience is never law-  
 ‘ less in the worst regulated State, and will  
 ‘ provide those Laws for itself, which the  
 ‘ Neglect of Legislators hath forgotten to  
 ‘ supply. This is surely a Case of that  
 ‘ Kind ; for is it not cruel, nay impious, to  
 ‘ force a Woman into that State against her  
 ‘ Will ; for her Behaviour in which she is  
 ‘ to be accountable to the highest and most  
 ‘ dreadful Court of Judicature, and to an-  
 ‘ swer at the Peril of her Soul. To dis-  
 ‘ charge the Matrimonial Duties in an a-  
 ‘ dequate Manner is no easy Task, and  
 ‘ shall we lay this Burthen upon a Woman  
 ‘ while we at the same Time deprive her  
 ‘ of all that Assistance which may enable  
 ‘ her to undergo it ? Shall we tear her very  
 ‘ Heart from her, while we enjoin her Du-  
 ‘ ties to which a whole Heart is scarce e-  
 ‘ qual.

‘ qual. I must speak very plainly here, I  
‘ think Parents who act in this Manner are  
‘ Accessaries to all the Guilt which their  
‘ Children afterwards incur, and of Course  
‘ must, before a just Judge, expect to par-  
‘ take of their Punishment; but if they  
‘ could avoid this, good Heaven! is there  
‘ a Soul who can bear the Thought of hav-  
‘ ing contributed to the Damnation of his  
‘ Child?

‘ For these Reasons, my best Neighbour,  
‘ as I see the Inclinations of this young La-  
‘ dy are most unhappily averse to my Ne-  
‘ phew, I must decline any further Thoughts  
‘ of the Honour you intended him, tho’ I  
‘ assure you I shall always retain the most  
‘ grateful Sense of it.’

‘ Well, Sir, said *Western*, (the Froth  
‘ bursting forth from his Lips the Moment  
‘ they were uncorked) you cannot say but  
‘ I have heard you out, and now I expect  
‘ you’ll hear me; and if I don’t answer  
‘ every Word o’t, why then I’ll con-  
‘ sent to gee the Matter up. First then  
‘ I desire you to answer me one Ques-  
‘ tion, Did not I beget her? Did not  
‘ I beget her? answer me that. They say  
‘ indeed it is a wise Father that knows  
‘ his own Child; but I am sure I have the  
‘ best



' best Title to her, for I bred her up. But  
 ' I believe you will allow me to be her  
 ' Father, and if I be, am I not to govern  
 ' my own Child? I ask you that, am I not  
 ' to govern my own Child? And if I am  
 ' to govern her in other Matters, surely I  
 ' am to govern her in this which concerns  
 ' her most. And what am I desiring all  
 ' this while? Am I desiring her to do any  
 ' Thing for me? To give me any thing?  
 ' ——— Zu much on t'other Side, that I  
 ' am only desiring her to take away half  
 ' my Estate now, and t'other half when I  
 ' die. Well, and what is it all vor? Why  
 ' is unt it to make her happy? It's enough  
 ' to make one mad to hear Volks talk; if  
 ' I was going to marry myself, then she  
 ' would. ha Reason to cry and to blubber;  
 ' but, on the contrary, han't I offered to  
 ' bind down my Land in zuch a Manner,  
 ' that I could not marry if I woud, seeing  
 ' as narro' Woman upon Earth would ha  
 ' me. What the Devil in Hell can I do  
 ' more? I contribute to her Damnation!  
 ' —Zounds! I'd zee all the World d—d  
 ' bevore her little Vinger should be hurt.  
 ' Indeed, Mr. *Allworthy*, you must excuse  
 ' me, but I am surprized to hear you talk in  
 ' zuch a Manner, and I must say, take it  
 ' how

‘ how you will, that I thought you had  
 ‘ more Sense.’

*Allworthy* resented this Reflection only with a Smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that Smile any Mixture of Malice or Contempt. His Smiles at Folly were indeed such as we may suppose the Angels bestow on the Absurdities of Mankind.

*Blifil* now desired to be permitted to speak a few Words. ‘ As to using any Violence  
 ‘ on the young Lady, I am sure I shall  
 ‘ never consent to it. My Conscience  
 ‘ will not permit me to use Violence on any  
 ‘ one, much less on a Lady for whom,  
 ‘ however cruel she is to me, I shall al-  
 ‘ ways preserve the purest and sincerest Af-  
 ‘ fection; but yet I have read, that Wo-  
 ‘ men are seldom Proof against Perseve-  
 ‘ rance. Why may I not hope then by such  
 ‘ Perseverance at last to gain those Inclina-  
 ‘ tions, in which for the future I shall,  
 ‘ perhaps, have no Rival; for as for this  
 ‘ Lord, *Mr. Western* is so kind to prefer  
 ‘ me to him; and sure, Sir, you will not  
 ‘ deny but that a Parent hath at least a ne-  
 ‘ gative Voice in these Matters; nay I  
 ‘ have heard this very young Lady herself  
 ‘ say

‘ say so more than once, and declare, that  
 ‘ she thought Children inexcuseable who  
 ‘ married in direct Opposition to the Will  
 ‘ of their Parents. Besides, though the  
 ‘ other Ladies of the Family seem to fa-  
 ‘ vour the Pretensions of my Lord, I do  
 ‘ not find the Lady herself is inclined to  
 ‘ give him any Countenance; alas, I am  
 ‘ too well assured she is not; I am too  
 ‘ sensible that wickedest of Men remains  
 ‘ uppermost in her Heart.’

‘ Ay, ay, so he does, cries *Western*.’

‘ But surely, says *Blifil*, when she hears  
 ‘ of this Murder which he hath commit-  
 ‘ ted, if the Law should spare his Life.’—

‘ What’s that, cries *Western*, Murder,  
 ‘ hath he committed a Murder, and is there  
 ‘ any Hopes of seeing him hanged? —  
 ‘ Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.’ Here he fell  
 a singing and capering about the Room.

‘ Child, says *Allworthy*, this unhappy  
 ‘ Passion of yours distresses me beyond  
 ‘ Measure. I heartily pity you, and would  
 ‘ do every fair Thing to promote your Suc-  
 ‘ cess.’

‘ I desire no more,’ cries *Bliffl*. ‘ I am  
‘ convinced my dear Uncle hath a better  
‘ Opinion of me than to think that I myself  
‘ wou’d accept of more.’

‘ Lookee,’ says *Allworthby*, ‘ you have  
‘ my Leave to write, to visit, if she will  
‘ permit it,—but I insist on no Thoughts  
‘ of Violence. I will have no Confinement,  
‘ nothing of that Kind attempted.’

‘ Well, well,’ cries the Squire, ‘ nothing  
‘ of that Kind shall be attempted ; we will  
‘ try a little longer what fair Means will  
‘ effect ; and if this Fellow be but hanged  
‘ out of the Way——Tol lol de rol. I  
‘ never heard better News in my Life ; I  
‘ warrant every Thing goes to my Mind.—  
‘ Do, prithee, dear *Allworthby*, come and  
‘ dine with me at the *Hercules Pillars* : I  
‘ have bespoke a Shoulder of Mutton roasted,  
‘ and a Spare-rib of Pork, and a Fowl  
‘ and Egg-Sauce. There will be Nobody  
‘ but ourselves, unless we have a Mind to  
‘ have the Landlord ; for I have sent Parson  
‘ *Supple* down to *Basingstoke* after my  
‘ Tobacco Box, which I left at an Inn  
‘ there, and I would not lose it for the  
‘ World ; for its an old Acquaintance of  
above

‘ above Twenty Years standing. I can  
 ‘ tell you Landlord is a vast comical Bitch,  
 ‘ you will like un hugely.’

Mr. *Allworthy* at last agreed to this Invitation, and soon after the Squire went off, singing and capering at the Hopes of seeing the speedy tragical End of poor *Jones*.

When he was gone, Mr. *Allworthy* resumed the afore said Subject with much Gravity. He told his Nephew, ‘ he wished  
 ‘ with all his Heart he would endeavour to  
 ‘ conquer a Passion, in which I cannot,’ says he, ‘ flatter you with any Hopes of  
 ‘ succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar Error, that Aversion in a Woman may be  
 ‘ conquered by Perseverance. Indifference  
 ‘ may, perhaps, sometimes yield to it;  
 ‘ but the usual Triumphs gained by Perseverance in a Lover, are over Caprice,  
 ‘ Prudence, Affectation, and often an exorbitant Degree of Levity, which excites  
 ‘ Women not over-warm in their Constitutions, to indulge their Vanity by prolonging the Time of Courtship, even  
 ‘ when they are well-enough pleased with  
 ‘ the Object, and resolve (if they ever resolve at all) to make him a very pitiful  
 ‘ Amends in the End. But a fixed Dislike,

' like, as I am afraid this is, will rather ga-  
 ' ther Strength, than be conquered by  
 ' Time. Besides, my dear, I have ano-  
 ' ther Apprehension which you must ex-  
 ' cuse. I am afraid this Passion which  
 ' you have for this fine young Creature,  
 ' hath her beautiful Person too much for  
 ' its Object, and is unworthy of the Name  
 ' of that Love, which is the only Foun-  
 ' dation of matrimonial Felicity. To  
 ' admire, to like, and to long for the  
 ' Possession of a beautiful Woman, with-  
 ' out any Regard to her Sentiments to-  
 ' wards us, is, I am afraid, too natural:  
 ' But Love, I believe, is the Child of Love  
 ' only; at least, I am pretty confident,  
 ' that to love the Creature who we are  
 ' assured hates us, is not in Human Na-  
 ' ture. Examine your Heart, therefore,  
 ' thoroughly, my good Boy, and if, upon  
 ' Examination, you have but the least Suspi-  
 ' cion of this Kind, I am sure your own Vir-  
 ' tue and Religion will impel you to drive  
 ' so vicious a Passion from your Heart, and  
 ' your good Sense will soon enable you to  
 ' do it without Pain.'

The Reader may pretty well guess *Blissl's*  
 Answer; but if he should be at a Loss, we  
 are not, at present, at Leisure to satisfy  
 him,

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him, as our History now hastens on to Matters of higher Importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from *Sophia*.

## C H A P. IV.

*An extraordinary Scene between Sophia and her Aunt.*

**T**HE lowing Heifer, and the bleating Ewe in Herds and Flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the Pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the Prey of Man; yet many Years are they suffered to enjoy their Liberty undisturbed. But if a plump Doe be discovered to have escaped from the Forest, and to repose herself in some Field or Grove, the whole Parish is presently alarmed, every Man is ready to set his Dogs after her; and if she is preserved from the rest by the good Squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young Woman of Fortune and Fashion, when first found strayed from the Pale of her Nursery, to be in pretty much the same Situation with this Doe. The Town is

immediately in an Uproar, she is hunted from Park to Play, from Court to Assembly, from Assembly to her own Chamber, and rarely escapes a single Season from the Jaws of some Devourer or other : For if her Friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chusing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest : While whole Herds or Flocks of other Women securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the Park, the Play, the Opera, and the Assembly ; and though, for the most Part at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long Time do they wanton in Liberty, without Disturbance or Controul.

Of all these Paragons, none ever tasted more of this Persecution than poor *Sophia*. Her ill Stars were not contented with all that she had suffered on Account of *Bliss*, they now raised her another Pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her Aunt was less violent, she was no less assiduous in teasing her, than her Father had been before.

The Servants were no sooner departed after Dinner, than Mrs. *Western*, who had opened

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opened the Matter to *Sophia*, informed her,  
 ‘ That she expected his Lordship that very  
 ‘ Afternoon, and intended to take the first  
 ‘ Opportunity of leaving her alone with  
 ‘ him.’ ‘ If you do, Madam,’ answered  
*Sophia*, with some Spirit, ‘ I shall take the  
 ‘ first Opportunity of leaving him by him-  
 ‘ self.’ ‘ How ! Madam !’ cries the Aunt ;  
 ‘ is this the Return you make me for my  
 ‘ Kindness, in relieving you from your  
 ‘ Confinement at your Father’s ?’ ‘ You  
 ‘ know, Madam,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ the Cause  
 ‘ of that Confinement was a Refusal to  
 ‘ comply with my Father, in accepting a  
 ‘ Man I detested ; and will my dear Aunt,  
 ‘ who hath relieved me from that Distress,  
 ‘ involve me in another equally bad ?’  
 ‘ And do you think then, Madam,’ an-  
 swered Mrs. *Western*, ‘ that there is no Dif-  
 ‘ ference between my Lord *Feilamar* and  
 ‘ Mr. *Blifil* ?’ ‘ Very little, in my Opi-  
 ‘ nion,’ cries *Sophia* ; ‘ and if I must be  
 ‘ condemned to one, I would certainly  
 ‘ have the Merit of sacrificing myself to  
 ‘ my Father’s Pleasure.’ ‘ Then my Plea-  
 ‘ sure I find,’ said the Aunt, ‘ hath very  
 ‘ little Weight with you ; but that Consi-  
 ‘ deration shall not move me. I act from  
 ‘ nobler Motives. The View of aggran-  
 ‘ dizing my Family, of ennobling yourself

‘ is what I proceed upon. Have you  
 ‘ no Sense of Ambition? Are there no  
 ‘ Charms in the Thoughts of having a Co-  
 ‘ ronet on your Coach?’ ‘ None, upon  
 ‘ my Honour,’ said *Sophia*. A Pincushion  
 ‘ upon my Coach would please me just as  
 ‘ well.’ ‘ Never mention Honour,’ cries  
 the Aunt. ‘ It becomes not the Mouth of  
 ‘ such a Wretch. I am sorry, Neice, you  
 ‘ force me to use these Words; but I can-  
 ‘ not bear your groveling Temper; you  
 ‘ have none of the Blood of the *Westons*  
 ‘ in you. But however mean and base  
 ‘ your own Ideas are, you shall bring no  
 ‘ Imputation on mine. I will never suffer  
 ‘ the World to say of me, that I encour-  
 ‘ aged you in refusing one of the best  
 ‘ Matches in *England*; a Match which, be-  
 ‘ sides its Advantage in Fortune, would  
 ‘ do Honour to almost any Family, and  
 ‘ hath indeed, in Title, the Advantage of  
 ‘ ours.’ ‘ Surely,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I am born  
 ‘ deficient, and have not the Senses with  
 ‘ which other People are blessed: There  
 ‘ must be certainly some Sense which  
 ‘ can relish the Delights of Sound and  
 ‘ Show, which I have not: For surely  
 ‘ Mankind would not labour so much,  
 ‘ nor sacrifice so much for the obtain-  
 ‘ ing; nor would they be so elate and  
 ‘ proud

‘proud with possessing what appeared to  
‘them, as it doth to me, the most insigni-  
‘ficant of all Trifles.’

‘No, no, Miss;’ cries the Aunt; ‘you  
‘are born with as many Senses as other  
‘People; but I assure you, you are not  
‘born with a sufficient Understanding to  
‘make a Fool of me, or to expose my  
‘Conduct to the World. So I declare this  
‘to you upon my Word, and you know,  
‘I believe, how fixed my Resolutions are,  
‘unless you agree to see his Lordship this  
‘Afternoon, I will, with my own Hands,  
‘deliver you Tomorrow Morning to my  
‘Brother, and will never henceforth inter-  
‘fere with you, nor see your Face again.’

*Sophia* stood a few Moments silent after this  
Speech, which was uttered in a most an-  
gry and peremptory Tone; and then burst-  
‘ing into Tears, she cry’d, ‘Do with me,  
‘Madam, whatever you please; I am the  
‘most miserable, undone Wretch upon  
‘Earth; if my dear Aunt forsakes me,  
‘where shall I look for a Protector?’ —  
‘My dear Niece,’ cries she, ‘you will  
‘have a very good Protector in his Lord-  
‘ship; a Protector, whom nothing but a  
‘Hankering after that vile Fellow *Jones*  
‘can make you decline.’ ‘Indeed, Ma-

‘dam,’ said *Sophia*, ‘you wrong me. How  
‘can you imagine, after what you have  
‘shewn me, if I had ever any such  
‘Thoughts, that I should not banish them  
‘for ever. If it will satisfy you, I will receive  
‘the Sacrament upon it, never to see his  
‘Face again.’——But Child, dear Child,’  
said the Aunt, ‘be reasonable: Can you  
‘invent a single Objection?’——‘I have  
‘already, I think, told you a sufficient Ob-  
‘jection,’ answered *Sophia*.——‘What?’  
cries the Aunt; ‘I remember none.’ ‘Sure,  
‘Madam,’ said *Sophia*, ‘I told you he  
‘had used me in the rudest and vilest  
‘Manner.’ ‘Indeed, Child,’ answered  
she, ‘I never heard you, or did not under-  
‘stand you:—But what do you mean by  
‘this rude and vile Manner?’ ‘Indeed,  
‘Madam,’ says *Sophia*, ‘I am almost a-  
‘shamed to tell you. He caught me in  
‘his Arms, pulled me down upon the  
‘Settee, and thrust his Hand into my Bo-  
‘som, and kissed it with such Violence,  
‘that I have the Mark upon my left Breast  
‘at this Moment.’——‘Indeed!’ said Mrs.  
*Western*. ‘Yes indeed, Madam,’ answer-  
ed *Sophia*; ‘my Father luckily came in  
‘at that Instant, or Heaven knows what  
‘Rudeness he intended to have proceeded  
‘to.’ ‘I am astonished and confounded,’  
cries the Aunt. ‘No Woman of the  
‘Name



‘ Name of *Western* hath been ever treated  
 ‘ so, since we were a Family. I would  
 ‘ have torn the Eyes of a Prince out, if  
 ‘ he had attempted such Freedoms with  
 ‘ me. It is impossible : Sure, *Sophia*, you  
 ‘ must invent this to raise my Indignation  
 ‘ against him.’ ‘ I hope, Madam,’ said  
*Sophia*, ‘ you have too good an Opinion  
 ‘ of me, to imagine me capable of telling  
 ‘ an Untruth. Upon my Soul it is true.’  
 ‘ I should have stabbed him to the Heart  
 ‘ had I been present,’ returned the Aunt.  
 ‘ Yet surely he could have no dishonourable  
 ‘ Design : It is impossible ; he durst not :  
 ‘ Besides, his Proposals shew he had not ;  
 ‘ for they are not only honourable but ge-  
 ‘ neros. I don’t know ; the Age allows  
 ‘ too great Freedoms. A distant Salute is  
 ‘ all I would have allowed before the Cere-  
 ‘ mony. I have had Lovers formerly, not  
 ‘ so long ago neither ; several Lovers, tho’  
 ‘ I never would consent to Marriage, and  
 ‘ I never encouraged the least Freedom. It  
 ‘ is foolish Custom, and what I never would  
 ‘ agree to. No Man kissed more of me than  
 ‘ my Cheek. It is as much as one can bring  
 ‘ oneself to give Lips up to a Husband ;  
 ‘ and, indeed, could I ever have been per-  
 ‘ suaded to marry, I believe I should not  
 ‘ have soon been brought to endure so  
 ‘ much.’ ‘ You will pardon me, dear

‘ Madam,’ said *Sophia*, if I make one Observation: You own you have had many Lovers, and the World knows it, even if you should deny it. You refused them all, and I am convinced one Coronet at least among them.’ ‘ You say true, dear *Sophy*,’ answered she; ‘ I had once the Offer of a Title. Why then,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ will you not suffer me to refuse this once?’ ‘ It is true, Child,’ said she, ‘ I have refused the Offer of a Title; but it was not so good an Offer; that is, not so very, very good an Offer.’——‘ Yes, Madam,’ said *Sophia*; ‘ but you have had very great Proposals from Men of vast Fortunes. It was not the first, nor the second, nor the third advantageous Match that offered itself.’ ‘ I own it was not,’ said she. ‘ Well, Madam,’ continued *Sophia*, ‘ and why may not I expect to have a second perhaps better than this?’ ‘ You are now but a young Woman, and I am convinced would not promise to yield to the first Lover of Fortune, nay, or of Title too. I am a very young Woman, and sure I need not despair.’ ‘ Well, my dear, dear *Sophy*,’ cries the the Aunt, ‘ what would you have me say?’ ‘ Why I only beg that I may not be left alone, at least this Evening: Grant me  
‘ that,

' that, and I will submit, if you think,  
 ' after what is past, I ought to see  
 ' him in your Company.' ' Well, I will  
 ' grant it,' cries the Aunt. ' *Sophy*, you  
 ' know I love you, and can deny you no-  
 ' thing. You know the easiness of my  
 ' Nature; I have not always been so easy.  
 ' I have been formerly thought cruel; by  
 ' the Men I mean. I was called the cruel  
 ' *Parthenissa*. I have broke many a Window  
 ' that has had Verses to the cruel *Parthe-*  
 ' *nissa* in it. *Sophy*, I was never so hand-  
 ' some as you, and yet I had something of  
 ' you formerly. I am a little altered. King-  
 ' doms and States, as *Tully Cicero* says in  
 ' his Epistles, undergo Alterations, and  
 ' so must the human Form.' Thus run  
 she on for near half an Hour upon herself,  
 and her Conquests and her Cruelty, 'till the  
 Arrival of my Lord, who, after a most te-  
 dious Visit, during which Mrs. *Western*  
 never once offered to leave the Room, re-  
 tired, not much more satisfied with the  
 Aunt than with the Neice. For *Sophia* had  
 brought her Aunt into so excellent a Tem-  
 per, that she consented to almost every  
 Thing her Neice said; and agreed, that a  
 little distant Behaviour might not be im-  
 proper to so forward a Lover.

Thus *Sophia* by a little well-directed Flattery, for which surely none will blame her, obtained a little Ease for herself, and, at least, put off the evil Day. And now we have seen our Heroine in a better Situation than she hath been for a long Time before, we will look a little after Mr. *Jones*, whom we left in the most deplorable Situation that can well be imagined.

## C H A P. V.

*Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the Prison.*

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy*, and his Nephew went to meet Mr. *Western*, Mrs. *Miller* set forwards to her Son-in-Law's Lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the Accident which had befallen his Friend *Jones*; but he had known it long before from *Partridge*, (for *Jones*, when he left Mrs. *Miller*, had been furnished with a Room in the same House with Mr. *Nightingale*.) The good Woman found her Daughter under great Affliction on Account of Mr. *Jones*, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards

the Gatehouse, where she heard he was, and where Mr. *Nightingale* was arrived before her.

The Firmness and Constancy of a true Friend is a Circumstance so extremely delightful to Persons in any Kind of Distress, that the Distress itself, if it be only temporary and admits of Relief, is more than compensated by bringing this Comfort with it. Nor are Instances of this Kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate Observers have reported. To say the Truth, Want of Compassion is not to be numbered among our general Faults. The black Ingredient which fouls our Disposition is Envy. Hence our Eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upward to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some Degree of Malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the Mean and Miserable, with sufficient Benevolence and Pity. In Fact, I have remarked, that most of the Defects which have discovered themselves in the Friendships within my Observation have arisen from Envy only; a hellish Vice; and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a Subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that Fortune was apprehensive lest *Jones* should sink under the Weight of his Adversity, and that she might thus lose any future Opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her Severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her Persecution, by sending him the Company of two such faithful Friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful Servant. For *Partridge*, tho' he had many Imperfections, wanted not Fidelity; and tho' Fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his Master, yet the World, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his Cause.

While *Jones* was expressing great Satisfaction in the Presence of his Friends, *Partridge* brought an Account that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was still alive, tho' the Surgeon declared that he had very little Hopes. Upon which *Jones* fetching a deep Sigh, *Nightingale* said to him; 'My dear Tom, why should you afflict yourself so upon an Accident, which, whatever be the Consequence, can be attended with no Danger to you, and in which your Conscience cannot accuse you of having been in the least



' least to blame. If the Fellow should  
 ' die, what have you done more than  
 ' taken away the Life of a Russian in your  
 ' own Defence? So will the Coroner's  
 ' Inquest certainly find it; and then  
 ' you will be easily admitted to Bail: And  
 ' though you must undergo the Form of  
 ' a Trial, yet it is a Trial which many  
 ' Men would stand for you for a Shilling.'  
 ' Come, come, Mr. Jones,' says Mrs.  
*Miller*, ' cheer yourself up. I knew you  
 ' could not be the Aggressor, and so I told  
 ' Mr. *Allworthy*, and so he shall acknow-  
 ' ledge too before I have done with him.'

*Jones* gravely answered, ' That whatever  
 ' might be his Fate, he should always la-  
 ' ment the having shed the Blood of one  
 ' of his Fellow-Creatures, as one of the  
 ' highest Misfortunes which could have be-  
 ' fallen him. But I have another Misfor-  
 ' tune of the tenderest Kind——O! Mrs.  
 ' *Miller*, I have lost what I held most dear  
 ' upon Earth.' ' That must be a Mistress,'  
 said Mrs. *Miller*. ' But come, come; I  
 ' know more than you imagine;' (for in-  
 deed *Partridge* had blabbed all) ' and I have  
 ' heard more than you know. Matters  
 ' go better, I promise you, than you think;  
 ' and

‘ and I would not give *Bliffl* Sixpence for  
 ‘ all the Chance which he hath of the  
 ‘ Lady.’

‘ Indeed, my dear Friend, indeed,’  
 answered *Jones*, ‘ you are an entire Stran-  
 ‘ ger to the Cause of my Grief. If you  
 ‘ was acquainted with the Story, you wou’d  
 ‘ allow my Case admitted of no Comfort.  
 ‘ I apprehend no Danger from *Bliffl*. I  
 ‘ have undone myself.’ ‘ Don’t despair,’  
 replied *Mrs. Miller*; ‘ you know not what  
 ‘ a Woman can do, and if any Thing  
 ‘ be in my Power, I promise you I will do  
 ‘ it to serve you. It is my Duty. My  
 ‘ Son, my dear Mr. *Nightingale*, who is so  
 ‘ kind to tell me he hath Obligations to you  
 ‘ on the same Account, knows it is my  
 ‘ Duty. Shall I go to the Lady myself?  
 ‘ I will say any Thing to her you would  
 ‘ have me say.’

‘ Thou best of Women,’ cries *Jones*,  
 taking her by the Hand, ‘ talk not of Ob-  
 ‘ ligations to me;—but as you have been  
 ‘ so kind to mention it, there is a Favour  
 ‘ which, perhaps, may be in your Power.  
 ‘ I see you are acquainted with the Lady  
 ‘ (how you came by your Information I  
 ‘ know not) who sits indeed very near my  
 ‘ Heart..

‘ Heart. If you could contrive to deliver  
 ‘ this, (giving her a Paper from his Pocket)  
 ‘ I shall for ever acknowledge your Good-  
 ‘ ness.’

‘ Give it me,’ said Mrs. *Miller*. ‘ If I  
 ‘ see it not in her own Possession before I  
 ‘ sleep, may my next Sleep be my last.  
 ‘ Comfort yourself, my good young Man ;  
 ‘ be wise enough to take Warning from  
 ‘ past Follies, and I warrant all shall be  
 ‘ well, and I shall yet see you happy with  
 ‘ the most charming young Lady in the  
 ‘ World ; for so I hear from every one  
 ‘ she is.’

‘ Believe me, Madam,’ said he, ‘ I do  
 ‘ not speak the common Cant of one in my  
 ‘ unhappy Situation. Before this dreadful  
 ‘ Accident happened, I had resolved to  
 ‘ quit a Life of which I was become sensible  
 ‘ of the Wickedness as well as Folly. I  
 ‘ do assure you, notwithstanding the Distur-  
 ‘ bances I have unfortunately occasioned in  
 ‘ your House, for which I heartily ask  
 ‘ your Pardon, I am not an abandoned  
 ‘ Profligate. Though I have been hurried  
 ‘ into Vices, I do not approve a vicious  
 ‘ Character ; nor will I ever, from this  
 ‘ Moment, deserve it.’

Mrs.

Mrs. *Miller* expressed great Satisfaction in these Declarations, in the Sincerity of which she averred she had an entire Faith ; and now, the Remainder of the Conversation past in the joint Attempts of that good Woman and Mr. *Nightingale*, to cheer the dejected Spirits of Mr. *Jones*, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him ; to which happy Alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind Undertaking of Mrs. *Miller*, to deliver his Letter to *Sophia*, which he despaired of finding any Means to accomplish : For when *Black George* produced the last from *Sophia*, he informed *Partridge*, that she had strictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her Father, not to bring her any Answer. He was moreover not a little pleased, to find he had so warm an Advocate to Mr. *Allworthy* himself in this good Woman, who was in Reality one of the worthiest Creatures in the World.

After about an Hour's Visit from the Lady, (for *Nightingale* had been with him much longer,) they both took their leave promising to return to him soon ; during which Mrs. *Miller* said, she hoped to bring him some good News from his Mistress, and

and Mr. *Nightingale* promised to enquire into the State of Mr. *Fitzpatrick's* Wound, and likewise to find out some of the Persons who were present at the Rencounter.

The former of these went directly in quest of *Sophia*, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which Mrs. Miller pays a Visit to Sophia.*

**A**CCCESS to the young Lady was by no means difficult; for as she lived now on a perfect friendly Footing with her Aunt, she was at full Liberty to receive what Visitants she pleased.

*Sophia* was dressing, when she was acquainted that there was a Gentlewoman below to wait on her. As she was neither afraid, nor ashamed, to see any of her own Sex, Mrs. *Miller* was immediately admitted.

Curt'sies, and the usual Ceremonials between Women who are Strangers to each other being past, *Sophia* said, ' I have not the  
' Pleasure to know you, Madam.' ' No Ma-  
' dam,' answered Mrs. *Miller*, ' and I must  
' beg Pardon for intruding upon you. But  
' when you know what has induced me to  
' give

‘ give you this Trouble, I hope’ — ‘ Pray, what is your Business, Madam ?’ said *Sophia*, with a little Emotion. ‘ Madam, we are not alone,’ replied Mrs. *Miller*, in a low Voice. ‘ Go out, *Betty*,’ said *Sophia*.

When *Betty* was departed, Mrs. *Miller* said, ‘ I was desired, Madam, by a very unhappy young Gentleman to deliver you this Letter.’ *Sophia* changed Colour when she saw the Direction, well knowing the Hand, and after some Hesitation, said — ‘ I could not conceive, Madam, from your Appearance, that your Business had been of such a Nature.—Whomever you brought this Letter from I shall not open it. I should be sorry to entertain an unjust Suspicion of any one ; but you are an utter Stranger to me.’

‘ If you will have Patience, Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came by that Letter.’ ‘ I have no Curiosity, Madam, to know any thing,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ but I must insist on your delivering that Letter back to the Person who gave it you.’

Mrs. *Miller* then fell upon her Knees, and in the most passionate Terms, implored her Compassion ; to which *Sophia* answered :  
‘ Sure,



‘ Sure, Madam, it is surprizing you should  
 ‘ be so very strongly interested in the Be-  
 ‘ half of this Person. I would not think,  
 ‘ Madam,’ ——— ‘ No, Madam, says  
 ‘ Mrs. *Miller*, you shall not think any  
 ‘ thing but the Truth. I will tell you all,  
 ‘ and you will not wonder that I am in-  
 ‘ terested. He is the best natured Creature  
 ‘ that ever was born.’——She then began  
 and related the Story of Mr. *Henderson* —  
 After this she cried, ‘ This, Madam, this  
 ‘ is his Goodness ; but I have much more  
 ‘ tender Obligations to him. He hath  
 ‘ preserved my Child.’ — Here after shed-  
 ding some Tears, she related every thing  
 concerning that Fact, suppressing only those  
 Circumstances which would have most re-  
 flected on her Daughter, and concluded  
 with saying, ‘ Now, Madam, you shall  
 ‘ judge whether I can ever do enough for so  
 ‘ kind, so good, so generous a young Man,  
 ‘ and sure he is the best and worthiest of  
 ‘ all Human Beings.’

The Alterations in the Countenance of  
*Sophia*, had hitherto been chiefly to her  
 Disadvantage, and had inclined her Com-  
 plexion to too great Paleness ; but she new  
 waxed redder if possible, than Vermilion,  
 and cry’d, ‘ I know not what to say, cer-  
 ‘ tainly

‘ tainly what arises from Gratitude cannot  
 ‘ be blamed. ——— But what Service can  
 ‘ my reading his Letter do your Friend,  
 ‘ since I am resolved never ——’ Mrs.  
*Miller* fell again to her Entreaties, and  
 begged to be forgiven, but she could not,  
 she said, carry it back. ‘ Well, Madam,’  
 says *Sophia*, ‘ I cannot help it, if you will  
 ‘ force it upon me.—Certainly you may  
 ‘ leave it whether I will or no.’ What  
*Sophia* meant, or whether she meant any  
 thing, I will not presume to determine;  
 but Mrs. *Miller* actually understood this  
 as a Hint, and presently laying the Letter  
 down on the Table took her Leave, having  
 first begged Permission to wait again on  
*Sophia*, which Request had neither Assent  
 nor Denial.

The Letter lay upon the Table no longer  
 than till Mrs. *Miller* was out of Sight; for  
 then *Sophia* opened and read it.

This Letter did very little Service to his  
 Cause; for it consisted of little more than  
 Confessions of his own Unworthiness, and  
 bitter Lamentations of Despair, together  
 with the most solemn Protestations of his  
 unalterable Fidelity to *Sophia*, of which he  
 said, he hoped to convince her if he had  
 even

ever more the Honour of being admitted to her Presence; and that he could account for the Letter to Lady *Bellaſton*, in ſuch a Manner, that though it would not intitle him to her Forgiveness, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her Mercy. And concluded with vowing that nothing was ever leſs in his Thoughts than to marry Lady *Bellaſton*.

Though *Sophia* read the Letter twice over with great Attention, his Meaning ſtill remained a Riddle to her, nor could her Invention ſuggeſt to her any Means to excuſe *Jones*. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed Lady *Bellaſton* took up ſo much of her Reſentment that her gentle Mind had but little left to beſtow on any other Perſon.

That Lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very Day with her Aunt *Western*, and in the Afternoon, they were all three by Appointment to go together to the Opera, and thence to Lady *Thomas Hatebet's* Drum. *Sophia* would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her Aunt; and as to the Arts of counterfeiting Illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a Stranger to them, that it never once entered into her Head.

When

When she was drest, therefore, down she went, resolved to encounter all the Horrors of the Day, and a most disagreeable one it proved ; for Lady *Bellaſton* took every Opportunity very civilly and ſlily to insult her ; to all which her Dejection of Spirits disabled her from making any Return ; and indeed, to confeſs the Truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent Miſtreſs of Repartee.

Another Misfortune which beſel poor *Sophia*, was the Company of Lord *Fellamar*, whom ſhe met at the Opera, and who attended her to the Drum. And though both Places were too publick to admit of any Particularities, and ſhe was farther relieved by the Muſick at the one Place, and by the Cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his Company : for there is ſomething of Delicacy in Women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the Preſence of a Man whom they know to have Pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this Chapter twice mentioned a Drum, a Word which our Poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the Senſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithstanding  
our

our present Haste, stop a Moment to describe the Entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a Moment describe it.

A Drum then is an Assembly of well dressed Persons of both Sexes, most of whom play at Cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the Mistress of the House performs the Part of the Landlady at an Inn, and like the Landlady of an Inn prides herself in the Number of her Guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any Thing by it.

No wonder then as so much Spirits must be required to support any Vivacity in these Scenes of Dulness, that we hear Persons of Fashion eternally complaining of the Want of them; a Complaint confined entirely to upper Life. How insupportable must we imagine this Round of Impertinence to have been to *Sophia*, at this time; how difficult must she have found it to force the Appearance of Gaiety into her Looks, when her Mind dictated nothing but the tenderest Sorrow, and when every Thought was charged with tormenting Ideas.

Night, however at last, restored her to her Pillow, where we will leave her to soothe

soothe her Melancholy at least, though incapable we are afraid of Rest, and shall pursue our History, which something whispers us is now arrived at the Eve of some great Event.

## CHAP. VII.

*A pathetic Scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.*

MRS. Miller had a long Discourse with Mr. Allworthy at his Return from Dinner, in which she acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their Separation; and with the Distresses to which that Loss had subjected him; of all which she had received a full Account from the faithful Retailer Partridge. She then explained the Obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicite with regard to her Daughter; for though she had the utmost Confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no Hopes of keeping an Affair secret, which was unhappily known to more than half a Dozen; yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those Circumstances which reflected most on the Chastity



ty of poor *Nancy*; but smothered that Part of her Evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a Judge, and the Girl was now on her Trial for the Murder of a Bastard.

*Allworthy* said, there were few Characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least Mixture of Good in them. ‘However,’ says he, ‘I cannot deny but that you had some Obligations to the Fellow, bad as he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, but must insist you never mention his Name to me more; for I promise you, it was upon the fullest and plainest Evidence that I resolved to take the Measures I have taken.’ ‘Well, Sir,’ says she, ‘I make not the least doubt, but Time will shew all Matters in their true and natural Colours, and that you will be convinced this poor young Man deserves better of you than some other Folks that shall be nameless.’

‘Madam,’ cries *Allworthy*, a little ruffled, ‘I will not hear any Reflections on my Nephew, and if you ever say a Word more of that Kind, I will depart from your House that Instant. He is the worthiest and best of Men; and I once more repeat it to you, he hath carried his

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‘ Friendship to this Man to a bleamable  
 ‘ Length, by too long concealing Facts  
 ‘ of the blackest Die. The Ingratitude  
 ‘ of the Wretch to this good young Man  
 ‘ is what I most resent; for, Madam, I  
 ‘ have the greatest Reason to imagine he  
 ‘ had laid a Plot to supplant my Nephew  
 ‘ in my Favour, and to have disinherited  
 ‘ him.’

‘ I am sure, Sir,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*,  
 a little frightened (for though Mr. *All-*  
*worthy* had the utmost Sweetness and Be-  
 nevolence in his Smiles, he had great Ter-  
 rour in his Frowns) ‘ I shall never speak  
 ‘ against any Gentleman you are pleased to  
 ‘ think well of. I am sure, Sir, such Behavi-  
 ‘ our would very little become me, especi-  
 ‘ ally when the Gentleman is your nearest  
 ‘ Relation; but, Sir, you must not be angry  
 ‘ with me, you must not indeed, for my  
 ‘ good Wishes to this poor Wretch. Sure,  
 ‘ I may call him so now, though once you  
 ‘ would have been angry with me, if I had  
 ‘ spoke of him with the least Disrespect.  
 ‘ How often have I heard you call him your  
 ‘ Son? How often have you prattled to me  
 ‘ of him with all the Fondness of a Parent?  
 ‘ Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many ten-  
 ‘ der Expressions, the many good Things  
 ‘ you

' you have told me of his Beauty, and his  
 ' Parts, and his Virtues; of his Good-  
 ' nature and Generosity. — I am sure, Sir,  
 ' I cannot forget them: For I find them  
 ' all true. I have experienced them in my  
 ' own Cause. They have preserved my  
 ' Family. You must pardon my Tears,  
 ' Sir, indeed you must, when I consider the  
 ' cruel Reverse of Fortune which this poor  
 ' Youth, to whom I am so much obliged,  
 ' hath suffered; when I consider the Loss  
 ' of your Favour, which I know he valued  
 ' more than his Life, I must, I must lament  
 ' him. If you had a Dagger in your Hand,  
 ' ready to plunge into my Heart, I must  
 ' lament the Misery of one whom you have  
 ' loved, and I shall ever love.

*Allworthy* was pretty much moved with  
 this Speech, but it seemed not to be with  
 Anger: For after a short Silence, taking  
 Mrs. *Miller* by the Hand, he said very  
 affectionately to her; "Come, Madam, let  
 ' us consider a little 'about your Daughter.  
 ' I cannot blame you, for rejoicing in a  
 ' Match which promises to be advantageous  
 ' to her; but you know this Advantage,  
 ' in a great Measure, depends on the Fa-  
 ' ther's Reconciliation. I know Mr.  
 ' *Nightingale* very well, and have formerly

‘ had Concerns with him ; I will make him a  
 ‘ Visit, and endeavour to serve you in this  
 ‘ Matter. I believe he is a worldly Man ;  
 ‘ but as this is an only Son, and the Thing  
 ‘ is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in  
 ‘ Time be brought to Reason. I promise  
 ‘ you I will do all I can for you.’

Many were the Acknowledgments which the poor Woman made to *Allworthy*, for this kind and generous Offer, nor could she refrain from taking this Occasion again to express her Gratitude towards *Jones*, to whom, said she, I owe the Opportunity of giving you, Sir, this present Trouble. *Allworthy* gently stopped her ; but he was too good a Man to be really offended with the Effects of so noble a Principle as now actuated Mrs. *Miller* ; and indeed had not this new Affair inflamed his former Anger against *Jones*, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him by the Report of an Action which Malice itself could not have derived from an evil Motive.

Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* had been above an Hour together, when their Conversation was put an End to by the Arrival of *Blifil*, and another Person, which other Person

son was no less than Mr. *Dowling*, the Attorney, who was now become a great Favourite with Mr. *Bliss*, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, at the Desire of his Nephew, had made his Steward, and had likewise recommended him to Mr. *Western*, from whom the Attorney received a Promise of being promoted to the same Office upon the first Vacancy ; and in the mean Time was employed in transacting some Affairs which the Squire then had in *London*, in Relation to a Mortgage.

This was the principal Affair which then brought Mr. *Dowling* to Town, therefore he took the same Opportunity to charge himself with some Money for Mr. *Allworthy*, and to make a Report to him of some other Business ; in all which as it was of much too dull a Nature to find any Place in this History, we will leave the Uncle, Nephew, and their Lawyer concerned, and resort to other Matters.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Containing various Matters.*

**B**EFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more View of *Sophia*.

Though that young Lady had brought her Aunt into great good Humour by those soothing Methods, which we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her Zeal for the Match with Lord *Fellamar*; this Zeal was now inflamed by Lady *Bellaſton*, who had told her the preceding Evening, that she was well ſatisfied from the Conduct of *Sophia*, and from her Carriage to his Lordſhip, that all Delays would be dangerous, and that the only Way to ſucceed, was to preſs the Match forward with ſuch Rapidity, that the young Lady ſhould have no Time to reflect, and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which Manner, ſhe ſaid, one half of the Marriages among People of Condition were brought about. A Fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual Tenderneſs which  
after-



afterwards exists among so many happy Couples.

A Hint of the same Kind was given by the same Lady to Lord *Fellamar*; and both these so readily embraced the Advice that the very next Day was, at his Lordship's Request, appointed by Mrs. *Western* for a private Interview between the young Parties. This was communicated to *Sophia* by her Aunt, and insisted upon in such high Terms, that, after having urged every Thing she possibly could invent against it, without the least Effect, she at last agreed to give the highest Instance of Complaisance which any young Lady can give, and consented to see his Lordship.

As Conversations of this Kind afford no great Entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that past at this Interview; in which, after his Lordship had made many Declarations of the most pure and ardent Passion, to the silent, blushing *Sophia*; she at last collected all the Spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low Voice, said, ' My Lord, you must be  
' yourself conscious whether your former  
' Behaviour to me hath been consistent with

the Professions you now make.' 'Is there,  
' answered he, no Way by which I  
' can atone for Madness? What I did,  
' I am afraid must have too plainly con-  
' vinced you, that the Violence of Love  
' had deprived me of my Senses.' 'In-  
' deed, my Lord, said she, it is in your  
' Power to give me a Proof of an Affec-  
' tion which I much rather wish to encourage,  
' and to which I should think myself more  
' beholden.' 'Name it, Madam, said my  
' Lord, very warmly.'—My Lord, says  
' she, looking down upon her Fan, I know  
' you must be sensible how uneasy this pre-  
' tended Passion of yours hath made me.'  
' — Can you be so cruel to call it pre-  
' tended? says he.' 'Yes, my Lord, an-  
' swered *Sophia*, all Professions of Love to  
' those whom we persecute, are most insulting  
' Pretences. This Pursuit of yours is to  
' me a most cruel Persecution; nay, it is ta-  
' king a most ungenerous Advantage of my  
' unhappy Situation.' 'Most lovely, most a-  
' dorable Charmer, do not accuse me, cries  
' he, of taking an ungenerous Advantage,  
' while I have no Thoughts but what are  
' directed to your Honour and Interest, and  
' while I have no View, no Hope, no Am-  
' bition but to throw myself, Honour, For-  
' tune, every Thing at your Feet. My  
' Lord,

‘ Lord, says she, it is that Fortune and  
 ‘ those Honours which give you the Ad-  
 ‘ vantage of which I complain. These  
 ‘ are the Charms which have seduced my  
 ‘ Relations, but to me they are Things in-  
 ‘ different. If your Lordship will merit  
 ‘ my Gratitude, there is but one Way.’—  
 ‘ Pardon me, divine Creature, said he,  
 ‘ there can be none. All I can do for you  
 ‘ is so much your due, and will give me so  
 ‘ much Pleasure, that there is no room for  
 ‘ your Gratitude.’—‘ Indeed, my Lord, an-  
 ‘ swered she, you may obtain my Gratitude,  
 ‘ my good Opinion, every kind Thought and  
 ‘ Wish which it is in my Power to bestow,  
 ‘ nay you may obtain them with Ease;  
 ‘ for sure to a generous Mind it must be  
 ‘ easy to grant my Request. Let me be-  
 ‘ seech you then, to cease a Pursuit, in  
 ‘ which you can never have any Success.  
 ‘ For your own Sake as well as mine, I  
 ‘ entreat this Favour; for sure you are too  
 ‘ noble to have any Pleasure in torment-  
 ‘ ing an unhappy Creature. What can your  
 ‘ Lordship propose but Uneasiness to yourself,  
 ‘ by a Perseverance, which, upon my Ho-  
 ‘ nour, upon my Soul, cannot, shall not  
 ‘ prevail with me, whatever Distresses you  
 ‘ may drive me to.’ Here my Lord fetched a  
 deep Sigh, and then said,---‘ Is it then, Ma-

dam, that I am so unhappy to be the Object of your Dislike and Scorn; or will you pardon me if I suspect there is some other? — Here he hesitated, and *Sophia* answered with some Spirit, ‘My Lord, I shall not be accountable to you for the Reasons of my Conduct. I am obliged to your Lordship for the generous Offer you have made; I own it is beyond either my Deserts or Expectations; yet I hope, my Lord, you will not insist on my Reasons, when I declare I cannot accept it.’ Lord *Fellamar* returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to Sense or Grammar; but he concluded his ranting Speech with saying, ‘That if she has pre-engaged herself to any Gentleman, however unhappy it would make him, he should think himself bound in Honour to desist.’ Perhaps my Lord laid too much Emphasis on the Word Gentleman; for we cannot else well account for the Indignation with which he inspired *Sophia*, who, in her Answer, seemed greatly to resent some Affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her Voice more raised than usual, Mrs. *Western* came

came into the Room, the Fire glaring in her Cheeks, and the Flames bursting from her Eyes. ‘ I am ashamed, says she, my Lord, of the Reception which you have met with. I assure your Lordship we are all sensible of the Honour done us ; and I must tell you, Miss *Western*, the Family expect a different Behaviour from you.’ Here my Lord interfered on Behalf of the young Lady, but to no Purpose ; the Aunt proceeded till *Sophia* pulled out her Handkerchief, threw herself into a Chair, and burst into a violent Fit of Tears.

The Remainder of the Conversation between Mrs. *Western* and his Lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter Lamentations on his Side, and on hers of the strongest Assurances that her Niece should and would consent to all he wished. ‘ Indeed, my Lord, says she, the Girl hath had a foolish Education, neither adapted to her Fortune nor her Family. Her Father, I am sorry to say it, is to blame for every Thing. The Girl hath silly Country Notions of Bashfulness. Nothing else, my Lord, upon my Honour ; I am convinced she hath a good Understanding

‘at the Bottom, and will be brought to Reason.’

This last Speech was made in the Absence of *Sophia*, for she had sometime before left the Room with more Appearance of Passion than she had ever shewn on any Occasion; and now his Lordship, after many Expressions of Thanks to Mrs. *Western*, many ardent Professions of Passion which nothing could conquer, and many Assurances of Perseverance which Mrs. *Western* highly encouraged, took his Leave for this Time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. *Western* and *Sophia*, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate Accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the Return of Mrs. *Western* with so much Fury as we have seen.

The Reader then must know, that the Maid who at present attended on *Sophia*, was recommended by Lady *Bellafton*, with whom she had lived for some Time in the Capacity of a Comb-brush; she was a very sensible Girl, and had received the strictest Instructions to watch her young Lady very carefully. These Instructions, we are sorry to say, were



were communicated to her by Mrs. *Honour*, into whose Favour Lady *Bellafton* had now fo ingratiated herself, that the violent Affection which the good Waiting-Woman had formerly borne to *Sophia*, was entirely obliterated by that great Attachment which she had to her new Mistress.

Now when Mrs. *Miller* was departed, *Betty* (for that was the Name of the Girl) returning to her young Lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long Letter, and the visible Emotions which she betrayed on that Occasion, might have well accounted for some Suspicions which the Girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger Foundation, for she had overheard the whole Scene which passed between *Sophia* and Mrs. *Miller*.

Mrs. *Western* was acquainted with all this Matter by *Betty*, who, after receiving many Commendations, and some Rewards for her Fidelity, was ordered, that if the Woman who brought the Letter, came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. *Western* herself.

Unluckily Mrs. *Miller* returned at the very time when *Sophia* was engaged with his

his Lordship. *Betty*, according to Order, sent her directly to the Aunt; who being Mistress of so many Circumstances relating to what had past the Day before, easily imposed upon the poor Woman to believe that *Sophia* had communicated the whole Affair; and so pumped every thing out of her which she knew, relating to the Letter, and relating to *Jones*.

This poor Creature might indeed be called Simplicity itself. She was one of that Order of Mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is said to them; to whom Nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive Weapons of Deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one, who will only be at the Expence of a little Falshood for that Purpose. Mrs. *Western* having drained Mrs. *Miller* of all she knew, which indeed was but little, but which was sufficient to make the Aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her, with Assurances that *Sophia* would not see her, that she would send no Answer to the Letter, nor ever receive another; nor did she suffer her to depart, without a handsome Lecture on the Merits of an Office, to which she could afford no better Name than that of Procuress. —

This

This discovery had greatly discomposed her Temper, when coming into the Apartment next to that in which the Lovers were, she overheard *Sophia* very warmly protesting against his Lordship's Addressee. At which the Rage already kindled, burst forth, and she rushed in upon her Niece in a furious Manner, as we have already described together with what past at that time till his Lordship's Departure.

No sooner was Lord *Fellamar* gone, than Mrs. *Western* returned to *Sophia*, whom she upbraided in the most bitter Terms, for the ill Use she had made of the Confidence reposed in her; and for her Treachery in conversing with a Man, with whom she had offered but the Day before to bind herself in the most solemn Oath, never more to have any Conversation. *Sophia* protested she had maintained no such Conversation. 'How! Miss *Western*,' said the Aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a Letter from him yesterday?' 'A Letter, Madam,' answered *Sophia*, somewhat surprised. 'It is not very well bred, Miss, replies the Aunt, 'to repeat my Words. 'I say a Letter, and I insist upon your shewing it me immediately.' 'I scorn a Lie, Madam,' said *Sophia*, 'I did receive

‘ceive a Letter, but it was without my  
‘Desire, and indeed I may say against my  
‘Consent.’ ‘Indeed, indeed, Miss,’ cries  
the Aunt, ‘you ought to be ashamed  
‘of owning you had received it at all;  
‘but where is the Letter? for I will see it.’

To this peremptory Demand *Sophia*  
paused some Time before she returned an  
Answer; and at last only excused herself  
by declaring she had not the Letter in her  
Pocket, which was indeed true; upon which  
her Aunt losing all manner of Patience, as-  
ked her Niece this short Question, whether  
she would resolve to marry Lord *Fellamar* or  
no? to which she received the strongest Ne-  
gative. Mrs. *Western* then replied with an  
Oath, or something very like one, that she  
would early the next Morning deliver her  
back into her Father’s Hands.

*Sophia* then began to reason with her Aunt  
in the following manner; ‘Why, Ma-  
‘dam, must I of Necessity be forced to  
‘marry at all? consider how cruel you would  
‘have thought it in your own Case, and how  
‘much kinder your Parents were in leaving  
‘you to your Liberty. What have I done  
‘to forfeit this Liberty? I will never mar-

‘ry

'ry contrary to my Father's Consent, nor  
 ' without asking yours. — And when I ask  
 ' the Consent of either improperly it will  
 ' be then time enough to force some other  
 ' Marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear  
 ' this,' cries Mrs. *Western*, ' from a Girl,  
 ' who hath now a Letter from a Murderer  
 ' in her Pocket?' 'I have no such Letter,  
 ' I promise you,' answered *Sophia*; ' and  
 ' if he be a *Murderer*, he will soon be in  
 ' no Condition to give you any further  
 ' Disturbance.' 'How, Miss *Western*,'  
 said the Aunt, ' have you the Assurance  
 ' to speak of him in this Manner, to own  
 ' your Affection for such a Villain to my  
 ' Face!' 'Sure, Madam,' said *Sophia*,  
 ' you put a very strange Construction on  
 ' my Words.' 'Indeed, Miss *Western*,'  
 cries the Lady, ' I shall not bear this  
 ' Usage; you have learnt of your Father  
 ' this manner of treating me; he hath  
 ' taught you to give me the Lie. He hath  
 ' totally ruined you by his false System of  
 ' Education; and please Heaven he shall  
 ' have the Comfort of its Fruits: For  
 ' once more I declare to you, that to-mor-  
 ' row Morning I will carry you back. I  
 ' will withdraw all my Forces from the  
 ' Field,

• Field, and remain henceforth, like the  
 • wise King of *Prussia*, in a State of perfect  
 • Neutrality. You are both too wise to be  
 • regulated by my Measures; so prepare  
 • yourself, for to-morrow Morning you  
 • shall evacuate this House.

*Sophia* remonstrated all she could; but  
 her Aunt was deaf to all she said. In this  
 Resolution therefore we must at present leave  
 her, as there seems to be no Hopes of  
 bringing her to change it.

## CHAP.

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## C H A P. IX.

*What happened to Mr. Jones in the Prison.*

MR. Jones past above twenty - four melancholy Hours by himself, unless when relieved by the Company of *Partridge*, before Mr. *Nightingale* returned ; not that this worthy young Man had deserted or forgot his Friend ; for indeed, he had been much the greatest part of the time employed in his Service.

He had heard upon Enquiry that the only Persons who had seen the Beginning of the unfortunate Rencounter, were a Crew belonging to a Man of War, which then lay at *Deptford*. To *Deptford* therefore he went, in search of this Crew, where he was informed that the Men he sought after were all gone ashore. He then traced them from Place to Place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third Person, at a Hedge-Tavern, near *Aldersgate*.

*Nightingale* desired to speak with *Jones* by himself (for *Partridge* was in the Room when he came in.) As soon as they were alone,

alone, *Nightingale* taking *Jones* by the Hand, cried, ‘Come, my brave Friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you, I am sorry I am the Messenger of bad News; but I think it my Duty to tell you.’ ‘I guess already what that News is,’ cries *Jones*. ‘The poor Gentleman then is dead.’ — ‘I hope not,’ answered *Nightingale*. ‘He was alive this Morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear from the Accounts I could get, that his Wound is mortal. But if the Affair be exactly as you told it, your own Remorse would be all you would have reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, my dear *Tom*, if I entreat you to make the worst of your Story to your Friends. If you disguise any thing to us, you will only be an Enemy to yourself.’

‘What Reason, my dear *Jack*, have I ever given you,’ said *Jones*, ‘to stab me with so cruel a Suspicion?’ ‘Have Patience,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘and I will tell you all. After the most diligent Enquiry, I could make, I at last met with two of the Fellows who were present at this unhappy Accident, and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the Story so much

' much in your Favour, as you yourself  
 ' have told it.' ' Why, what do they  
 ' say?' cries *Jones*. ' Indeed, what I am  
 ' sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the  
 ' Consequence of it to you. They say that  
 ' they were at too great a Distance to over-  
 ' hear any Words that passed between you ;  
 ' but they both agree that the first Blow  
 ' was given by you.' ' Then upon my  
 ' Soul,' answered *Jones*, ' they injure me.  
 ' He not only struck me first, but struck me  
 ' without the least Provocation. What  
 ' should induce those Villains to accuse me  
 ' falsely ?' Nay, that I cannot guess,' said  
*Nightingale*, ' and if you yourself, and I  
 ' who am so heartily your Friend, cannot  
 ' conceive a Reason why they should be-  
 ' lie you, what Reason will an indifferent  
 ' Court of Justice be able to assign why  
 ' they should not believe them ? I repeated  
 ' the Question to them several times, and  
 ' so did another Gentleman who was pre-  
 ' sent, who, I believe, is a sea-faring Man,  
 ' and who really acted a very friendly part  
 ' by you ; for he begged them often to con-  
 ' sider, that there was the Life of a Man  
 ' in the Case ; and asked them over and  
 ' over if they were certain ; to which they  
 ' both answered, that they were, and  
 ' would abide by their Evidence upon Oath.  
 ' For

' For Heaven's Sake, my dear Friend, re-  
 ' collect yourself ; for if this should appear  
 ' to be the Fact, it will be your Business to  
 ' think in time of making the best of your  
 ' Interest. I would not shock you ; but  
 ' you know, I believe, the Severity of the  
 ' Law, whatever verbal Provocations may  
 ' have been given you.' ' Alas ! my  
 ' Friend,' cries *Jones*, ' what Interest hath  
 ' such a Wretch as I ? Besides, do you  
 ' think I would even wish to live with the  
 ' Reputation of a Murderer ? If I had any  
 ' Friends, (as alas ! I have none) could I  
 ' have the Confidence to solicit them to  
 ' speak in the Behalf of a Man condemned  
 ' for the blackest Crime in Human Na-  
 ' ture ? Believe me I have no such Hope ;  
 ' but I have some Reliance on a Throne  
 ' still greatly superior ; which will, I am  
 ' certain, afford me all the Protection I  
 ' merit.' He then concluded with many  
 solemn and vehement Protestations of the  
 Truth of what he had at first asserted.

The Faith of *Nightingale* was now again  
 staggered, and began to incline to credit  
 his Friend, when Mrs. *Miller* appeared,  
 and made a sorrowful Report of the Suc-  
 cess of her Embassy ; which when *Jones*  
 had heard, he cried out most heroically,  
 ' Well,

‘ Well, my Friend, I am now indifferent  
 ‘ as to what shall happen, at least with  
 ‘ Regard to my Life; and if it be the  
 ‘ Will of Heaven that I shall make an  
 ‘ Atonement with that for the Blood I  
 ‘ have spilt, I hope the Divine Goodness  
 ‘ will one Day suffer my Honour to be  
 ‘ cleared, and that the Words of a dying  
 ‘ Man, at least, will be believed, so far as  
 ‘ to justify his Character.’

A very mournful Scene now past between the Prisoner and his Friends, at which, as few Readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the Entrance of the Turnkey, who acquainted *Jones*, that there was a Lady without who desired to speak with him, when he was at Leisure.

*Jones* declared his Surprise at this Message. He said, ‘ he knew no Lady in the  
 ‘ World whom he could possibly expect to  
 ‘ see there. However, as he saw no Reason to decline seeing any Person, Mrs. *Miller* and Mr. *Nightingale* presently took their Leave, and he gave Orders to have the Lady admitted.

If *Jones* was surprized at the News of a Visit from a Lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this Lady to be no other than Mrs. *Waters*. In this Astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the Surprize of the Reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the Arrival of this Lady.

Who this Mrs. *Waters* was, the Reader pretty well knows; what she was he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this Lady departed from *Upton* in the same Coach with Mr. *Fitzpatrick* and the other *Irish* Gentleman, and in their Company travelled to the *Bath*.

Now there was a certain Office in the Gift of Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at that Time vacant, namely, that of a Wife; for the Lady who had lately filled that Office had resigned, or at least deserted her Duty. Mr. *Fitzpatrick* therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. *Waters* on the Road, found her extremely fit for the Place, which, on their Arrival at *Bath*, he presently conferred upon her, and she, without any Scruple,



ple, accepted. As Husband and Wife this Gentleman and Lady continued together all the Time they stayed at *Bath*, and as Husband and Wife they arrived together in Town.

Whether Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was so wise a Man as not to part with one good Thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a Prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. *Waters* had so well discharged her Office, that he intended still to retain her as Principal, and to make his Wife (as is often the Case) only her Deputy, I will not say; but certain it is he never mentioned his Wife to her, never communicated to her the Letter given him by Mrs. *Western*, nor ever once hinted his Purpose of re-possessing his Wife; much less did he ever mention the Name of *Jones*. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent Persons who think a Wife, a Mother, a Sister, or sometimes a whole Family, the safest Seconds on these Occasions. The first Account therefore which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his Lips, after he was brought home from the Tavern where his Wound had been drest.

As Mr. *Fitzpatrick* however had not the clearest Way of telling a Story at any Time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some Time before she discovered, that the Gentleman who had given him this Wound was the very same Person from whom her Heart had received a Wound, which, though not of a mortal Kind, was yet so deep that it had left a considerable Scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. *Jones* himself was the Man who had been committed to the Gatehouse for this supposed Murder, than she took the first Opportunity of committing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to the Care of his Nurse, and hastened away to visit the Conqueror.

She now entered the Room with an Air of Gayety, which received an immediate Check from the melancholy Aspect of poor *Jones*, who started and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, ‘ Nay, ‘ I do not wonder at your Surprise ; I believe you did not expect to see me ; for ‘ few Gentlemen are troubled here with ‘ Visits from any Lady, unless a Wife. ‘ You see the Power you have over me, ‘ Mr. *Jones*. Indeed I little thought when

we

‘we parted at *Upton*, that our next Meeting would have been in such a Place.’  
 ‘Indeed, Madam,’ says *Jones*, ‘I must look upon this Visit as kind; few will follow the Miserable, especially to such dismal Habitations.’ ‘I protest, Mr. *Jones*, says she, ‘I can hardly persuade myself you are the same agreeable Fellow I saw at *Upton*. Why, your Face is more miserable than any Dungeon in the Universe. What can be the Matter with you?’ I thought, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘as you knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy Reason.’ ‘Pugh,’ says she, ‘you have pinked a Man in a Duel, that’s all.’ *Jones* express’d some Indignation at this Levity, and spoke with the utmost Contrition for what had happened. To which she answered, ‘Well then, Sir, if you take it so much to Heart, I will relieve you; the Gentleman is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no Danger of dying. The Surgeon indeed who first dress’d him was a young Fellow, and seem’d desirous of representing his Case to be as bad as possible, that he might have the more Honour from curing him; but the King’s Surgeon hath seen him since, and says, unless from a Fever, of which there are at present no Symptoms,

‘ he apprehends not the least Danger of  
‘ Life.’ *Jones* shewed great Satisfaction in  
his Countenance at this Report; upon which  
she affirmed the Truth of it, adding, ‘ By  
‘ the most extraordinary Accident in the  
‘ World I lodge at the same House, and  
‘ have seen the Gentleman; and I pro-  
‘ mise you he doth you Justice, and says,  
‘ Whatever be the Consequence that he  
‘ was entirely the Aggressor, and that you  
‘ was not in the least to blame.’

*Jones* expressed the utmost Satisfaction at  
the Account which *Mrs. Waters* brought  
him. He then informed her of many  
Things which she well knew before, as who  
*Mr. Fitzpatrick* was, the Occasion of his  
Resentment, &c. He likewise told her se-  
veral Facts of which she was ignorant, as  
the Adventure of the Muff, and other  
Particulars, concealing only the Name of  
*Sophia*. He then lamented the Follies and  
Vices of which he had been guilty; every  
one of which, he said, had been attended  
with such ill Consequences, that he should  
be unpardonable if he did not take Warn-  
ing, and quit those vicious Courses for the  
future. He lastly concluded with assuring  
her of his Resolution to sin no more, lest  
a worse Thing should happen to him.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Waters* with great Pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the Effects of low Spirits and Confinement. She repeated some Wit-  
 ticisms about *the Devil when he was sick*, and told him, 'She doubted not but shortly  
 'to see him at Liberty, and as lively a Fel-  
 'low as ever; and then,' says she, 'I don't  
 'question but your Conscience will be safe-  
 'ly delivered of all these Qualms that it is  
 'now so sick in breeding.'

Many more Things of this Kind she ut-  
 tered, some of which it would do her no  
 great Honour, in the Opinion of some Rea-  
 ders, to remember; nor are we quite certain  
 but that the Answers made by *Jones* would  
 be treated with Ridicule by others. We  
 shall therefore suppress the rest of this Con-  
 versation, and only observe, that it ended  
 at last with perfect Innocence, and much  
 more to the Satisfaction of *Jones* than of  
 the Lady: For the former was greatly  
 transported with the News she had brought  
 him; but the latter was not altogether so  
 pleased with the penitential Behaviour of a  
 Man whom she had at her first Interview

conceived a very different Opinion of from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the Melancholy occasioned by the Report of Mr. *Nightingale* was pretty well effaced ; but the Dejection into which Mrs. *Miller* had thrown him still continued. The Account she gave, so well tallied with the Words of *Sophia* herself in her Letter, that he made not the least Doubt but that she had disclosed his Letter to her Aunt, and had taken a fixed Resolution to abandon him. The Torments this Thought gave him were to be equalled only by a Piece of News which Fortune yet had in Store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second Chapter of the ensuing Book.

THE



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XVIII.

*Containing about Six Days.*

CHAP. I.

*A Farewel to the Reader:*

WE are now, Reader, arrived at the last Stage of our long Journey. As we have therefore travelled together through so many Pages, let us behave to one another like Fellow-Travel-  
I 4 veller

vellers in a Stage-Coach, who have passed several Days in the Company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any Bickerings or little Animosities which may have occurred on the Road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last Time, into their Vehicle with Chearfulness and Good-Humour; since, after this one Stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this Simile, give me Leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this last Book to imitate the good Company I have mentioned in their last Journey. Now it is well known, that all Jokes and Raillery are at this Time laid aside; whatever Characters any of the Passengers have for the Jest-sake personated on the Road, are now thrown off, and the Conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same Manner, if I have now and then, in the Course of this Work, indulged any Pleasantry for thy Entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The Variety of Matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this Book, will afford no Room for any of those ludicrous Observations which I have elsewhere made, and which  
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may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a Nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last Book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that Nature. All will be plain Narrative only ; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great Events which this Book will produce, thou wilt think the Number of Pages contained in it, scarce sufficient to tell the Story.

And now, my Friend, I take this Opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining Companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any Thing I have offended, it was really without any Intention. Some Things perhaps here said, may have hit thee or thy Friends ; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other Stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous Fellow : But whoever told thee so, did me an Injury.. No Man detests and despises Scurrility more than myself ; nor hath any Man more Reason ; for none has ever been treated with more : And what is a very severe Fate, I have had some of the abusive Writings of those very

Men fathered upon me, who in other of their Works have abused me themselves with the utmost Virulence.

All these Works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this Page shall offer itself to thy Perusal: For however short the Period may be of my own Performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly Productions of his abusive Contemporaries.

## CH A P. II.

*Containing a very tragical Incident.*

**W**HILE *Jones* was employed in these unpleasant Meditations, with which we left him tormenting himself, *Partridge* came stumbling into the Room with his Face paler than Ashes, his Eyes fixed in his Head, his Hair standing an End, and every Limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a Spectre, or had he indeed been a Spectre himself.

*Jones*, who was little subject to Fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked at  
this

this sudden Appearance. He did indeed himself change Colour, and his Voice a little faltered, while he asked him what was the Matter.

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ you will not be angry with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was obliged to stay in the outward Room. I am sure I wish I had been a hundred Miles off, rather than have heard what I have heard.’ ‘ Why what is the Matter?’ said *Jones*. ‘ The Matter, Sir? O good Heaven!’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ was that Woman who is just gone out, the Woman who was with you at *Upton*?’ ‘ She was, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*. ‘ And did you really, Sir, go to Bed with that Woman?’ said he trembling.——‘ I am afraid what past between us is no Secret,’ said *Jones*.——‘ Nay, but pray, Sir, for Heaven’s Sake, Sir, answer me,’ cries *Partridge*. ‘ You know I did,’ cries *Jones*.——‘ Why then the Lord have Mercy upon your Soul, and forgive you,’ cries *Partridge*; ‘ but as sure as I stand here alive, you have been a-Bed with your own Mother.’

Upon these Words, *Jones* became in a Moment a greater Picture of Horror than

*Partridge* himself. He was indeed, for some Time, struck dumb with Amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his Words found Way, and in an interrupted Voice he said—‘How! how!’ ‘What’s this you tell me?’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘I have not Breath enough left to tell you now—but what I have said is most certainly true——That Woman who now went out is your own Mother. How unlucky was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to see her at that Time, to have prevented it? Sure the Devil himself must have contrived to bring about this Wickedness.’

‘Sure,’ cries *Jones*, ‘Fortune will never have done with me, ’till she hath driven me to Distraction. But why do I blame Fortune? I am myself the Cause of all my Misery. All the dreadful Mischiefs which have befallen me, are the Consequences only of my own Folly and Vice. What thou hast told me, *Partridge*, hath almost deprived me of my Senses. And was Mrs. *Waters* then——’ ‘—But why do I ask? for thou must certainly know her.——If thou hast any Affection for me; nay, if thou hast any Pity, let me beseech thee to fetch this  
‘miserable



‘miserable Woman back again to me.  
 ‘O good Heavens! Incest—with a Mother!  
 ‘To what am I reserved?’ He then fell into the most violent and frantic Agonies of Grief and Despair, in which *Partridge* declared he would not leave him: But at last having vented the first Torrent of Passion, he came a little to himself; and then having acquainted *Partridge* that he would find this wretched Woman in the same House where the wounded Gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the Reader will please to refresh his Memory, by turning to the Scene at *Upton* in the Ninth Book, he will be apt to admire the many strange Accidents which unfortunately prevented any Interview between *Partridge* and Mrs. *Waters*, when she spent a whole Day there with Mr. *Jones*. Instances of this Kind we may frequently observe in Life, where the greatest Events are produced by a nice Train of little Circumstances; and more than one Example of this may be discovered by the accurate Eye, in this our History.

After a fruitless Search of two or three Hours, *Partridge* returned back to his Master,

ter, without having seen Mrs. *Waters. Jones*, who was in a State of Desperation at his Delay, was almost raving mad when he brought him this Account. He was not long however in this Condition before he received the following Letter.

‘ *Sir,*

‘ Since I left you, I have seen a Gentleman, from whom I have learnt something concerning you which greatly surprises and affects me ; but as I have not at present Leisure to communicate a Matter of such high Importance, you must suspend your Curiosity ’till our next Meeting, which shall be the first Moment I am able to see you. O Mr. *Jones*, little did I think, when I past that happy Day at *Upton*, the Reflection upon which is like to embitter all my future Life, who it was to whom I owed such perfect Happiness. Believe me to be ever sincerely  
‘ your unfortunate

‘ *J. Waters.*

*P. S.* ‘ I would have you comfort yourself as much as possible, for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* is in no Manner of Danger ; so that whatever other grievous Crimes you may have to repent of, the Guilt of Blood is not among the Number.’

*Jones*

*Jones* having received the Letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had scarce the Use of any one of his Faculties). *Partridge* took it up, and having received Consent by Silence, read it likewise ; nor had it upon him a less sensible Effect. The Pencil, and not the Pen, should describe the Horrors which appeared in both their Countenances. While they both remained speechless, the Turnkey entered the Room, and without taking any Notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the Faces of them both, acquainted *Jones* that a Man without desired to speak with him. This Person was presently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As Sights of Horror were not so usual to *George* as they were to the Turnkey, he instantly saw the great Disorder which appeared in the Face of *Jones*. This he imputed to the Accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worst Light in Mr. *Western's* Family ; he concluded therefore that the Gentleman was dead, and that Mr. *Jones* was in a fair Way of coming to a shameful End. A Thought which gave him much Uneasiness ; for *George* was

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of a compassionate Disposition, and notwithstanding a small Breach of Friendship which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the Obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor Fellow therefore scarce refrained from a Tear at the present Sight. He told Jones he was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, and begged him to consider if he could be of any Manner of Service. ‘ Perhaps, Sir, said he, you may want a little Matter of Money upon this Occasion; if you do, Sir, what little I have is heartily at your Service.’

Jones shook him very heartily by the Hand, and gave him many Thanks for the kind Offer he had made; but answered, ‘ He had not the least Want of that Kind.’ Upon which George began to press his Services more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with Assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the Power of any Man living to give. ‘ Come, come, my good Master,’ answered George, do not take the Matter so much to Heart. Things may end better than you imagine; to be sure you  
ant

‘ant the first Gentleman who hath killed a  
‘Man, and yet come off.’ ‘You are  
‘wide of the Matter, *George*, said *Par-*  
‘*tridge*, the Gentleman is not dead, nor  
‘like to die. Don’t disturb my Master,  
‘at present, for he is troubled about a  
‘Matter in which it is not in your Power  
‘to do him any good.’ ‘You don’t know  
‘what I may be able to do, Mr. *Par-*  
‘*tridge*, answered *George*; if his Concern  
‘is about my young Lady, I have some  
‘News to tell my Master.——’ ‘What  
‘do you say, Mr. *George*?’ cry’d *Jones*,  
‘Hath any thing lately happened in  
‘which my *Sophia* is concerned? My  
‘*Sophia*! How dares such a Wretch  
‘as I mention her so prophanely.’ —— ‘I  
‘hope she will be yours yet,’ answered  
*George*. —— ‘Why, yes, Sir, I have  
‘something to tell you about her, Madam  
‘*Western* hath just brought Madam *Sophia*  
‘home, and there hath been a terrible to  
‘do. I could not possibly learn the very  
‘Right of it; but my Master he hath been  
‘in a vast big Passion, and so was Madam  
‘*Western*, and I heard her say as she went  
‘out of Doors into her Chair, that she  
‘would never set her Foot in Master’s  
‘House again. I don’t know what’s the  
‘Matter, not I, but every thing was very  
‘quiet

• quiet when I came out; but *Robin*, who  
 • waited at Supper, said he had never seen  
 • the Squire for a long while in such good  
 • Humour with young Madam; that he  
 • kiss'd her several Times, and swore she  
 • should be her own Mistress, and he never  
 • would think of confining her any more.  
 • I thought this News would please you,  
 • and so I slip'd out, though it was so  
 • late, to inform you of it.' Mr. Jones  
 assured *George* that it did greatly please  
 him; for though he should never more  
 presume to lift his Eyes towards that in-  
 comparable Creature, nothing could so  
 much relieve his Misery as the Satisfaction  
 he should always have in hearing of her  
 Welfare.

The rest of the Conversation which pas-  
 sed at the Visit is not important enough to  
 be here related. The Reader will there-  
 fore forgive us this abrupt breaking off,  
 and be pleased to hear how this great good  
 Will of the Squire towards his Daughter  
 was brought about.

Mrs. *Western*, on her first Arrival at her  
 Brother's Lodging, began to set forth the  
 great Honours and Advantages which would  
 accrue to the Family by the Match with  
 Lord

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Lord *Fellamar*, which her Niece had absolutely refused ; in which Refusal, when the Squire took the Part of his Daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent Passion, and so irritated and provoked the Squire, that neither his Patience nor his Prudence could bear any longer ; upon which there ensued between them both so warm a Bout at Altercation, that perhaps the Regions of *Billingsgate* never equalled it. In the Heat of this Scolding Mrs. *Western* departed, and had consequently no Leisure to acquaint the Brother with the Letter which *Sophia* received, which might have possibly produced ill Effects ; but to say Truth I believe it never once occurred to her Memory at this Time.

When Mrs. *Western* was gone, *Sophia*, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from Necessity as Inclination, began to return the Compliment which her Father had made her, in taking her Part against her Aunt, by taking his likewise against the Lady. This was the first Time of her so doing, and it was in the highest Degree acceptable to the Squire. Again he remembered that Mr. *Allworthy* had insisted on an entire Relinquishment of all violent Means ; and indeed as he made no doubt  
but

but that *Jones* would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his Daughter by fair Means; he now therefore once more gave a Loose to his natural Fondness for her, which had such an Effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate Heart of *Sophia*, that had her Honour given to *Jones*, and something else perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a Man she did not like, to have obliged her Father. She promised him she would make it the whole Business of her Life to oblige him, and would never marry any Man against his Consent; which brought the old Man so near to his highest Happiness, that he was resolved to take the other Step, and went to Bed completely drunk.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. III.

*Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange Discovery that he made on that Occasion.*

THE Morning after these Things had happened, Mr. *Allworthy* went according to his Promise to visit old *Nightingale*, with whom his Authority was so great, that after having sat with him three Hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his Son.

Here an Accident happened of a very extraordinary Kind; one indeed of those strange Chances, whence very good and grave Men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the Discovery of the most secret Villany, in order to caution Men from quitting the Paths of Honesty, however warily they tread in those of Vice.

Mr. *Allworthy*, at his Entrance into Mr. *Nightingale's*, saw Black *George*; he took no Notice of him, nor did Black *George* imagine he had perceived him. However, when their Conversation on the principal Point

Point was over, *Allworthy* asked *Nightingale* whether he knew one *George Seagrim*, and upon what Business he came to his House. 'Yes, answered *Nightingale*, I know him very well, and a most extraordinary Fellow he is, who, in these Days, hath been able to hoard up 500*l.* from renting a very small Estate of 30*l.* a Year.' 'And is this the Story which he hath told you?' cries *Allworthy*.' 'Nay, it is true, I promise you, said *Nightingale*, for I have the Money now in my own Hands, in five Bank Bills, which I am to lay out either in a Mortgage, or in some Purchase in the North of *England*.' The Bank Bills were no sooner produced at *Allworthy*'s Desire, than he blessed himself at the Strangeness of the Discovery. He presently told *Nightingale*, that these Bank Bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole Affair. As there are no Men who complain more of the Frauds of Business than Highwaymen, Gamesters, and other Thieves of that Kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the Frauds of Gamesters, &c. as Usurers, Brokers, and other Thieves of this Kind; whether it be that the one Way of cheating is a Discountenance or Reflection upon the other, or that

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Money, which is the common Mistress of all Cheats, makes them regard each other in the Light of Rivals; but *Nightingale* no sooner heard the Story, than he exclaimed against the Fellow in Terms much severer than the Justice and Honesty of *Allworthy* had bestowed on him.

*Allworthy* desired *Nightingale* to retain both the Money and the Secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean Time see the Fellow, that he would not take the least Notice to him of the Discovery which he had made. He then returned to his Lodgings, where he found Mrs. *Miller* in a very dejected Condition, on Account of the Information she had received from her Son-in-law. Mr. *Allworthy*, with great Chearfulness, told her that he had much good News to communicate; and with little further Preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. *Nightingale* to consent to see his Son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect Reconciliation between them; though he found the Father more sowered by another Accident of the same Kind, which had happened in his Family. He then mentioned the running away of the Uncle's Daughter, which he had been told by the old Gen-

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Gentleman, and which Mrs. *Miller*, and  
her Son-in-law, did not yet know.

The Reader may suppose Mrs. *Miller* received this Account with great Thankfulness and no less Pleasure; but so uncommon was her Friendship to *Jones*, that I am not certain whether the Uneasiness she suffered for his Sake, did not over-balance her Satisfaction at hearing a Piece of News tending so much to the Happiness of her own Family; nor whether even this very News, as it reminded her of the Obligations she had to *Jones*, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful Heart said to her, ‘ While my own Family is happy, how miserable is the poor Creature, to whose Generosity we owe the Beginning of all this Happiness.

*Allworthy* having left her a little while to chew the Cud (if I may use that Expression) on these first Tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her Pleasure. ‘ I think, said he, ‘ I have discovered a pretty considerable Treasure belonging to the young Gentleman, your Friend; but perhaps indeed, his present Situation may be such, that it will be of no Service to him.’ The latter



latter Part of the Speech gave Mrs. *Miller* to understand who was meant, and she answered with a Sigh, ‘ I hope not, Sir.’ ‘ I hope so too, cries *Allworthy*, with all my Heart, but my Nephew told me this Morning, he had heard a very bad Account of the Affair.’ — ‘ Good Heaven ! Sir, said she — Well, I must not speak, and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to hold one’s Tongue when one hears’ — ‘ Madam, said *Allworthy*, you may say whatever you please, you know me too well to think I have a Prejudice against any one; and as for that young Man, I assure you I should be heartily pleased to find he could acquit himself of every thing, and particularly of this sad Affair. You can testify the Affection I have formerly borne him. The World, I know, censured me for loving him so much. I did not withdraw that Affection from him without thinking I had the justest Cause. Believe me, Mrs. *Miller*, I should be glad to find I have been mistaken.’ Mrs. *Miller* was going eagerly to reply, when a Servant acquainted her, that a Gentleman without desired to speak with her immediately. *Allworthy* then enquired for his Nephew, and was told, that he had been for some Time in his Room with the Gentle-

man who used to come to him, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, guessing rightly to be Mr. *Dowling*, he desired presently to speak with him.

When *Dowling* attended, *Allworthy* put the Case of the Bank-Notes to him, without mentioning any Name, and asked in what manner such a Person might be punished. To which *Dowling* answered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but said, as it was a Matter of some Nicety, it would be proper to go to Council. He said he was to attend Council presently upon an Affair of Mr. *Western's*, and if Mr. *Allworthy* pleased he would lay the Case before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. *Miller* opening the Door, cry'd, 'I ask pardon, I did not know you had Company;' but *Allworthy* desired her to come in, saying, he had finished his Business. Upon which Mr. *Dowling* withdrew, and Mrs. *Miller* introduced Mr. *Nightingale* the younger, to return thanks for the great Kindness done him by *Allworthy*; but she had scarce Patience to let the young Gentleman finish his Speech before she interrupted him, saying, 'O Sir, Mr. *Nightingale*, brings great News about poor Mr. *Jones*, he hath been to see the wounded Gentle-

man,

‘ man, who is out of all Danger of Death,  
 ‘ and what is more, declares he fell upon  
 ‘ poor Mr. *Jones* himself, and beat him.  
 ‘ I am sure, Sir, you would not have Mr.  
 ‘ *Jones* be a Coward. If I was a Man  
 ‘ myself, I am sure if any Man was to  
 ‘ strike me, I should draw my Sword. Do  
 ‘ pray, my Dear, tell Mr. *Allworthy*, tell  
 ‘ him all yourself.’ *Nightingale* then con-  
 firmed what Mrs. *Miller* had said; and  
 concluded with many handsome Things  
 of *Jones*, who was, he said, one of the  
 best-natured Fellows in the World, and  
 not in the least inclined to be quarrelsome.  
 Here *Nightingale* was going to cease, when  
 Mrs. *Miller* again begged him to relate all  
 the many dutiful Expressions he had heard  
 him make use of towards Mr. *Allworthy*.  
 ‘ To say the utmost Good of Mr. *Allwor-*  
 ‘ *thy*, cries *Nightingale*, is doing no more  
 ‘ than strict Justice, and can have no Me-  
 ‘ rit in it; but indeed I must say, no Man  
 ‘ can be more sensible of the Obligati-  
 ‘ ons he hath to so good a Man, than is  
 ‘ poor *Jones*. Indeed, Sir, I am convin-  
 ‘ ced the Weight of your Displeasure is the  
 ‘ heaviest Burthen he lies under. He hath  
 ‘ often lamented it to me, and hath as of-  
 ‘ ten protested in the most solemn Manner  
 ‘ he had never been intentionally guilty of

‘ any Offence towards you ; nay, he hath  
‘ sworn he would rather die a Thousand Deaths  
‘ than he would have his Conscience upbraid  
‘ him with one disrespectful, ungrateful,  
‘ or undutiful Thought towards you. But  
‘ I ask pardon, Sir, I am afraid I presume  
‘ to intermeddle too far in so tender a Point.’  
‘ You have spoke no more than what a  
‘ Christian ought, cries Mrs. *Miller*.’ ‘ In-  
‘ deed, Mr. *Nightingale*, answered *Allwor-*  
‘ *thy*, I applaud your generous Friendship,  
‘ and I wish he may merit it of you. I  
‘ confess I am glad to hear the Report you  
‘ bring from this unfortunate Gentleman ;  
‘ and if that Matter should turn out to be  
‘ as you represent it (and indeed I doubt  
‘ nothing of what you say) I may perhaps,  
‘ in Time, be brought to think better than  
‘ lately I have of this young Man : For  
‘ this good Gentlewoman here, nay all who  
‘ know me, can witness that I loved him  
‘ as dearly as if he had been my own Son.  
‘ Indeed I have considered him as a Child  
‘ sent by Fortune to my Care. I still re-  
‘ member the innocent, the helpless Situa-  
‘ tion in which I found him. I feel the  
‘ tender Pressure of his little Hands at this  
‘ Moment.—He was my Darling, indeed  
‘ he was.’ At which Words he ceased,  
and the Tears stood in his Eyes.

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As the Answer which *Mrs. Miller* made may lead us into fresh Matters, we will here stop to account for the visible Alteration in *Mr. Allworthy's* Mind, and the Abatement of his Anger to *Jones*. Revolutions of this Kind, it is true, do frequently occur in Histories and dramatic Writers, for no other Reason than because the History or Play draws to a Conclusion, and are justified by Authority of Authors ; yet though we insist upon as much Authority as any Author whatever, we shall use this Power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by Necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this Work.

This Alteration then in the Mind of *Mr. Allworthy*, was occasioned by a Letter he had just received from *Mr. Square*, and which we shall give the Reader in the Beginning of the next Chapter.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Containing two Letters in very different Stiles.*

“ *My worthy Friend,*

“ **I** informed you in my last, that I was  
 “ forbidden the Use of the Waters, as

“ they were found by Experience rather to  
“ encrease than lessen the Symptoms of my  
“ Distemper. I must now acquaint you  
“ with a Piece of News, which, I believe,  
“ will afflict my Friends more than it hath  
“ afflicted me. Dr. *Harrington* and Dr.  
“ *Brewster*, have informed me, that there  
“ is no Hopes of my Recovery.

“ I have somewhere read, that the great  
“ Use of Philosophy is to learn to die. I  
“ will not therefore so far disgrace mine, as  
“ to shew any Surprize at receiving a Les-  
“ son which I must be thought to have so  
“ long studied. Yet, to say the Truth,  
“ one Page of the Gospel teaches this Les-  
“ son better than all the Volumes of anti-  
“ ent or modern Philosophers. The As-  
“ surance it gives us of another Life is a  
“ much stronger Support to a good  
“ Mind, than all the Consolations that  
“ are drawn from the Necessity of Na-  
“ ture, the Emptiness or Satiety of our  
“ Enjoyments here, or any other To-  
“ pic of those Declamations which are  
“ sometimes capable of arming our Minds  
“ with a stubborn Patience in bearing the  
“ Thoughts of Death; but never of raising  
“ them to a real Contempt of it, and much  
“ less of making us think it a real Good. I  
“ would



" would not here be understood to throw  
 " the horrid Censure of Atheism, or even the  
 " absolute Denial of Immortality, on all  
 " who are called Philosophers. Many of that  
 " Sect, as well antient as modern, have,  
 " from the Light of Reason, discovered  
 " some Hopes of a future State; but,  
 " in Reality, that Light was so faint  
 " and glimmering, and the Hopes were  
 " so incertain and precarious, that it may  
 " be justly doubted on which Side their  
 " Belief turned. *Plato* himself concludes  
 " his *Phædon*, with declaring that his best  
 " Arguments amount only to raise a Proba-  
 " bility, and *Cicero* himself seems rather to  
 " profess an Inclination to believe, than any  
 " actual Belief in the Doctrines of Immor-  
 " tality. As to myself, to be very sincere  
 " with you, I never was much in earnest in  
 " this Faith, till I was in earnest a Christian.

" You will perhaps wonder at the latter  
 " Expression; but I assure you it hath not  
 " been till very lately, that I could, with  
 " Truth, call myself so. The Pride of  
 " Philosophy had intoxicated my Reason,  
 " and the sublimest of all Wisdom appear-  
 " ed to me, as it did to the *Greeks* of old,  
 " to be Foolishness. God hath however  
 " been so gracious to shew me my Error

“ in Time, and to bring me into the Way  
“ of Truth, before I sunk into utter Dark-  
“ nefs for ever.

“ I find myſelf beginning to grow weak,  
“ I ſhall therefore haſten to the main Pur-  
“ poſe of this Letter.

“ When I reflect on the Actions of my  
“ paſt Life, I know of nothing which ſits  
“ heavier upon my Conſcience, than the In-  
“ juſtice I have been guilty of to that poor  
“ Wretch, your adopted Son. I have  
“ not indeed only connived at the Villa-  
“ ny of others, but been myſelf active  
“ in Injuſtice towards him. Believe me,  
“ my dear Friend, when I tell you on the  
“ Word of a dying Man, he hath been  
“ baſely injured. As to the principal Fact,  
“ upon the Miſrepresentation of which you  
“ diſcarded him, I ſolemnly aſſure you he  
“ is innocent. When you lay upon your  
“ ſuppoſed Death-bed, he was the only  
“ Perſon in the Houſe who teſtified any  
“ real Concern ; and what happened after-  
“ wards aroſe from the Wildneſs of his  
“ Joy on your Recovery ; and, I am ſorry  
“ to ſay it, from the Baſeneſs of another  
“ Perſon (but it is my Deſire to juſtify the  
“ Innocent, and to accuſe none). Believe  
“ me

“ me, my Friend, this young Man hath  
 “ the noblest Generosity of Heart, the  
 “ most perfect Capacity for Friendship,  
 “ the highest Integrity, and indeed every  
 “ Virtue which can enoble a Man. He  
 “ hath some Faults, but among them is  
 “ not to be numbred the least want of  
 “ Duty or Gratitude towards you. On  
 “ the contrary, I am satisfied when you  
 “ dismissed him from your House, his Heart  
 “ bled for you more than for himself.

“ Worldly Motives were the wicked and  
 “ base Reasons of my concealing this from  
 “ you so long; to reveal it now I can have  
 “ no Inducement but the Desire of serving  
 “ the Cause of Truth, of doing Right to the  
 “ Innocent, and of making all the Amends  
 “ in my Power for a past Offence. I hope  
 “ this Declaration therefore will have the  
 “ Effect desired, and will restore this de-  
 “ serving young Man to your Favour; the  
 “ hearing of which, while I am yet alive,  
 “ will afford the utmost Consolation to,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obliged,

“ Obedient humble Servant,

“ Thomas Square.”

The Reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the Revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. *Allworthy*, notwithstanding he received from *Thwackum*, by the same Post, another Letter of a very different Kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last Time we shall have Occasion to mention the Name of that Gentleman.

Sir,

I am not at all surprized at hearing from your worthy Nephew a fresh Instance of the Villany of Mr. *Square* the Atheist's young Pupil. I shall not wonder at any Murders he may commit; and I heartily pray that your own Blood may not seal up his final Commitment to the Place of Wailing and gnashing of Teeth,

Though you cannot want sufficient Calls to Repentance for the many unwarrantable Weaknesses exemplified in your Behaviour to this Wretch, so much to the Prejudice of your own lawful Family, and of your Character. I say, tho' these may sufficiently be supposed to prick and goad your Conscience at this Season; I should yet be wanting to my Duty,

' Duty, if I spared to give you some Admo-  
 ' nition in order to bring you to a due Sense  
 ' of your Errors. I therefore pray you seri-  
 ' ously to consider the Judgment which is  
 ' likely to overtake this wicked Villain;  
 ' and let it serve at least as a Warning to  
 ' you, that you may not for the future des-  
 ' pise the Advice of one who is so inde-  
 ' fatigable in his Prayers for your Wel-  
 ' fare.

' Had not my Hand been withheld from  
 ' due Correction, I had scourged much of  
 ' this diabolical Spirit out of a Boy, of  
 ' whom from his Infancy I discovered the  
 ' Devil had taken such entire Possession;  
 ' but Reflections of this Kind now come  
 ' too late.

' I am sorry you have given away the  
 ' Living of *Westerton* so hastily. I should  
 ' have applied on that Occasion earlier, had  
 ' I thought you would not have acquaint-  
 ' ed me previous to the Disposition. —  
 ' Your Objection to Pluralities is being  
 ' righteous over-much. If there were any  
 ' Crime in the Practice, so many godly  
 ' Men would not agree to it. If the Vi-  
 ' car of *Aldergrove* should die (as we hear  
 ' he is in a declining Way) I hope you will  
 ' think

‘ think of me, since I am certain you must  
 ‘ be convinced of my most sincere Attach-  
 ‘ ment to your highest Welfare. A Wel-  
 ‘ fare to which all worthy Considerations  
 ‘ are as trifling as the small Tithes menti-  
 ‘ oned in Scripture are, when compared to  
 ‘ the weighty Matters of the Law.

‘ *I am, Sir,*

‘ *Your faithful humble Servant,*

‘ *Roger Thwackum.*’

This was the first Time *Thwackum* ever  
 wrote in this authoritative Stile to *Allwor-*  
*thy*, and of this he had afterwards sufficient  
 Reason to repent, as in the Case of those  
 who mistake the highest Degree of Good-  
 ness for the lowest Degree of Weakness.  
*Allworthy* had indeed never liked this Man.  
 He knew him to be proud and ill-natured;  
 he also knew that his Divinity itself was tinc-  
 tured with his Temper, and such as in many  
 Respects he himself did by no means approve:  
 But he was at the same Time an excellent  
 Scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching  
 the two Lads. Add to this the strict Seve-  
 rity of his Life and Manners, an unim-  
 peached Honesty, and a most devout At-  
 tachment to Religion. So that upon the whole,  
 though *Allworthy* did not esteem nor love  
 the Man, yet he could never bring himself  
 to part with a Tutor to the Boys, who was  
 both



both by Learning and Industry, extremely well qualified for his Office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own House, and under his own Eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in *Thwackum's* Instructions.

## C H A P. V.

*In which the History is continued.*

**M**R. *Allworthy*, in his last Speech, had recollected some tender Ideas concerning *Jones*, which had brought Tears into the good Man's Eyes. This Mrs. *Miller* observing, said, ' Yes, yes, Sir, ' your Goodness to this poor young Man ' is known, notwithstanding all your Care to ' conceal it; but there is not a single Syl- ' lable of Truth in what those Villains said. ' Mr. *Nightingale* hath now discovered the ' whole Matter. It seems these Fellows ' were employed by a Lord, who is a Ri- ' val of poor Mr. *Jones*, to have pressed ' him on board a Ship. — I assure them ' I don't know who they will press ' next. Mr. *Nightingale* here hath ' seen the Officer himself, who is a very ' pretty Gentleman, and hath told him all, ' and is very sorry for what he undertook, ' which he would never have done had he ' known

‘ known Mr. *Jones* to have been a Gentle-  
 ‘ man; but he was told that he was a  
 ‘ common strolling Vagabond.’

*Allworthy* stared at all this, and declared  
 he was a Stranger to every Word she said.  
 ‘ Yes, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I believe you are.  
 ‘ ——It is a very different Story, I believe,  
 ‘ from what those Fellows told the Lawyer.’

‘ What Lawyer, Madam? what is it  
 ‘ you mean?’ said *Allworthy*. ‘ Nay, nay,  
 said she, ‘ this is so like you to deny your  
 ‘ own Goodness; but Mr. *Nightingale* here  
 ‘ saw him.’ ‘ Saw whom, Madam?’ an-  
 swered he. ‘ Why your Lawyer, Sir,’ said  
 she, ‘ that you so kindly sent to enquire into  
 ‘ the Affair.’ ‘ I am still in the Dark,  
 ‘ upon my Honour,’ said *Allworthy*. ‘ Why  
 ‘ then do you tell him, my dear Sir,’ cries  
 she. ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I  
 ‘ did see that very Lawyer who went from  
 ‘ you when I came into the Room, at an  
 ‘ Alehouse in *Aldersgate*, in Company with  
 ‘ two of the Fellows who were employed  
 ‘ by Lord *Fellamar* to press Mr. *Jones*, and  
 ‘ who were by that Means present at the  
 ‘ unhappy Rencontre between him and  
 ‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.’ I own, Sir,’ said Mrs.  
*Miller*, ‘ when I saw this Gentleman come  
 ‘ into the Room to you, I told Mr. *Night-*  
‘ *ingale*

‘ *ingale* that I apprehended you had sent  
 ‘ him thither to enquire into the Affair.’  
*Allworthy* shewed Marks of Astonishment  
 in his Countenance at this News, and was  
 indeed for two or three Minutes struck  
 dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to  
 Mr. *Nightingale*, he said, ‘ I must confess  
 ‘ myself, Sir, more surprized at what you  
 ‘ tell me, than I have ever been before at  
 ‘ any Thing in my whole Life. Are you  
 ‘ certain this was the Gentleman?’ ‘ I am  
 ‘ most certain,’ answered *Nightingale*. ‘ At  
 ‘ *Aldersgate*?’ cries *Allworthy*, And was  
 ‘ you in Company with this Lawyer and  
 ‘ the two Fellows?’——‘ I was, Sir,’ said  
 the other, ‘ very near half an Hour.’——  
 ‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ and in what  
 ‘ Manner did the Lawyer behave? Did  
 ‘ you hear all that past between him and  
 ‘ the Fellows?’ ‘ No, Sir,’ answered *Night-*  
*ingale*, ‘ they had been together before I  
 ‘ came——In my Presence the Lawyer said  
 ‘ little; but after I had several Times  
 ‘ examined the Fellows, who persisted in  
 ‘ a Story directly contrary to what I had  
 ‘ heard from Mr. *Jones*, and what I find  
 ‘ by Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was a rank Falshood,  
 ‘ the Lawyer then desired the Fellows to  
 ‘ say nothing but what was the Truth, and  
 ‘ seemed to speak so much in Favour of Mr.  
 ‘ *Jones*,

‘ Jones, that when I saw the same Person with you, I concluded your Goodness had prompted you to send him thither.—’ —And did you not send him thither?’ says Mrs. Miller.——‘ Indeed I did not,’ answered Allworthy; ‘ nor did I know he had gone on such an Errand ’till this Moment.’——‘ I see it all!’ said Mrs. Miller: ‘ Upon my Soul, I see it all! No Wonder they have been closetted so close lately. Son *Nightingale*, let me beg you run for these Fellows immediately—find them out if they are above Ground. I will go myself.’——‘ Dear Madam,’ said Allworthy, ‘ be patient, and do me the Favour to send a Servant up Stairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the House, or if not, Mr. Blifil.’ Mrs. Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an Answer, ‘ That Mr. Dowling was gone; but that the t’other, as she called him, was coming.’

*Allworthy* was of a cooler Disposition than the good Woman, whose Spirits were all up in Arms in the Cause of her Friend. He was not however without some Suspicions which were near a-kin to hers. When *Blifil* came into the Room, he asked him with

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with a very serious Countenance, and with a less friendly Look than he had ever before given him, ‘ Whether he knew any  
 ‘ Thing of Mr. *Dowling*’s having seen any  
 ‘ of the Persons who were present at the  
 ‘ Duel between *Jones* and another Gentle-  
 ‘ man ?’

There is nothing so dangerous as a Question which comes by Surprize on a Man, whose Business it is to conceal Truth, or to defend Falshood. For which Reason those worthy Personages, whose noble Office it is to save the Lives of their Fellow-Creatures at the *Old-Bailey*, take the utmost Care, by frequent previous Examination, to divine every Question which may be asked their Clients on the Day of Trial, that they may be supply’d with proper and ready Answers, which the most fertile Invention cannot supply in an Instant. Besides, the sudden and violent Impulse on the Blood, occasioned by these Surprizes, occasions frequently such an Alteration in the Countenance, that the Man is obliged to give Evidence against himself. And such indeed were the Alterations which the Countenance of *Bliss* underwent from this sudden Question, that we can scarce blame the Eagerness of Mrs. *Miller*, who immediately cry’d out, ‘ Guilty,  
 ‘ upon

‘ upon my Honour! Guilty, upon my  
‘ Soul!’

Mr. *Allworthy* sharply rebuked her for this Impetuosity; and then turning to *Bliss*, who seemed sinking into the Earth, he said, ‘ Why do you hesitate, Sir, at giving  
‘ me an Answer? You certainly must have  
‘ employed him, for he would not, of his  
‘ own Accord, I believe, have undertaken  
‘ such an Errand, and especially without  
‘ acquainting me.’

*Bliss* then answered, ‘ I own, Sir, I  
‘ have been guilty of an Offence, yet may  
‘ I hope your Pardon?——‘ My Pardon?’  
said *Allworthy* very angrily.——‘ Nay, Sir,’  
answered *Bliss*, ‘ I knew you would be of-  
‘ fended; yet surely my dear Uncle will  
‘ forgive the Effects of the most amiable  
‘ of Human Weaknesses. Compassion for  
‘ those who do not deserve it, I own, is a  
‘ Crime; and yet it is a Crime from which  
‘ you yourself are not entirely free. I  
‘ know I have been guilty of it in more  
‘ than one Instance to this very Person;  
‘ and I will own I did send Mr. *Dowling*,  
‘ not on a vain and fruitless Enquiry, but  
‘ to discover the Witnesses, and to endea-  
‘ vour to soften their Evidence. This,  
‘ Sir,



‘ Sir, is the Truth; which though I intend-  
‘ ed to conceal from you, I will not  
‘ deny.’

‘ I confess,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ this is  
‘ the Light in which it appeared to me  
‘ from the Gentleman’s Behaviour.’

‘ Now, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I  
‘ believe you will once in your Life own  
‘ you have entertained a wrong Suspicion,  
‘ and are not so angry with my Nephew  
‘ as you was.’

Mrs. *Miller* was silent; for though she  
could not so hastily be pleased with *Bliss*,  
whom she looked upon to have been the  
Ruin of *Jones*, yet in this particular In-  
stance he had imposed upon her as well as  
the rest; so entirely had the Devil stood  
his Friend. And, indeed, I look upon the  
vulgar Observation, *That the Devil often*  
*deserts his Friends, and leaves them in*  
*the Lurch*, to be a great Abuse on that  
Gentleman’s Character. Perhaps he may  
sometimes desert those who are only his  
Cup Acquaintance; or who, at most, are  
but half his; but he generally stands by  
those who are thoroughly his Servants, and  
helps.

helps them off in all Extremities 'till their Bargain expires.

As a conquered Rebellion strengthens a Government, or as Health is more perfectly established by Recovery from some Diseases ; so Anger, when removed, often gives new Life to Affection. This was the Case of Mr. *Allworthy* ; for *Bliss* having wiped off the greater Suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by *Square*'s Letter, sunk of Course, and was forgotten ; and *Thwackum*, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the Reflections which *Square* had cast on the Enemies of *Jones*.

As for that young Man, the Resentment of Mr. *Allworthy* began more and more to abate towards him. He told *Bliss*, ' he did  
' not only forgive the extraordinary Efforts  
' of his Good-Nature, but would give him  
' the Pleasure of following his Example.'  
Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, with a Smile which would have become an Angel, he cry'd, ' What say you, Madam ; shall we  
' take a Hackney-Coach, and all of us to-  
' gether pay a Visit to your Friend ? I pro-  
' mise you it is not the first Visit I have  
' made in a Prison.'

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Every Reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy Woman ; but they must have a great deal of Good-Nature, and be well acquainted with Friendship, who can feel what she felt on this Occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now past in the Mind of *Blissl* ; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any Objection to this Visit. Fortune, however, or the Gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his Friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a Shock : For at the very Instant when the Coach was sent for, *Partridge* arrived, and having called Mrs. *Miller* from the Company, acquainted her with the dreadful Accident lately come to Light ; and hearing Mr. *Allworthy's* Intention, begged her to find some Means of stopping him ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ the Matter must at all Hazards be kept a Secret from him ; and if he should now go, he will find Mr. *Jones* and his Mother, who arrived just as I left him, lamenting over one another the horrid Crime they have ignorantly committed.’

The poor Woman, who was almost deprived of her Senses at this dreadful News,  
was

was never less capable of Invention than at present. However, as Women are much readier at this than Men, she bethought herself of an Excuse, and returning to *Allworthy* said, ‘ I am sure, Sir, you will be  
 ‘ surprized at hearing any Objection from  
 ‘ me to the kind Proposal you just now  
 ‘ made ; and yet I am afraid of the Consequence of it, if carried immediately into  
 ‘ Execution. You must imagine, Sir, that  
 ‘ all the Calamities which have lately befallen this poor young Fellow, must have  
 ‘ thrown him into the lowest Dejection of  
 ‘ Spirits : And now, Sir, should we all on  
 ‘ a sudden fling him into such a violent Fit  
 ‘ of Joy, as I know your Presence will occasion, it may, I am afraid, produce some  
 ‘ fatal Mischief, especially as his Servant,  
 ‘ who is without, tells me he is very far  
 ‘ from being well.’

‘ Is his Servant without ?’ cries *Allworthy* ; ‘ pray call him hither. I will ask  
 ‘ him some Questions concerning his  
 ‘ Master.’

*Partridge* was at first afraid to appear before Mr. *Allworthy* ; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs. *Miller*, who had  
 often

often heard his whole Story from his own Mouth, had promised to introduce him.

*Allworthy* recollected *Partridge* the Moment he came into the Room, though many Years had passed since he had seen him. *Mrs. Miller* therefore might have spared here a formal Oration, in which indeed she was somewhat prolix: For the Reader, I believe, may have observed already that the good Woman, among other Things, had a Tongue always ready for the Service of her Friends.

‘ And are you,’ said *Allworthy* to *Partridge*, ‘ the Servant of Mr. Jones?’ ‘ I can’t say, Sir,’ answered he, ‘ that I am regularly a Servant, but I live with him, an’t please your Honour, at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as your Honour very well knows.

Mr. *Allworthy* then asked him many Questions concerning *Jones*, as to his Health, and other Matters; to all which *Partridge* answered, without having the least Regard to what was, but considered only what he would have Things appear; for a strict Adherence to Truth was not among

205      *The HISTORY of* Book XVIII.  
mong the Articles of this honest Fellow's  
Morality, or his Religion.

During this Dialogue Mr. *Nightingale* took his Leave, and presently after Mrs. *Miller* left the Room, when *Allworthy* likewise dispatched *Blifil*; for he imagined that *Partridge*, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before Company. They were no sooner left in private together, than *Allworthy* began as in the following Chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which the History is farther continued.*

‘SURE, Friend,’ said the good Man,  
‘you are the strangest of all Human  
‘Beings. Not only to have suffered as  
‘you have formerly, for obstinately per-  
‘sisting in a Falshood; but to persist  
‘in it thus to the last, and to pass thus  
‘upon the World for the Servant of your  
‘own Son? What Interest can you have  
‘in all this? What can be your Motive?’

‘I see, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, falling  
down upon his Knees, ‘that your Honour  
‘is prepossessed against me, and resolved  
‘not to believe any Thing I say, and  
‘there-



‘therefore what signifies my Proteſtations ;  
 ‘but yet there is one above who knows  
 ‘that I am not the Father of this young  
 ‘Man.’

‘How!’ ſaid *Allworthy*, ‘Will you yet  
 ‘deny what you was formerly convicted of  
 ‘upon ſuch unanswerable, ſuch manifeſt  
 ‘Evidence? Nay, what a Confirmation is  
 ‘your being now found with this very  
 ‘Man, of all which twenty Years ago ap-  
 ‘peared againſt you. I thought you had  
 ‘left the Country ; nay, I thought you had  
 ‘been long ſince dead.—In what Man-  
 ‘ner did you know any Thing of this  
 ‘young Man? Where did you meet with  
 ‘him, unleſs you had kept ſome Correſ-  
 ‘pondence together. Do not deny this ;  
 ‘for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe your  
 ‘Son in my Opinion, to find that he hath  
 ‘ſuch a Senſe of filial Duty, as privately to  
 ‘ſupport his Father for ſo many Years.’

‘If your Honour will have Patience to  
 ‘hear me,’ ſaid *Partridge*, ‘I will tell you  
 ‘all.’—Being bid go on, he proceeded  
 ‘thus : ‘When your Honour conceived that  
 ‘Diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in my  
 ‘Ruin ſoon after ; for I loſt my little  
 Vol. VI.                      L                      ‘School ;

' School; and the Minister, thinking I sup-  
 ' pose it would be agreeable to your Ho-  
 ' nour, turned me out from the Office of  
 ' Clerk; so that I had nothing to trust to  
 ' but the Barber's Shop, which, in a Coun-  
 ' try Place like that, is a poor Livelihood;  
 ' and when my Wife died, (for 'till that  
 ' Time I received a Pension of 12 *l.* a  
 ' Year from an unknown Hand, which in-  
 ' deed I believe was your Honour's own,  
 ' for no Body that ever I heard of doth  
 ' these Things besides) but as I was say-  
 ' ing, when she died, this Pension forsook  
 ' me; so that now as I owed two or three  
 ' small Debts, which began to be trouble-  
 ' some to me, (particularly one \* which an  
 ' Attorney brought up by Law-charges  
 ' from 15*s.* to near 30*l.*) and as I found  
 ' all my usual Means of living had forsook  
 ' me, I packed up my little All as well as  
 ' I could, and went off.

\* This is a Fact which I knew happen to a poor  
 Clergyman in *Dorsetshire*, by the Villainy of an At-  
 torney, who not contented with the exorbitant Costs  
 to which the poor Man was put by a single Action,  
 brought afterwards another Action on the Judgment,  
 as it is called. A Method frequently used to oppress  
 the poor, and bring Money into the Pockets of Attor-  
 nies, to the great Scandal of the Law, of the Nation,  
 of Christianity, and even of Human Nature itself.

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‘ The first Place I came to was *Salisbury*,  
 ‘ where I got into the Service of a Gentle-  
 ‘ man belonging to the Law, and one of  
 ‘ the best Gentlemen that ever I knew;  
 ‘ for he was not only good to me, but I  
 ‘ I know a thousand good and charitable  
 ‘ Acts which he did while I staid with him;  
 ‘ and I have known him often refuse Busi-  
 ‘ ness because it was paultry and oppressive.’

‘ ——— You need not be so particular,’ said  
*Allworthy*; ‘ I know this Gentleman, and  
 ‘ a very worthy Man he is, and an Honour  
 ‘ to his Profession.’ ——— ‘ Well, Sir,’ con-  
 ‘ tinued *Partridge*, ‘ from hence I removed to  
 ‘ *Lymington*, where I was above three Years  
 ‘ in the Service of another Lawyer, who was  
 ‘ likewise a very good Sort of a Man, and to  
 ‘ be sure one of the merriest Gentlemen in  
 ‘ *England*. Well, Sir, at the End of the  
 ‘ three Years I set up a little School, and  
 ‘ was likely to do well again, had it not  
 ‘ been for a most unlucky Accident. Here  
 ‘ I kept a Pig; and one Day, as ill For-  
 ‘ tune would have it, this Pig broke out,  
 ‘ and did a Trespass I think they call it,  
 ‘ in a Garden belonging to one of my  
 ‘ Neighbours, who was a proud, revenge-  
 ‘ ful Man, and employed a Lawyer, one—  
 ‘ one—I can’t think of his Name; but

‘ he sent for a Writ against me, and had me  
 ‘ to Size. When I came there, Lord have  
 ‘ Mercy upon me—to hear what the Coun-  
 ‘ sellor said. There was one that told my  
 ‘ Lord a Parcel of the confoundedst Lies  
 ‘ about me; he said, that I used to drive  
 ‘ my Hogs into other Folks Gardens, and  
 ‘ a great deal more; and at last he said,  
 ‘ He hoped I had at last brought my Hogs  
 ‘ to a fair Market. To be sure, one wou’d  
 ‘ have thought, that instead of being Owner  
 ‘ only of one poor, little Pig, I had been  
 ‘ the greatest Hog-Merchant in *England*.  
 ‘ Well’——‘ Pray,’ said *Allworthy*, do not  
 ‘ be so particular. I have heard nothing of  
 ‘ your Son yet.’ ‘ O it was a great many  
 ‘ Years,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ before I  
 ‘ saw my Son, as you are pleased to call  
 ‘ him——I went over to *Ireland* after this,  
 ‘ and taught School at *Cork*, (for that one  
 ‘ Suit ruined me again, and I lay seven  
 ‘ Years in *Winchester* Goal.)’——‘ Well,’  
 said *Allworthy*, ‘ pass that over till your Re-  
 ‘ turn to *England*.’——‘ Then, Sir,’ said  
 he, ‘ it was about half a Year ago that I  
 ‘ landed at *Bristol*, where I stayed some  
 ‘ Time, and not finding it do there, and  
 ‘ hearing of a Place between that and  
 ‘ *Gloucester*, where the Barber was just  
 ‘ dead, I went thither, and there I had  
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‘ been about two Months, when Mr. *Jones* ‘ came thither.’ He then gave *Allworthy* a very particular Account of their first Meeting, and of every Thing as well as he could remember, which had happened from that Day to this, frequently interlarding his Story with Panegyricks on *Jones*, and not forgetting to insinuate the great Love and Respect which he had for *Allworthy*. He concluded with saying, ‘ Now, ‘ Sir, I have told your Honour the whole ‘ Truth :’ And then repeated a most solemn Protestation, ‘ That he was no more the ‘ Father of *Jones* than of the Pope of ‘ *Rome* ;’ and imprecated the most bitter Curses on his Head if he did not speak Truth.

‘ What am I to think of this Matter ?’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘ For what Purpose should ‘ you so strongly deny a Fact, which I ‘ think it would be rather your Interest to ‘ own ?’—— ‘ Nay, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, (for he could hold no longer) ‘ if ‘ your Honour will not believe me, you ‘ are like soon to have Satisfaction enough. ‘ I wish you had mistaken the Mother of ‘ this young Man, as well as you have his ‘ Father.’——And now being asked what  
L 3 he

he meant, with all the Symptoms of Horror both in his Voice and Countenance, he told *Allworthy* the whole Story, which he had a little before expressed such Desire to Mrs. *Miller* to conceal from him.

*Allworthy* was almost as much shocked at this Discovery as *Partridge* himself had been while he related it. ‘Good Heavens!’ says he, ‘in what miserable Distresses do Vice and Imprudence involve Men! How much beyond our Designs are the Effects of Wickedness sometimes carried!’ He had scarce uttered these Words, when Mrs. *Waters* came hastily and abruptly into the Room. *Partridge* no sooner saw her, than he cry’d, ‘Here, Sir, here is the very Woman herself. This is the unfortunate Mother of Mr. *Jones*; I am sure she will acquit me before your Honour.’—Pray, Madam—

Mrs. *Waters*, without paying any Regard to what *Partridge* said, and almost without taking any Notice of him, advanced to Mr. *Allworthy*. ‘I believe, Sir, it is so long since I had the Honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me.’—‘Indeed,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘you are so very much altered, on many Accounts, that



‘that had not this Man already acquainted  
 ‘me who you are, I should not have imme-  
 ‘diately called you to my Remembrance.  
 ‘Have you, Madam, any particular Busi-  
 ‘ness which brings you to me?’—*All-*  
*worthy* spoke this with great Reserve; for  
 the Reader may easily believe he was not  
 well pleased with the Conduct of this Lady;  
 neither with what he had formerly heard,  
 nor with what *Partridge* had now deli-  
 vered.

*Mrs. Waters* answered,——‘Indeed, Sir,  
 ‘I have very particular Business with you;  
 ‘and it is such as I can only impart to  
 ‘yourself.—I must desire therefore the Fa-  
 ‘vour of a Word with you alone; for I  
 ‘assure you what I have to tell you is of  
 ‘the utmost Importance.’

*Partridge* was then ordered to withdraw,  
 but before he went, he begged the Lady to  
 satisfy Mr. *Allworthy* that he was perfectly  
 innocent. To which she answered—‘You  
 ‘need be under no Apprehension, Sir, I  
 ‘shall satisfy Mr. *Allworthy* very perfectly  
 ‘of that Matter.’

Then *Partridge* withdrew, and that past between Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Waters* which is written in the next Chapter.

## CH A P. VII.

### *Continuation of the History.*

MRS. *Waters* remaining a few Moments silent, Mr. *Allworthy* could not refrain from saying, ‘I am sorry, Madam, to perceive by what I have since heard, that you have made so very ill a Use——’ Mr. *Allworthy*, says she, interrupting him, ‘I know I have Faults, but Ingratitude to you is not one of them. I never can nor shall forget your Goodness, which I own I have very little deserved; but be pleased to wave all Upbraiding me at present, as I have so important an Affair to communicate to you concerning this young Man, to whom you have given my Maiden Name of *Jones*.’ ‘Have I then,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ignorantly punished an innocent Man in the Person of him who hath just left us? was he not the Father of the Child?’—‘Indeed he was not,’ said Mrs. *Waters*. ‘You may be pleased

'pleased to remember, Sir, I formerly  
 'told you, you should one Day know; and  
 'I acknowledge myself to have been guilty  
 'of a cruel Neglect, in not having discovered  
 'it to you before.—Indeed I little knew how  
 'necessary it was.' — 'Well, Madam,'  
 said *Allworthy*, 'be pleased to proceed.' 'You  
 'must remember, Sir,' said she, 'a young  
 'Fellow, whose Name was *Summer*.' 'Very  
 'well,' cries *Allworthy*, 'he was the Son  
 'of a Clergyman of great Learning and Vir-  
 'tue, for whom I had the highest Friend-  
 'ship.' 'So it appeared, Sir,' answered  
 she; 'for I believe you bred the young  
 'Man up, and maintained him at the Uni-  
 'versity; where, I think, he had fini-  
 'shed his Studies, when he came to reside  
 'at your House; a finer Man, I must say,  
 'the Sun never shone upon; for, besides  
 'the handsomest Person I ever saw, he was  
 'so genteel, and had so much Wit and good  
 'Breeding.' 'Poor Gentleman,' said *Allwor-  
 thy*, 'he was indeed untimely snatch'd away;  
 'and little did I think he had any Sins of  
 'this kind to answer for; for I plainly per-  
 'ceive, you are going to tell me he was the  
 'Father of your Child.' 'Indeed, Sir,'  
 answered she, 'he was not.' 'How?' said  
*Allworthy*, 'to what then tends all this Pre-  
 'face?' 'To a Story, Sir,' said she, 'which

‘I am concerned it falls to my Lot  
 ‘to unfold to you.—O, Sir, prepare  
 ‘to hear something which will surprize  
 ‘you, will grieve you.’ ‘Speak,’ said  
*Allworthy*, ‘I am conscious of no Crime,  
 ‘and cannot be afraid to hear.’——  
 ‘Sir,’ said she, ‘that Mr. *Summer*, the Son  
 ‘of your Friend, educated at your Ex-  
 ‘pence, who, after living a Year in the  
 ‘House as if he had been your own Son,  
 ‘died there of the small Pox, was tenderly  
 ‘lamented by you, and buried as if he had  
 ‘been your own; that *Summer*, Sir, was  
 ‘the Father of this Child.’—‘How!’ said  
*Allworthy*, ‘you contradict yourself.’—  
 ‘That I do not,’ answered she, ‘he was  
 ‘indeed the Father of this Child, but not  
 ‘by me.’ ‘Take care, Madam,’ said  
*Allworthy*, ‘do not to shun the Impu-  
 ‘tation of any Crime be guilty of False-  
 ‘hood. Remember there is one from whom  
 ‘you can conceal nothing, and before whose  
 ‘Tribunal Falsehood will only aggravate  
 ‘your Guilt.’ ‘Indeed, Sir,’ says she,  
 ‘I am not his Mother; nor would I now  
 ‘think myself so for the World.’ ‘I know  
 ‘your Reason,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘and shall  
 ‘rejoice as much as you to find it otherwise;  
 ‘yet you must remember, you yourself  
 ‘confessed

‘ confessed it before me.’— ‘ So far what I  
‘ confest,’ said she, ‘ was true, that these  
‘ Hands conveyed the Infant to your Bed,  
‘ conveyed it thither at the Command of  
‘ its Mother; at her Commands I after-  
‘ wards owned it, and thought myself by  
‘ her Generosity nobly rewarded, both for  
‘ my Secrecy and my Shame.’ ‘ Who  
‘ could this Woman be?’ said *Allworthy*.—  
‘ Indeed I tremble to name her,’ answered  
Mrs. *Waters*. ‘ By all this Preparation  
‘ I am to guess that she was a Relation of  
‘ mine,’ cried he. ‘ Indeed she was a near  
‘ one.’ At which Words *Allworthy* started,  
and she continued.— ‘ You had a Sister,  
‘ Sir.’— ‘ A Sister!’ repeated he, look-  
ing aghast.— ‘ As there is Truth in  
‘ Heaven,’ cries she, ‘ your Sister was  
‘ the Mother of that Child you found be-  
‘ tween your Sheets.’ ‘ Can it be possible,’  
cries he, ‘ good Heavens!’ ‘ Have Pa-  
‘ tience, Sir,’ said Mrs. *Waters*, ‘ and I  
‘ will unfold to you the whole Story. Just  
‘ after your Departure for *London*, Miss  
‘ *Bridget* came one Day to the House of  
‘ my Mother. She was pleased to say she  
‘ had heard an extraordinary Character of  
‘ me for my Learning and superior Un-  
‘ derstanding to all the young Women  
‘ there, so she was pleased to say. She  
L 6 ‘ then

then bid me come to her to the great House; where when I attended, she employed me to read to her. She expressed great Satisfaction in my reading, shewed great Kindness to me, and made me many Presents. At last she began to catechise me on the Subject of Secrecy, to which I gave her such satisfactory Answers, that at last having locked the Door of her Room, she took me into her Closet, and then locking that Door likewise, she said, she should convince me of the vast Reliance she had on my Integrity, by communicating a Secret in which her Honour and consequently her Life was concerned. She then stopt, and after a Silence of a Minute, during which she often wiped her Eyes, she enquired of me, if I thought my Mother might safely be confided in. I answered, I would stake my Life on her Fidelity. She then imparted to me the great Secret which laboured in her Breast, and which, I believe, was delivered with more Pains than she afterwards suffered in Child-birth. It was then contrived, that my Mother and myself only should attend at the Time, and that Mrs. *Wilkins* should be sent out of the way, as she accordingly was to the very furthest Part of *Dorsetshire* to enquire the Character



‘ racter of a Servant ; for the Lady had  
 ‘ turned away her own Maid near three  
 ‘ Months before, during all which Time  
 ‘ I officiated about her Person, upon Trial  
 ‘ as she said, tho’, as she afterwards declared,  
 ‘ I was not sufficiently handy for the Place.  
 ‘ This and many other such Things which  
 ‘ she used to say of me, were all thrown  
 ‘ out to prevent any Suspicion which *Wil-*  
 ‘ *kins* might hereafter have when I was to  
 ‘ own the Child ; for she thought it could  
 ‘ never be believed she would venture to  
 ‘ hurt a young Woman with whom she had  
 ‘ intrusted such a Secret. You may be as-  
 ‘ sured, Sir, I was well paid for all these  
 ‘ Affronts, which, together with being in-  
 ‘ formed of the Occasion of them, very  
 ‘ well contented me. Indeed the Lady had  
 ‘ a greater Suspicion of Mrs. *Wilkins* than  
 ‘ of any other Person ; not that she had the  
 ‘ least Aversion to the Gentlewoman, but  
 ‘ she thought her incapable of keeping a  
 ‘ Secret, especially from you, Sir : For I  
 ‘ have often heard Miss *Bridget* say, that if  
 ‘ Mrs. *Wilkins* had committed a Murder,  
 ‘ she believed she would acquaint you with  
 ‘ it. At last the expected Day came, and  
 ‘ Mrs. *Wilkins*, who had been kept a  
 ‘ Week in Readiness, and put off from  
 ‘ Time to Time, upon some Pretence or  
 ‘ other, that she might not return too soon,

‘ was dispatched. Then the Child was born in  
 ‘ the Presence only of myself and my Mother,  
 ‘ and was by my Mother conveyed to her  
 ‘ own House, where it was privately kept  
 ‘ by her till the Evening of your Return,  
 ‘ when I, by the Command of Miss *Bridget*,  
 ‘ conveyed it into the Bed where you found  
 ‘ it.’ And all Suspicions were afterwards  
 ‘ laid asleep by the artful Conduct of your  
 ‘ Sister, in pretending Ill-will to the Boy,  
 ‘ and that any Regard she shew’d him was  
 ‘ out of meer Complaisance to you.’ Mrs.  
*Waters* then made many Protestations of  
 the Truth of this Story, and concluded  
 by saying, ‘ Thus, Sir, you have at last  
 ‘ discovered your Nephew, for so I am sure  
 ‘ you will hereafter think him, and I question  
 ‘ not but he will be both an Honour and a  
 ‘ Comfort to you under that Appellation.’  
 ‘ I need not, Madam,’ said *Allworthby*,  
 ‘ express my Astonishment at what you  
 ‘ have told me ; and yet surely you would  
 ‘ not, and could not, have put together  
 ‘ so many Circumstances to evidence an  
 ‘ Untruth. I confess, I recollect some Pas-  
 ‘ sages relating to that *Summer*, which for-  
 ‘ merly gave me a Conceit that my Sister  
 ‘ had some Liking to him. I mentioned  
 ‘ it to her : For I had such a Regard to the  
 ‘ young Man, as well on his own account,  
 ‘ as on his Father’s, that I should have

‘ willingly consented to a Match between  
 ‘ them; but she exprest the highest Disdain  
 ‘ of my unkind Suspicion, as she called it,  
 ‘ so that I never more spoke on the Subject.  
 ‘ Good Heaven! well, the Lord disposeth  
 ‘ all Things.—Yet sure it was a most un-  
 ‘ justifiable Conduct in my Sister to carry  
 ‘ this Secret with her out of the World.’  
 ‘ I promise you, Sir,’ said Mrs. *Waters*,  
 ‘ she always profest a contrary Intention, and  
 ‘ frequently told me she intended one Day to  
 ‘ communicate it to you. She said indeed,  
 ‘ she was highly rejoiced that her Plot had  
 ‘ succeeded so well, and that you had of  
 ‘ your own accord taken such a Fancy to  
 ‘ the Child, that it was yet unnecessary to  
 ‘ make any exprest Declaration. Oh! Sir,  
 ‘ had that Lady lived to have seen this poor  
 ‘ young Man turned like a Vagabond from  
 ‘ your House; nay, Sir, could she have  
 ‘ lived to hear that you had yourself em-  
 ‘ ployed a Lawyer to prosecute him for a  
 ‘ Murder of which he was not guilty—  
 ‘ Forgive me, Mr. *Allworthy*, I must say  
 ‘ it was unkind.—Indeed you have been  
 ‘ abused, he never deserved it of you.’  
 ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I  
 ‘ have been abused by the Person who-  
 ‘ ever he was that told you so.’ ‘ Nay,  
 ‘ Sir,’ said she, ‘ I would not be mistaken,  
 ‘ I did not presume to say you were guilty  
 ‘ of

‘ of any wrong. The Gentleman who  
‘ came to me, proposed no such Matter :  
‘ He only said, taking me for Mr. *Fitz-*  
‘ *patrick’s* Wife, that if Mr. *Jones* had  
‘ murdered my Husband, I should be as-  
‘ sisted with any Money I wanted to carry  
‘ on the Prosecution, by a very worthy  
‘ Gentleman, who, he said, was well apprized  
‘ what a Villain I had to deal with. It  
‘ was by this Man I found out who Mr.  
‘ *Jones* was; and this Man, whose Name  
‘ is *Dowling*, Mr. *Jones* tells me, is your  
‘ Steward. I discovered his Name by a  
‘ very odd Accident, for he himself re-  
‘ fused to tell it me; but *Partridge*, who  
‘ met him at my Lodgings the second Time  
‘ he came, knew him formerly at *Salis-*  
‘ *bury*.’

‘ And did this Mr. *Dowling*, says *All-*  
‘ *worthy*, with great Astonishment in his  
‘ Countenance, tell you that I would assist  
‘ in the Prosecution?’ — ‘ No, Sir, an-  
‘ swered she, I will not charge him wrong-  
‘ fully. He said, I should be assisted, but  
‘ he mentioned no Name. — Yet you must  
‘ pardon me, Sir, if from Circumstances I  
‘ thought it could be no other.’ — ‘ In-  
‘ deed, Madam, says *Allworthy*, from Cir-  
‘ cumstances I am too well convinced it  
‘ was

‘ was another.——Good Heaven, by what  
 ‘ wonderful Means is the blackest and deep-  
 ‘ est Villany sometimes discovered!— Shall  
 ‘ I beg you, Madam, to stay till the Per-  
 ‘ son you have mentioned comes, for I ex-  
 ‘ pect him every Minute; nay, he may be  
 ‘ perhaps already in the House.’ *Allwor-*  
*thy* then stept to the Door, in order to  
 call a Servant, when in came, not Mr.  
*Dowling*, but the Gentleman who will be  
 seen in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Further Continuation.*

**T**HE Gentleman who now arrived was  
 no other than Mr. *Western*. He no  
 sooner saw *Allworthy*, than without consi-  
 dering in the least the Presence of Mrs.  
*Waters*, he began to vociferate in the fol-  
 lowing Manner. ‘ Fine Doings at my  
 ‘ House! A rare Kettle of Fish I have dis-  
 ‘ covered at last; who the Devil would be  
 ‘ plagued with a Daughter?’ ‘ What’s the  
 ‘ Matter, Neighbour, said *Allworthy*,  
 ‘ Matter enough, answered *Western*, when  
 ‘ I thought she was a just coming to, nay,  
 ‘ when

‘ when she had in a Manner promised me  
‘ to do as I would ha her, and when I was  
‘ a hoped to have had nothing more to do  
‘ than to have a sent for the Lawyer and  
‘ finished all. What do you think I have  
‘ found out? that the little B— hath  
‘ bin playing Tricks with me all the while,  
‘ and carrying on a Correspondence with  
‘ that Bastard of yours. Sister *Western*,  
‘ whom I have a quarrelled with upon her  
‘ Account, sent me Word o’t, and I or-  
‘ dered her Pockets to be searched when  
‘ she was asleep, and here I have got un-  
‘ signed with the Son of a Whore’s own  
‘ Name. I have not had Patience to read  
‘ half o’t, for ’tis longer than one of Par-  
‘ son *Supple*’s Sermons; but I find plainly  
‘ it is all about Love, and indeed what  
‘ should it be else? I have packed her  
‘ up in Chamber again, and To-morrow  
‘ Morning down she goes into the Coun-  
‘ try, unless she consents to be married di-  
‘ rectly, and there she shall live in a Gar-  
‘ ret upon Bread and Water all her Days;  
‘ and the sooner such a B— breaks her  
‘ Heart the better, though d—n her, that I  
‘ believe is too tough. She will live long  
‘ enough to plague me.’ ‘ Mr. *Western*,  
‘ answered *Allworthy*, you know I have al-  
‘ ways protested against Force, and you  
‘ your-



'yourself consented that none should be  
 'used.' 'Ay, cries he, that was only  
 'upon Condition that she would consent  
 'without. What the Devil and Doctor  
 'Faustus, shan't I do what I will with my  
 'own Daughter, especially when I desire  
 'nothing but her own Good?' 'Well,  
 'Neighbour, answered *Allworthy*, if you  
 'will give me Leave, I will undertake  
 'once to argue with the young Lady.'  
 'Will you, said *Western*, why that is kind  
 'now and neighbourly, and mayhap  
 'you will do more than I have been able  
 'to do with her; for I promise you she  
 'hath a very good Opinion of you.'  
 'Well, Sir, said *Allworthy*, if you will go  
 'Home and release the young Lady from  
 'her Captivity, I will wait upon her with-  
 'in this half Hour.' — 'But suppose,  
 'said *Western*, she should run away with  
 'un in the mean Time? for Lawyer *Dow-*  
 '*ling* tells me there is no Hopes of hang-  
 'ing the Fellow at last, for that the Man  
 'is alive, and like to do well, and that he  
 'thinks *Jones* will be out of Prison again  
 'presently.' — 'How, said *Allworthy*,  
 'what did you employ him then to en-  
 'quire or to do any Thing in that Matter?'  
 'Not I, answered *Western*, he mentioned  
 'it to me just now of his own Accord.' —  
 'Just

‘ Just now ! cries *Allworthy*, why where  
 ‘ did you see him then ? I want much to  
 ‘ see Mr. *Dowling*.’ — ‘ Why you may see  
 ‘ un an you will presently at my Lodgings ;  
 ‘ for there is to be a Meeting of Lawyers  
 ‘ there this Morning, about a Mortgage.  
 ‘ — Icod ! I shall lose two or dree Thou-  
 ‘ sand Pounds, I believe, by that honest  
 ‘ Gentleman, Mr. *Nightingale*.’ — ‘ Well,  
 ‘ Sir, said *Allworthy*, I will be with you  
 ‘ within the half Hour.’ ‘ And do for  
 ‘ once, cries the Squire, take a Fool’s Ad-  
 ‘ vice ; never think of dealing with her by  
 ‘ gentle Methods, take my Word for it,  
 ‘ those will never do. I have try’d um  
 ‘ long enough. She must be frightned in-  
 ‘ to it, there is no other Way. Tell her  
 ‘ I’m her Father, and of the horrid Sin of  
 ‘ Disobedience ; and of the dreadful Punish-  
 ‘ ment of it in t’other World, and then  
 ‘ tell her about being lock’d up all her  
 ‘ Life in a Garret in this, and be kept on-  
 ‘ ly upon Bread and Water.’ ‘ I will do  
 ‘ all I can, said *Allworthy*, for I promise  
 ‘ you there is nothing I wish more than an  
 ‘ Alliance with this amiable Creature.’  
 ‘ Nay, the Girl is well enough for Mat-  
 ‘ ter o’ that, cries the Squire, a Man may  
 ‘ go farther and meet with worse Meat ;  
 ‘ that I may declare o’ her, thof she be  
 ‘ my

‘ my own Daughter. And if she will but  
 ‘ be obedient to me, there is no’orow a Fa-  
 ‘ ther within a hundred Miles o’ the Place  
 ‘ that loves a Daughter better than I do;  
 ‘ but I see you are busy with the Lady  
 ‘ here, so I will go Huome and expect  
 ‘ you, and so your humble Servant.’

As soon as Mr. *Western* was gone, Mrs. *Waters* said, ‘ I see, Sir, the Squire hath not  
 ‘ the least Remembrance of my Face. I be-  
 ‘ lieve, Mr. *Allworthy*, you would not have  
 ‘ known me neither. I am very confide-  
 ‘ rably altered since that Day when you so  
 ‘ kindly gave me that Advice, which I had  
 ‘ been happy had I followed.’——‘ Indeed,  
 ‘ Madam, cries *Allworthy*, it gave me great  
 ‘ Concern when I first heard the contrary.’  
 ‘ Indeed, Sir, says she, I was ruined by  
 ‘ a very deep Scheme of Villany, which if  
 ‘ you knew, though I pretend not to think  
 ‘ it would justify me in your Opinion, it  
 ‘ would at least mitigate my Offence, and  
 ‘ induce you to pity me; you are not now  
 ‘ at Leisure to hear my whole Story; but  
 ‘ this I assure you, I was betrayed by the  
 ‘ most solemn Promises of Marriage; nay  
 ‘ in the Eye of Heaven I was married to  
 ‘ him; for after much reading on the Sub-  
 ‘ ject, I am convinced that particular Ce-  
 ‘ remonies

ceremonies are only requisite to give a legal Sanction to Marriage, and have only a worldly Use in giving a Woman the Privileges of a Wife; but that she who lives constant to one Man, after a solemn private Affiance, whatever the World may call her, hath little to charge on her own Conscience.' 'I am sorry, Madam, said *Allworthy*, you made so ill an Use of your Learning. Indeed it would have been well that you had been possessed of much more, or had remained in a State of Ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you have more than this Sin to answer for. 'During his Life, answered she, which was above a Dozen Years, I most solemnly assure you, I had not. And consider, Sir, on my Behalf, what is in the Power of a Woman stript of her Reputation, and left destitute, whether the good-natured World will suffer such a stray Sheep to return to the Road of Virtue, even if she was never so desirous. I protest then I would have chose it had it been in my Power; but Necessity drove me into the Arms of Capt. *Waters*, with whom, though still unmarried, I lived as a Wife for many Years, and went by his Name. I parted with this Gentleman at *Worcester*, on his March against  
the

‘ the Rebels, and it was then I accidental-  
 ‘ ly met with Mr. *Jones*, who rescued me  
 ‘ from the Hands of a Villain. Indeed he  
 ‘ is the worthiest of Men. No young  
 ‘ Gentleman of his Age is, I believe, freer  
 ‘ from Vice, and few have the twentieth  
 ‘ Part of his Virtues; nay, whatever Vi-  
 ‘ ces he hath had, I am firmly persuaded he  
 ‘ hath now taken a Resolution to abandon  
 ‘ them.’ I hope he hath, cries *Allworthy*,  
 ‘ and I hope he will preserve that Resoluti-  
 ‘ on. I must say I have still the same  
 ‘ Hopes with Regard to yourself. The  
 ‘ World, I do agree, are apt to be too  
 ‘ unmerciful on these Occasions, yet Time  
 ‘ and Perseverance will get the better of  
 ‘ this their Disinclination, as I may call it,  
 ‘ to Pity, for though they are not, like  
 ‘ Heaven, ready to receive a penitent Sin-  
 ‘ ner, yet a continued Repentance will at  
 ‘ length obtain Mercy even with the World.  
 ‘ This you may be assured of, Mrs. *Waters*,  
 ‘ that whenever I find you are sincere in such  
 ‘ good Intentions, you shall want no As-  
 ‘ sistance in my Power to make them ef-  
 ‘ fectual.’

Mrs. *Waters* fell now upon her Knees be-  
 fore him, and, in a Flood of Tears, made  
 him many most passionate Acknowledg-  
 ments

ments of his Goodness, which, as she truly said, favoured more of the divine than human Nature.

*Allworthy* raised her up, and spoke in the most tender Manner, making use of every Expression which his Invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Dowling*, who, upon his first Entrance, seeing Mrs. *Waters*, started, and appeared in some Confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost Haste to attend Council at Mr. *Western's* Lodgings; but however thought it his Duty to call and acquaint him with the Opinion of Council upon the Case which he had before told him, which was that the Conversion of the Moneys in that Case could not be questioned in a Criminal Cause, but that an Action of Trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the Jury to be the Moneys of Plaintiff, that Plaintiff would recover a Verdict for the Value.

*Allworthy*, without making any Answer to this, bolted the Door, and then advancing with a stern Look to *Dowling*, he said, 'Whatever be your Haste, Sir, I must first receive an Answer to some Questions.  
Do



‘ Do you know this young Lady ?’ —  
 ‘ That Lady, Sir ? answered *Dowling* with  
 ‘ great Hesitation. *Allworthy* then, with  
 the most solemn Voice, said, ‘ Look you,  
 ‘ Mr. *Dowling*, as you value my Favour,  
 ‘ or your Continuance a Moment longer in  
 ‘ my Service, do not hesitate nor preva-  
 ‘ ricate ; but answer faithfully and truly to  
 ‘ every Question I ask. — Do you know  
 ‘ this Lady ?’ — ‘ Yes, Sir, said *Dowling*,  
 ‘ I have seen the Lady.’ ‘ Where, Sir ?  
 ‘ At her own Lodgings.’ — ‘ Upon what  
 ‘ Business did you go thither, Sir, and who  
 ‘ sent you ?’ ‘ I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir,  
 ‘ about Mr. *Jones*.’ ‘ And who sent you to  
 ‘ enquire about him ?’ ‘ Who, Sir, why, Sir,  
 ‘ Mr. *Blifil* sent me.’ ‘ And what did you say  
 ‘ to the Lady concerning that Matter ?’  
 ‘ Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every  
 ‘ Word.’ ‘ Will you please, Madam, to  
 ‘ assist the Gentleman’s Memory ?’ ‘ He  
 ‘ told me, Sir, said Mrs. *Waters*, that if  
 ‘ Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Husband, I  
 ‘ should be assisted by any Money I want-  
 ‘ ed to carry on the Prosecution, by a very  
 ‘ worthy Gentleman, who was well appri-  
 ‘ zed what a Villain I had to deal with.’  
 ‘ These I can safely swear were the very  
 ‘ Words he spoke.’ — ‘ Were these the  
 ‘ Words, Sir, said *Allworthy* ?’ ‘ I cannot  
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‘ charge my Memory exactly, cries *Dowling*, but I believe I did speak to that Purpose.’ — ‘ And did Mr. *Blifil* order you to say so?’ ‘ I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone on my own Accord, nor have willingly exceeded my Authority in Matters of this Kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. *Blifil*’s Instructions.’ ‘ Look you, Mr. *Dowling*, said *Allworthy*, I promise you before this Lady, that whatever you have done in this Affair by Mr. *Blifil*’s Order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the Truth; for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own Accord, and without Authority, in this Matter. — Mr. *Blifil* then likewise sent you to examine the two Fellows at *Aldersgate*?’ — ‘ He did, Sir,’ — ‘ Well, and what Instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very Words he used.’ — ‘ Why, Sir, Mr. *Blifil* sent me to find out the Persons who were Eye-Witnesses of this Fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. *Jones*, or some of his Friends. He said, Blood required Blood; and that not only all who concealed a Murderer, but those who omitted any Thing in their  
‘ Power

' Power to bring him to Justice, were Shar-  
 ' ers in his Guilt. He said, he found you was  
 ' very desirous of having the Villain brought  
 ' to Justice, though it was not proper you  
 ' should appear in it.' — ' He did so? says  
 ' *Allworthy*.' — ' Yes, Sir, cries *Dowling*,  
 ' I should not, I am sure, have proceeded  
 ' such Lengths for the Sake of any other  
 ' Person living but your Worship.' —  
 ' What Lengths, Sir, said *Allworthy*.' —  
 ' Nay, Sir, cries *Dowling*, I would not  
 ' have your Worship think I would, on a-  
 ' ny Account, be guilty of Subordination  
 ' of Perjury; but there are two Ways of  
 ' delivering Evidence. I told them there-  
 ' fore that if any Offers should be made them  
 ' on the other Side, they should refuse them,  
 ' and that they might be assured they should  
 ' lose nothing by being honest Men, and  
 ' telling the Truth. I said, we were told,  
 ' that Mr. *Jones* had assaulted the Gentle-  
 ' man first, and that if that was the Truth,  
 ' they should declare it; and I did give  
 ' them some Hints that they should be no  
 ' Losers.' — ' I think you went Lengths in-  
 ' deed, cries *Allworthy*.' — ' Nay, Sir, an-  
 ' swered *Dowling*, I am sure I did not de-  
 ' sire them to tell an Untruth, — nor  
 ' should I have said what I did, unless it  
 ' had been to oblige you.' — ' You would

‘ not have thought, I believe, says *Allworthy*.  
 ‘ *thy*, to have obliged me, had you known  
 ‘ that this Mr. *Jones* was my own Nephew.’  
 ‘ —I am sure, Sir, answered he, it did not  
 ‘ become me to take any Notice of what I  
 ‘ thought you desired to conceal.’ — ‘How,  
 ‘ cries *Allworthy*, and did you know it  
 ‘ then?’ — ‘Nay, Sir, answered *Dowling*,  
 ‘ if your Worship bids me speak the Truth,  
 ‘ I am sure I shall do it. — Indeed, Sir, I  
 ‘ did know it; for they were almost the  
 ‘ last Words which Madam *Blifil* ever  
 ‘ spoke, which she mentioned to me as I  
 ‘ stood alone by her Bedside, when she de-  
 ‘ livered me the Letter I brought your  
 ‘ Worship from her.’ — ‘What Letter,  
 ‘ cries *Allworthy*?’ — ‘The Letter, Sir,  
 ‘ answered *Dowling*, which I brought from  
 ‘ *Salisbury*, and which I delivered into the  
 ‘ Hands of Mr. *Blifil*.’ — ‘O Heavens!  
 ‘ cries *Allworthy*, well, and what were the  
 ‘ Words? What did my Sister say to you?’  
 ‘ —She took me by the Hand, answered  
 ‘ he, and as she delivered me the Letter,  
 ‘ said, I scarce know what I have written,  
 ‘ Tell my Brother, Mr. *Jones* is his Ne-  
 ‘ phew — He is my Son — Bless him, says  
 ‘ she, and then fell backward, as if dying  
 ‘ away. I presently called in the People,  
 ‘ and she never spoke more to me, and  
 : dy’d

‘dy’d within a few Minutes afterwards.’

—*Allworthby* stood a Minute silent, lifting up his Eyes, and then turning to *Dowling*, said,——‘How came you, Sir, not to deliver me this Message?’ ‘Your Worship,’ answered he, must remember that ‘you was at that Time ill in Bed; and being in a violent Hurry, as indeed I always am, I delivered the Letter and Message to Mr. *Blifil*, who told me he would carry them both to you, which he hath since told me he did, and that your Worship, partly out of Friendship to Mr. *Jones*, and partly out of Regard to your Sitter, would never have it mentioned; and did intend to conceal it from the World; and therefore, Sir, if you had not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should never have thought it belonged to me to say any Thing of the Matter, either to your Worship, or any other Person.’

We have remarked somewhere already, that it is possible for a Man to convey a Lie in the Words of Truth; this was the Case at present: For *Blifil* had in Fact told *Dowling* what he now related; but had not imposed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able so to do. In Reality, the Promises which *Blifil* had made to *Dowling*, were the Motives which had induced him

to Secrecy; and as he very plainly saw he should not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this Confession, which the Promises of Forgiveness, joined to the Threats, the Voice, the Looks of *Allworthy*, and the Discoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was besides taken unawares, and had no Time to consider of Evasions.

*Allworthy* appeared well satisfied with this Relation, and having enjoined strict Silence as to what had past on *Dowling*, conducted that Gentleman himself to the Door, lest he should see *Bliffl*, who was returned to his Chamber, where he exulted in the Thoughts of his last Deceit on his Uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below Stairs.

As *Allworthy* was returning to his Room, he met Mrs. *Miller* in the Entry, who with a Face all pale and full of Terror, said to him, ' O! Sir, I find this wicked Woman  
' hath been with you, and you know all;  
' yet do not on this Account abandon the  
' poor young Man. Consider, Sir, he was  
' ignorant it was his own Mother, and the  
' Discovery itself will most probably break  
' his Heart, without your Unkindness.'

' Ma-



‘ Madam, says *Allworthy*, I am under such  
 ‘ an Astonishment at what I have heard,  
 ‘ that I am really unable to satisfy you ;  
 ‘ but come with me into my Room. In-  
 ‘ deed, Mrs. *Miller*, I have made surpris-  
 ‘ ing Discoveries, and you shall soon know  
 ‘ them.’

The poor Woman followed him trem-  
 bling ; and now *Allworthy* going up to  
 Mrs. *Waters*, took her by the Hand, and  
 then turning to Mrs. *Miller* said, ‘ What  
 ‘ Reward shall I bestow upon this Gentle-  
 ‘ woman for the Services she hath done  
 ‘ me ?—O ! Mrs. *Miller*, you have a Thou-  
 ‘ sand Times heard me call the young Man  
 ‘ to whom you are so faithful a Friend,  
 ‘ my Son. Little did I then think he was  
 ‘ indeed related to me at all. — Your  
 ‘ Friend, Madam, is my Nephew, he is  
 ‘ the Brother of that wicked Viper  
 ‘ which I have so long nourished in my  
 ‘ Bosom. — She will herself tell you the  
 ‘ whole Story, and how the Youth came  
 ‘ to pass for her Son. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*,  
 ‘ I am convinced that he hath been wrong-  
 ‘ ed, and that I have been abused, abused  
 ‘ by one whom you too justly suspected of  
 ‘ being a Villain. He is, in Truth, the worst  
 ‘ of Villains.’

The Joy which *Mrs. Miller* now felt, bereft her of the Power of Speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her Senses, if not of Life, had not a friendly Shower of Tears come seasonably to her Relief. At length recovering so far from her Transport as to be able to speak, she cry'd, 'And is my dear Mr. *Jones* then your Nephew, Sir? and not the Son of this Lady? and are your Eyes open'd to him at last? and shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves?' 'He certainly is my Nephew, says *Allworthy*, and I hope all the rest.' — 'And is this the dear, good Woman, the Person, cries she, to whom all this Discovery is owing!' — 'She is indeed, says *Allworthy*.' — 'Why then, cry'd *Mrs. Miller*, upon her Knees, may Heaven shower down its choicest Blessings upon her Head, and for this one good Action, forgive her all her Sins be they never so many.'

*Mrs. Waters* then informed them, that she believed *Jones* would very shortly be released; for that the Surgeon was gone, in Company with a Nobleman, to the Justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was out of all Man-  
ner

ner of Danger, and to procure the Prisoner his Liberty.

*Allworthy* said, he should be glad to find his Nephew there at his Return home; but that he was then obliged to go on some Business of Consequence. He then called to a Servant to fetch him a Chair, and presently left the two Ladies together.

Mr. *Blifil* hearing the Chair ordered, came down Stairs to attend upon his Uncle, for he never was deficient in such Acts of Duty. He asked his Uncle if he was going out, which is a civil Way of asking a Man where he is going; to which the other making no Answer, he again desired to know when he would be pleased to return. —

*Allworthy* made no Answer to this neither, till he was just getting into his Chair, and then turning about he said — ‘ Harkee, ‘ Sir, do you find out, before my Return, ‘ the Letter which your Mother sent me on ‘ her Death-bed.’ *Allworthy* then departed, and left *Blifil* in a Situation to be envied only by a Man who is just going to be hanged.

## CHAP. IX.

*A further Continuation.*

**A**llworthy took an Opportunity whilst he was in the Chair of reading the Letter from *Jones* to *Sophia*, which *Western* delivered him; and there were some Expressions in it concerning himself, which drew Tears from his Eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. *Western's*, and was introduced to *Sophia*.

When the first Ceremonies were past, and the Gentleman and Lady had taken their Chairs, a Silence of some Minutes ensued; during which, the latter, who had been prepared for the Visit by her Father, sat playing with her Fan, and had every Mark of Confusion both in her Countenance and Behaviour. At length *Allworthy*, who was himself a little disconcerted, began thus;

‘ I am afraid, Miss *Western*, my Family  
 ‘ hath been the occasion of giving you  
 ‘ some Uneasiness; to which, I fear, I have  
 ‘ innocently become more instrumental than  
 ‘ I intended. Be assured, Madam, had I at  
 ‘ first known how disagreeable the Proposals  
 ‘ had

‘ had been, I should not have suffered you  
 ‘ to have been so long persecuted. I hope  
 ‘ therefore you will not think the Design of  
 ‘ this Visit is to trouble you with any further  
 ‘ Solicitations of that kind, but entirely to  
 ‘ relieve you from them.’

‘ Sir,’ said *Sophia*, with a little modest  
 Hesitation, ‘ this Behaviour is most kind  
 ‘ and generous, and such as I could ex-  
 ‘ pect only from Mr. *Allworthy*: But as  
 ‘ you have been so kind to mention this  
 ‘ Matter, you will pardon me for saying,  
 ‘ it hath indeed given me great Uneasiness,  
 ‘ and hath been the occasion of my suffering  
 ‘ much cruel Treatment from a Father,  
 ‘ who was, ’till that unhappy Affair, the  
 ‘ tenderest and fondest of all Parents. I am  
 ‘ convinced, Sir, you are too good and  
 ‘ generous to resent my Refusal of your  
 ‘ Nephew. Our own Inclinations are not  
 ‘ in our Power; and whatever may be his  
 ‘ Merit, I cannot force them in his Fa-  
 ‘ vour.’ ‘ I assure you, most amiable  
 ‘ young Lady,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I am ca-  
 ‘ pable of no such Resentment, had the  
 ‘ Person been my own Son, and had I en-  
 ‘ tertain’d the highest Esteem for him.  
 ‘ For you say truly, Madam, we cannot  
 ‘ force our own Inclinations, much less can  
 ‘ they be directed by another.’ ‘ Oh! Sir,’

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answered *Sophia*, ‘every Word you speak  
‘ proves you to deserve that good, that  
‘ great, that benevolent Character the whole  
‘ World allows you. I assure you, Sir,  
‘ nothing less than the certain Prospect of  
‘ future Misery could have made me resist  
‘ the Commands of my Father.’ ‘I sin-  
‘ cerely believe you, Madam,’ replied *All-  
worthy*, ‘and I heartily congratulate you on  
‘ your prudent Foresight, since by so justi-  
‘ fiable a Resistance you have avoided Mi-  
‘ sery indeed.’ ‘You speak now, Mr.  
‘ *Allworthy*,’ cries she, ‘with a Delicacy  
‘ which few Men are capable of feeling;  
‘ but surely in my Opinion, to lead our  
‘ Lives with one to whom we are indifferent,  
‘ must be a State of Wretchedness—Per-  
‘ haps that Wretchedness would be even in-  
‘ creased by a Sense of the Merits of an Object  
‘ to whom we cannot give our Affections. If  
‘ I had married Mr. *Bliss*——’ ‘Pardon my  
‘ interrupting you, Madam,’ answered *All-  
worthy*, ‘but I cannot bear the Supposi-  
‘ tion. —Believe me, Miss *Western*, I re-  
‘ joice from my Heart, I rejoice in your  
‘ Escape.—I have discovered the Wretch,  
‘ for whom you have suffered all this cruel  
‘ Violence from your Father, to be a Villain.’  
‘How, Sir!’ cries *Sophia*,—‘you must be-  
‘ lieve



' lieve this surprises me.' — ' It hath sur-  
 ' prised me, Madam,' answered *Allworthy*,  
 ' and so it will the World.— But I have  
 ' acquainted you with the real Truth.'  
 ' Nothing but Truth,' says *Sophia*, ' can,  
 ' I am convinced, come from the Lips of  
 ' Mr. *Allworthy*.—Yet, Sir, such sudden,  
 ' such unexpected News—Discovered, you  
 ' say—may Villany be ever so.' — ' You  
 ' will soon enough hear the Story,' cries  
*Allworthy*,—' at present let us not mention  
 ' so detested a Name—I have another Mat-  
 ' ter of a very serious Nature to propose.—  
 ' O ! Miss *Western*, I know your vast Worth,  
 ' nor can I so easily part with the Ambiti-  
 ' tion of being allied to it.—I have a near  
 ' Relation, Madam, a young Man whose  
 ' Character is, I am convinced, the very  
 ' opposite to that of this Wretch, and  
 ' whose Fortune I will make equal to what  
 ' his was to have been.—Could I, Madam,  
 ' hope you would admit a Visit from him ?'  
*Sophia*, after a Minute's Silence, answered,  
 ' I will deal with the utmost Sincerity with  
 ' Mr. *Allworthy*. His Character, and the  
 ' Obligation I have just received from him  
 ' demand it. I have determined at present  
 ' to listen to no such Proposals from any  
 ' Person. My only Desire is to be restor'd  
 ' to the Affection of my Father, and to  
 ' be

‘ be again the Mistress of his Family. This,  
 ‘ Sir, I hope to owe to your good Offi-  
 ‘ ces. Let me beseech you, let me con-  
 ‘ jure you by all the Goodness which I, and  
 ‘ all who know you, have experienced ;  
 ‘ do not the very Moment when you have  
 ‘ released me from one Persecution, do not  
 ‘ engage me in another, as miserable and  
 ‘ as fruitless.’ ‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*,’  
 replied *Allworthy*, ‘ I am capable of no  
 ‘ such Conduct ; and if this be your Re-  
 ‘ solution, he must submit to the Disap-  
 ‘ pointment, whatever Torments he may  
 ‘ suffer under it.’ ‘ I must smile now,  
 ‘ Mr. *Allworthy*,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ when  
 ‘ you mention the Torments of a Man  
 ‘ whom I do not know, and who can con-  
 ‘ sequently have so little Acquaintance with  
 ‘ me.’ ‘ Pardon me, dear young Lady,’  
 cries *Allworthy*, ‘ I begin now to be afraid  
 ‘ he hath had too much Acquaintance for  
 ‘ the Repose of his future Days ; since, if  
 ‘ ever Man was capable of a sincere, vio-  
 ‘ lent and noble Passion, such, I am con-  
 ‘ vinced, is my unhappy Nephew’s for Miss  
 ‘ *Western*.’ ‘ A Nephew of yours ! Mr.  
 ‘ *Allworthy*,’ answered *Sophia*. It is surely  
 ‘ strange, I never heard of him before.’  
 ‘ Indeed ! Madam,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ it is  
 ‘ only the Circumstance of his being my Ne-  
 phew

‘ phew to which you are a Stranger, and  
 ‘ which, ’till this Day, was a Secret to  
 ‘ me.’—Mr. *Jones*, who has long loved  
 ‘ you, he! he is my Nephew.’ —— ‘ Mr.  
 ‘ *Jones* your Nephew, Sir?’ cries *Sophia*,  
 ‘ Can it be possible?’ —— ‘ He is indeed,  
 ‘ Madam, answered *Allworthy*: He is my  
 ‘ own Sister’s Son —— as such I shall al-  
 ‘ ways own him; nor am I ashamed of  
 ‘ owning him. I am much more ashamed  
 ‘ of my past Behaviour to him; but I was  
 ‘ as ignorant of his Merit as of his Birth.  
 ‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*, I have used him  
 ‘ cruelly——Indeed I have.’——Here the  
 good Man wiped his Eyes, and after a short  
 Pause proceeded—— ‘ I never shall be able  
 ‘ to reward him for his Sufferings without  
 ‘ your Assistance.——Believe me, most a-  
 ‘ miable young Lady, I must have a great  
 ‘ Esteem of that Offering which I make  
 ‘ to your Worth. I know he hath been  
 ‘ guilty of Faults; but there is great Good-  
 ‘ ness of Heart at the Bottom. Believe  
 ‘ me, Madam, there is.’——Here he stop-  
 ped, seeming to expect an Answer, which  
 he presently received from *Sophia*, after  
 she had a little recovered herself from the  
 Hurry of Spirits into which so strange and  
 sudden Information had thrown her: ‘ I  
 ‘ sincerely wish you Joy, Sir, of a Dis-  
 ‘ covery in which you seem to have  
 ‘ such

‘ such Satisfaction. I doubt not but  
 ‘ you will have all the Comfort you  
 ‘ can promise yourself from it. The  
 ‘ young Gentleman hath certainly a thou-  
 ‘ sand good Qualities, which makes it  
 ‘ impossible he should not behave well to  
 ‘ such an Uncle.’——‘ I hope, Madam,’  
 said *Allworthy*, ‘ he hath those good Qua-  
 ‘ lities which must make him a good Hus-  
 ‘ band.——He must, I am sure, be of all  
 ‘ Men the most abandoned, if a Lady of  
 ‘ your Merit should condescend’——‘ You  
 ‘ must pardon me, Mr. *Allworthy*,’ an-  
 swered *Sophia*, ‘ I cannot listen to a Propo-  
 ‘ sal of this Kind. Mr. *Jones*, I am con-  
 ‘ vinced, hath much Merit; but I shall  
 ‘ never receive Mr. *Jones* as one who is to  
 ‘ be my Husband——Upon my Honour I  
 ‘ never will.——‘ Pardon me, Madam,’  
 cries *Allworthy*, ‘ if I am a little surprized  
 ‘ after what I have heard from Mr. *Wes-*  
 ‘ *tern*——I hope the unhappy young Man  
 ‘ hath done nothing to forfeit your good  
 ‘ Opinion, if he had ever the Honour to  
 ‘ enjoy it.——Perhaps he may have been mis-  
 ‘ represented to you, as he was to me. The  
 ‘ same Villainy may have injured him every  
 ‘ where.—He is no Murderer, I assure you  
 ‘ as he hath been called.’——Mr. *Allworthy*,  
 answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have told you my Re-  
 ‘ solution.

' solution. I wonder not at what my Fa-  
 ' ther hath told you ; but whatever his Ap-  
 ' prehensions or Fears have been, if I know  
 ' my Heart, I have given no Occasion for  
 ' them ; since it hath always been a fixed  
 ' Principle with me, never to have marry'd  
 ' without his Consent. This is, I think,  
 ' the Duty of a Child to a Parent ; and  
 ' this, I hope, nothing could ever have  
 ' prevailed with me to swerve from. I do  
 ' not indeed conceive, that the Authority  
 ' of any Parent can oblige us to marry, in  
 ' direct Opposition to our Inclinations. To  
 ' avoid a Force of this Kind, which I had  
 ' Reason to suspect, I left my Father's  
 ' House, and sought Protection elsewhere.  
 ' This is the Truth of my Story ; and if  
 ' the World, or my Father, carry my  
 ' Intentions any farther, my own Con-  
 ' science will acquit me.' ' I hear you,  
 ' Miss *Western*,' cries *Allworthy* with Ad-  
 ' miration. ' I admire the Justness of your  
 ' Sentiments ; but surely there is more in this.  
 ' I am cautious of offending you, young  
 ' Lady ; but am I to look on all which  
 ' I have hitherto heard or seen, as a Dream  
 ' only ? And have you suffered so much  
 ' Cruelty from your Father on the Ac-  
 ' count of a Man to whom you have been  
 ' always absolutely indifferent ?' ' I beg,  
 ' Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy*, answered *Sophia*, ‘ you  
 ‘ will not insist on my Reasons;—Yes,  
 ‘ I have suffered indeed: I will not, Mr.  
 ‘ *Allworthy*, conceal—I will be very sin-  
 ‘ cere with you—I own I had a great  
 ‘ Opinion of Mr. *Jones*—I believe—  
 ‘ I know I have suffered for my Opinion—  
 ‘ —I have been treated cruelly by my  
 ‘ Aunt, as well as by my Father; but  
 ‘ that is now past—I beg I may not be  
 ‘ farther press’d; for whatever hath been,  
 ‘ my Resolution is now fixed. Your Ne-  
 ‘ phew, Sir, hath many Virtues—he  
 ‘ hath great Virtues, Mr. *Allworthy*. I  
 ‘ question not but he will do you Honour  
 ‘ in the World, and make you happy.’—  
 ‘ I wish I could make him so, Madam,’  
 replied *Allworthy*; ‘ but that I am con-  
 ‘ vinced is only in your Power. It is that  
 ‘ Conviction which hath made me so earnest  
 ‘ a Solicitor in his Favour.’ ‘ You are de-  
 ‘ ceived; indeed, Sir, you are deceived,’  
 said *Sophia*—‘ I hope not by him—It  
 ‘ is sufficient to have deceived me. Mr.  
 ‘ *Allworthy*, I must insist on being prest  
 ‘ no farther on this Subject.—I should  
 ‘ be sorry—Nay, I will not injure him  
 ‘ in your Favour. I wish Mr. *Jones* very  
 ‘ well. I sincerely wish him well; and I  
 ‘ repeat again to you, whatever Demerit  
 ‘ he



‘ he may have to me, I am certain he hath  
 ‘ many good Qualities. I do not disown  
 ‘ my former Thoughts; but nothing can  
 ‘ ever recall them. At present there is not a  
 ‘ Man on Earth whom I would more re-  
 ‘ solutely reject than Mr. *Jones*; nor would  
 ‘ the Addressee of Mr. *Bliss* himself be less  
 ‘ agreeable to me.’

*Western* had been long impatient for the  
 Event of this Conference, and was just now  
 arrived at the Door to listen; when having  
 heard the last Sentiments of his Daughter’s  
 Heart, he lost all Temper, and bursting  
 open the Door in a Rage, cried out,—‘ It  
 ‘ is a Lie. It is a d—n’d Lie. It is all  
 ‘ owing to that d—n’d Rascal *Jones*; and  
 ‘ if she could get at un, she’d ha un any  
 ‘ Hour of the Day.’ Here *Allworthy* in-  
 terposed, and addressing himself to the  
 Squire with some Anger in his Look, he  
 said, ‘ Mr. *Western*, you have not kept your  
 ‘ Word with me. You promised to abstain  
 ‘ from all Violence.’——‘ Why so I did,’  
 cries *Western*, ‘ as long as it was possible;  
 ‘ but to hear a Wench telling such con-  
 ‘ founded Lies.——Zounds! Doth she  
 ‘ think if she can make Vools of other  
 ‘ Volk, she can make one of me?——No,  
 ‘ no, I know her better than thee dost.’  
 ‘ I am

‘ I am sorry to tell you, Sir,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ it doth not appear by your Behaviour to this young Lady, that you know her at all. I ask Pardon for what I say; but I think our Intimacy, your own Desires, and the Occasion justify me. She is your Daughter, Mr. *Western*, and I think she doth Honour to your Name. If I was capable of Envy, I should sooner envy you on this Account, than any other Man whatever.’—— ‘ O-rabbit-it,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I wish she was thine with all my Heart—wouldst soon be glad to be rid of the Trouble o’ her.’—— ‘ Indeed, my good Friend,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ you yourself are the Cause of all the Trouble you complain of. Place that Confidence in the young Lady which she so well deserves, and I am certain you will be the happiest Father on Earth.’—— ‘ I Confidence in her!’ cries the Squire.—— ‘ Sblood!’ what Confidence can I place in her, when she won’t do as I wou’d ha her? Let her gi but her Consent to marry as I would ha her, and I’ll place as much Confidence in her as wouldst ha me.’—— ‘ You have no Right, Neighbour,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ to insist on any such Consent. A negative Voice your Daughter allows you, and  
‘ God

‘ God and Nature have thought proper to  
 ‘ allow you no more.’ ‘ A negative  
 ‘ Voice?’ cries the Squire,——Ay! ay!  
 ‘ I’ll shew you what a negative Voice I  
 ‘ ha.——Go along, go into your Chamber,  
 ‘ go, you Stubborn’——‘ Indeed, Mr.  
 ‘ *Western*,’ said *Allworthy*,——‘ Indeed,  
 ‘ you use her cruelly——I cannot bear to  
 ‘ see this——You shall, you must behave  
 ‘ to her in a kinder Manner. She deserves  
 ‘ the best of Treatment.’ Yes, yes,’ said  
 the Squire, ‘ I know what she deserves:  
 ‘ Now she’s gone, I’ll shew you what she  
 ‘ deserves——See here, Sir, here is a Let-  
 ‘ ter from my Cousin, my Lady *Bellafton*,  
 ‘ in which she is so kind to gi me to under-  
 ‘ stand, that the Fellow is got out of  
 ‘ Prison again; and here she advises me to  
 ‘ take all the Care I can o’ the Wench.  
 ‘ Odzookers! Neighbour *Allworthy*, you  
 ‘ don’t know what it is to govern a Daugh-  
 ‘ ter.’

The Squire ended his Speech with some  
 Compliments to his own Sagacity; and  
 then *Allworthy*, after a formal Preface, ac-  
 quainted him with the whole Discovery  
 which he had made concerning *Jones*, with  
 his Anger to *Bliffl*, and with every Par-  
 ticular

ticular which hath been disclosed to the Reader in the preceding Chapters.

Men over-violent in their Dispositions, are, for the most Part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was *Western* informed of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Intention to make *Jones* his Heir, than he joined heartily with the Uncle in every Commendation of the Nephew, and became as eager for her Marriage with *Jones*, as he had before been to couple her to *Blifil*.

Here Mr. *Allworthy* was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and *Sophia*, at which he testified great Surprize.

The Squire was silent a Moment, and looked wild with Astonishment at this Account. — At last he cried out, ‘ Why  
‘ what can be the Meaning of this, Neigh-  
‘ bour *Allworthy*? Vond o un she was,  
‘ that I’ll be sworn to. — Odzookers!  
‘ I have hit o’t. As sure as a Gun I have  
‘ hit o the very right o’t. It’s all along  
‘ o Zister. The Girl hath got a Hanker-  
‘ ing after this Son of a Whore of a Lord.  
‘ I vound ’em together at my Cousin, my  
‘ Lady *Bellafton*’s. He hath turned the  
‘ Head

‘ Head o’ her that’s certain——but d——n  
 ‘ me if he shall ha her——I’ll ha no Lords  
 ‘ nor Courtiers in my Vamily.’

*Allworthy* now made a long Speech, in which he repeated his Resolution to avoid all violent Measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle Methods to Mr. *Western*, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his Daughter. He then took his Leave, and returned back to Mrs. *Miller*, but was forced to comply with the earnest Entreaties of the Squire, in promising to bring Mr. *Jones* to visit him that Afternoon, ‘ that he might,’ as he said, ‘ make all Matters up with the young Gentleman.’ At Mr. *Allworthy*’s Departure, *Western* promised to follow his Advice in his Behaviour to *Sophia*, saying, ‘ I don’t know ‘ how ’tis, but d——n me, *Allworthy*, if ‘ you don’t make me always do just as you ‘ please, and yet I have as good an Estate ‘ as you, and am in the Commission of the ‘ Peace as well as yourself.

## C H A P. X.

*Wherein the History begins to draw towards a Conclusion.*

**W**HEN *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he heard Mr. *Jones* was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty Chamber, whither he ordered Mr. *Jones*, to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving Scene, than the Meeting between the Uncle and Nephew, (for Mrs. *Waters*, as the Reader may well suppose, had at her last Visit discovered to him the Secret of his Birth). The first Agonies of Joy which were felt on both Sides, are indeed beyond my Power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After *Allworthy* had raised *Jones* from his Feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his Arms, ‘O my Child,’ he cried, ‘how have I been to blame! How have I injured you! What Amends can I ever make you for those unkind, those unjust Suspicions which I have entertained; and for all the Sufferings they have occasioned to you?’ ‘Am I not now made Amends?’ cries *Jones*, ‘Would not my Sufferings, if they had been ten Times greater, have been now richly repaid?’



‘ paid ? O my dear Uncle ! this Goodness,  
 ‘ this Tenderneſs overpowers, unmans, de-  
 ‘ ſtroys me. I cannot bear the Tranſports  
 ‘ which flow ſo faſt upon me. To be again  
 ‘ reſtored to your Preſence, to your Favour ;  
 ‘ to be once more thus kindly received by  
 ‘ my great, my noble, my generous Bene-  
 ‘ factor’ — ‘ Indeed, Child,’ cries *All-*  
 ‘ *worthy,*’ I have uſed you cruelly.’ —

He then explained to him all the Treachery  
 of *Blifſil*, and again repeated Expreſſions of  
 the utmoſt Concern, for having been induced  
 by that Treachery to uſe him ſo ill. ‘ O talk  
 ‘ not ſo,’ answered *Jones* ; ‘ Indeed, Sir,  
 ‘ you have uſed me nobly. The wiſeſt  
 ‘ Man might be deceived as you were, and,  
 ‘ under ſuch a Deception, the beſt muſt  
 ‘ have acted juſt as you did. Your  
 ‘ Goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the Miſt of  
 ‘ your Anger, juſt as it then ſeemed. I owe  
 ‘ every thing to that Goodneſs of which I  
 ‘ have been moſt unworthy. Do not put  
 ‘ me on Self-accuſation, by carrying your  
 ‘ generous Sentiments too far. Alas, Sir,  
 ‘ I have not been puniſhed more than I  
 ‘ have deſerved ; and it ſhall be the whole  
 ‘ Buſineſs of my future Life to deſerve that  
 ‘ Happineſs you now beſtow on me ; for  
 ‘ believe me, my dear Uncle, my Puniſh-  
 ‘ ment hath not been thrown away upon

‘ me : Though I have been a great, I am  
 ‘ not a hardened Sinner ; I thank Heaven I  
 ‘ have had Time to reflect on my past  
 ‘ Life, where, though I cannot charge my-  
 ‘ self with any gross Villainy, yet I can dis-  
 ‘ cern Follies and Vices too sufficient to re-  
 ‘ pent and to be ashamed of ; Follies which  
 ‘ have been attended with dreadful Confe-  
 ‘ quences to myself, and have brought me  
 ‘ to the Brink of Destruction.’ ‘ I am re-  
 ‘ joiced, my dear Child,’ answered *Allworth*,  
 ‘ to hear you talk thus sensibly ; for as  
 ‘ I am convinced Hypocrisy (good Heaven  
 ‘ how have I been imposed on by it in  
 ‘ others !) was never among your Faults,  
 ‘ so I can readily believe all you say. You  
 ‘ now see, *Tom*, to what Dangers Impru-  
 ‘ dence alone may subject Virtue (for Virtue,  
 ‘ I am now convinced, you love in a great  
 ‘ Degree). Prudence is indeed the Duty  
 ‘ which we owe to ourselves ; and if we will  
 ‘ be so much our own Enemies as to neglect  
 ‘ it, we are not to wonder if the World is  
 ‘ deficient in discharging their Duty to us ;  
 ‘ for when a Man lays the Foundation of his  
 ‘ own Ruin, others will, I am afraid, be  
 ‘ too apt to build upon it. You say, how-  
 ‘ ever, you have seen your Errors ; and  
 ‘ will reform them. I firmly believe you,  
 ‘ my dear Child ; and therefore, from this  
 Mo-

‘ Moment, you shall never more be remind-  
 ‘ ed of them by me. Remember them only  
 ‘ yourself so far, as for the future to teach  
 ‘ you the better to avoid them ; but still re-  
 ‘ member, for your Comfort, that there is  
 ‘ this great Difference between those Faults  
 ‘ which Candour may construe into Impru-  
 ‘ dence, and those which can be deduced  
 ‘ from Villainy only. The former, perhaps,  
 ‘ are even more liable to subject a Man to  
 ‘ Ruin ; but if he reform, his Character  
 ‘ will, at length, be totally retrieved ; the  
 ‘ World, though not immediately, will, in  
 ‘ Time, be reconciled to him ; and he may  
 ‘ reflect, not without some Mixture of Plea-  
 ‘ sure, on the Dangers he hath escaped : But  
 ‘ Villainy, my Boy, when once discovered,  
 ‘ is irretrievable ; the Stains which this  
 ‘ leaves behind, no Time will wash away.  
 ‘ The Censures of Mankind will pursue the  
 ‘ Wretch, their Scorn will abash him in  
 ‘ Public, and if Shame drives him into Re-  
 ‘ tirement, he will go to it with all those Ter-  
 ‘ rors with which a weary Child, who is  
 ‘ afraid of Hobgoblins, retreats from Com-  
 ‘ pany to go to Bed alone. Here his mur-  
 ‘ dered Conscience will haunt him. Repose,  
 ‘ like a false Friend, will fly from him.  
 ‘ Where-ever he turns his Eyes, Horror  
 ‘ presents itself ; if he looks backward, un-

‘ available Repentance treads on his Heels ;  
‘ if forward, incurable Despair stares him in  
‘ the Face ; till, like a condemned Prisoner,  
‘ confined in a Dungeon, he detests his pre-  
‘ sent Condition, and yet dreads the Conse-  
‘ quence of that Hour which is to relieve  
‘ him from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my  
‘ Child, that this is not your Case ; and re-  
‘ joice, with Thankfulness to him who hath  
‘ suffered you to see your Errors, before  
‘ they have brought on you that Destruction  
‘ to which a Persistence in even those Er-  
‘ rors must have led you. You have de-  
‘ serted them, and the Prospect now before  
‘ you is such, that Happiness seems in your  
‘ own Power.’—— At these Words *Jones*  
fetched a deep Sigh ; upon which, when  
*Allworthy* remonstrated, he said, ‘ Sir, I will  
‘ conceal nothing from you : I fear there is  
‘ one Consequence of my Vices I shall never  
‘ be able to retrieve. O my dear Uncle, I  
‘ have lost a Treasure.’—— ‘ You need say  
‘ no more,’ answered *Allworthy* ; I will be  
‘ explicit with you ; I know what you la-  
‘ ment ; I have seen the young Lady, and  
‘ have discoursed with her concerning you.  
‘ This I must insist on, as an Earnest of  
‘ your Sincerity in all you have said, and of  
‘ the Stedfastness of your Resolution, that  
‘ you obey me in one Instance. To abide  
‘ in-

' intirely by the Determination of the young  
 ' Lady, whether it shall be in your Favour,  
 ' or no. She hath already suffered enough  
 ' from Sollicitations which I hate to think  
 ' of; she shall owe no further Constraint  
 ' to my Family: I know her Father will  
 ' be as ready to torment her now on your  
 ' Account, as he hath formerly been on an-  
 ' other; but I am determined she shall suffer  
 ' no more Confinement, no more Violence,  
 ' no more uneasy Hours.'—— ' O my dear  
 ' Uncle, answered *Jones*, lay, I beseech you,  
 ' some Command on me, in which I shall  
 ' have some Merit in Obedience. Believe  
 ' me, Sir, the only Instance in which I could  
 ' disobey you, would be to give an uneasy  
 ' Moment to my *Sophia*. No, Sir, if I am  
 ' so miserable to have incurred her Displea-  
 ' sure beyond all Hope of Forgiveness,  
 ' that alone, with the dreadful Reflection of  
 ' causing her Misery, will be sufficient to  
 ' overpower me. To call *Sophia* mine is  
 ' the greatest, and now the only additional  
 ' Blessing which Heaven can bestow; but it  
 ' is a Blessing which I must owe to her  
 ' alone.' ' I will not flatter you, Child,'  
 cries *Allworthy*; ' I fear your Case is despe-  
 ' rate: I never saw stronger Marks of an  
 ' unalterable Resolution in any Person, than  
 ' appeared in her vehement Declarations  
 N 3 ' against

against receiving your Addresſes ; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myſelf.’——‘ Oh, Sir ! I can account too well,’ answered *Jones* ; ‘ I have ſinned againſt her beyond all Hope of Pardon ; and, guilty as I am, my Guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten Times blacker than the real Colours. O my dear Uncle, I find my Follies are irretrievable ; and all your Goodneſs cannot ſave me from Perdition.’

A Servant now acquainted them, that Mr. *Western* was below Stairs ; for his Eagerneſs to ſee *Jones* could not wait till the Afternoon. Upon which *Jones*, whoſe Eyes were full of Tears, begged his Uncle to entertain *Western* a few Minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: To which the good Man conſented, and having ordered Mr. *Western* to be ſhewn into a Parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. *Miller* no ſooner heard, that *Jones* was alone (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his Release from Priſon,) than ſhe came eagerly into the Room, and, advancing towards *Jones*, wiſhed him heartily Joy of his new-found Uncle, and his happy Reconciliation ; adding, I wiſh I could give you Joy on another Account, my dear Child ; but  
‘ any



any thing so inexorable I never saw. *Jones*, with some Appearance of Surprize, asked her, what she meant. ‘Why then,’ says she, ‘I have been with your young Lady, and have explained all Matters to her, as they were told me by my Son *Nightingale*. She can have no longer any Doubt about the Letter, that I am certain; for I told her my Son *Nightingale* was ready to take his Oath, if she pleased, that it was all his own Invention, and the Letter of his inditing. I told her the very Reason of sending the Letter ought to recommend you to her the more, as it was all upon her Account, and a plain Proof, that you was resolved to quit all your Profligacy for the future; that you had never been guilty of a single Instance of Infidelity to her since your seeing her in Town. I am afraid I went too far there; but Heaven forgive me: I hope your future Behaviour will be my Justification. I am sure I have said all I can; but all to no Purpose. She remains inflexible. She says, she had forgiven many Faults on account of Youth; but expressed such Detestation of the Character of a Libertine, that she absolutely silenced me. I often attempted to excuse you; but the Justness of her Accusation flew in my Face. Upon my Honour she

‘ is a lovely Woman, and one of the sweetest  
‘ and most sensible Creatures I ever saw. I  
‘ could have almost kissed her for one Ex-  
‘ pression she made use of. It was a Senti-  
‘ ment worthy of *Seneca*, or of a Bishop.’ “I  
“ once fancied, Madam,” said she, “I had  
“ discovered great Goodness of Heart in Mr.  
“ *Jones*; and for that I own I had a sincere  
“ Esteem; but an entire Profligacy of Man-  
“ ners will corrupt the best Heart in the  
“ World; and all which a good-natured  
“ Libertine can expect is, that we should  
“ mix some Grains of Pity with our Con-  
“ tempt and Abhorrence.” ‘She is an ange-  
‘ lic Creature, that is the Truth on’t.’ —  
‘ O Mrs. *Miller*, answered *Jones*, can I bear  
‘ to think I have lost such an Angel.’ —  
‘ Lost! No,’ cries Mrs. *Miller*; ‘I hope  
‘ you have not lost her yet. Resolve to  
‘ leave such vicious Courses, and you may  
‘ yet have Hopes: Nay, if she should re-  
‘ main inexorable, there is another young  
‘ Lady, a sweet pretty young Lady, and a  
‘ swinging Fortune, who is absolutely dying  
‘ for Love of you. I heard of it this very  
‘ Morning, and I told it to Miss *Western*;   
‘ nay, I went a little beyond the Truth  
‘ again; for I told her you had refused her;  
‘ but indeed I knew you would refuse her.  
‘ —And here I must give you a little  
Com-

‘ Comfort : When I mentioned the young  
 ‘ Lady’s Name, who is no other than the  
 ‘ pretty Widow *Hunt*, I thought she turned  
 ‘ pale ; but when I said you had refused  
 ‘ her, I will be sworn her Face was all over  
 ‘ Scarlet in an Instant ; and these were her  
 ‘ very Words,’ “ I will not deny but  
 “ that I believe he has some Affection for  
 “ me.”

Here the Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of *Western*, who could no longer be kept out of the Room even by the Authority of *Allworthy* himself ; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful Power over him.

*Western* immediately went up to *Jones*, crying out, ‘ My old Friend *Tom*, I am glad  
 ‘ to see thee with all my Heart. All past  
 ‘ must be forgotten. I could not intend  
 ‘ any Affront to thee, because, as *Allworthy*  
 ‘ here knows, nay, dost know it thyself, I  
 ‘ took thee for another Person ; and where a  
 ‘ Body means no Harm, what signifies a  
 ‘ hasty Word or two ; one Christian must  
 ‘ forget and forgive another.’ ‘ I hope,  
 ‘ Sir, said *Jones*, I shall never forget the  
 ‘ many Obligations I have had to you ; but  
 ‘ as for any Offence towards me, I declare I

‘ am an utter Stranger.’——‘ A’t,’ says  
 ‘ *Western*,’ then give me thy Fist, a’t as  
 ‘ hearty an honest Cock as any in the King-  
 ‘ dom. Come along with me; I’ll carry  
 ‘ thee to thy Mistress this Moment.’ Here  
*Allworthy* interposed; and the Squire being  
 unable to prevail either with the Uncle or  
 Nephew, was, after some Litigation, obliged  
 to consent to delay introducing *Jones* to *So-*  
*phia* till the Afternoon; at which Time *All-*  
*worthy*, as well in Compassion to *Jones*, as  
 in Compliance with the eager Desires of  
*Western*, was prevailed upon to promise to  
 attend at the Tea-table.

The Conversation which now ensued was  
 pleasant enough; and with which, had it  
 happened earlier in our History, we would  
 have entertained our Reader; but as we  
 have now Leisure only to attend to what is  
 very material, it shall suffice to say, that  
 Matters being intirely adjusted as to the  
 Afternoon-visit, Mr. *Western* again returned  
 home,

## C H A P. XI.

*The History draws nearer to a Conclusion.*

WHEN Mr. *Western* was departed, *Jones* began to inform Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller*, that his Liberty had been procured by two noble Lords, who, together with two Surgeons, and a Friend of Mr. *Nightingale's*, had attended the Magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the Surgeons Oaths that the wounded Person was out of all Manner of Danger from this Wound, he was discharged.

One only of these Lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprized him, by asking his Pardon for an Offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his Ignorance who he was.

Now the Reality of the Case with which *Jones* was not acquainted till afterwards, was this. The Lieutenant whom Lord *Fellamar* had employed, according to the Advice of Lady *Bellaſton*, to preſs *Jones*,

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as a Vagabond, into the Sea Service, when he came to report the Event which we have before seen to his Lordship, spoke very favourably of the Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on all Accounts, and strongly assured that Lord, that he must have mistaken the Person, for that *Jones* was certainly a Gentleman, insomuch that his Lordship, who was strictly a Man of Honour, and would by no Means have been guilty of an Action which the World in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the Advice which he had taken.

Within a Day or two after this, Lord *Fellamar* happened to dine with the *Irish* Peer, who, in a Conversation upon the Duel, acquainted his Company with the Character of *Fitzpatrick*; to which indeed he did not do strict Justice, especially in what related to his Lady. He said, she was the most innocent, and most injured Woman alive, and that from Compassion alone he had undertaken her Cause. He then declared an Intention of going the next Morning to *Fitzpatrick's* Lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if possibly, to consent to a Separation from his Wife, who, the Peer said, was in Apprehensions for her Life, if she



she should ever return to be under the Power of her Husband. Lord *Fellamar* agreed to go with him, that he might satisfy himself more concerning *Jones*, and the Circumstances of the Duel; for he was by no Means easy concerning the Part he had acted. The Moment his Lordship gave a Hint of his Readiness to assist in the Delivery of the Lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other Nobleman, who depended much on the Authority of Lord *Fellamar*, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe *Fitzpatrick* into a Compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor *Friskman* no sooner saw these noble Peers had undertaken the Cause of his Wife, than he submitted, and Articles of Separation were soon drawn up and signed between the Parties.

*Fitzpatrick* had been so well satisfied by Mrs. *Waters* concerning the Innocence of his Wife with *Jones* at *Upton*, or perhaps from some other Reasons, was now become so indifferent to that Matter, that he spoke highly in Favour of *Jones*, to Lord *Fellamar*, took all the Blame upon himself, and said the other had behaved very much like a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; and upon that Lord's further Enquiry concern-

ing

ing Mr. *Jones*, *Fitzpatrick* told him he was Nephew to a Gentleman of very great Fashion and Fortune, which was the Account he had just received from Mrs. *Waters*, after her Interview with *Dowling*.

Lord *Fellamar* now thought it behoved him to do every Thing in his Power to make Satisfaction to a Gentleman whom he had so grossly injured, and without any Consideration of Rivalship, (for he had now given over all Thoughts of *Sophia*) determined to procure Mr. *Jones*'s Liberty, being satisfied as well from *Fitzpatrick* as his Surgeon, that the Wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the *Irish* Peer to accompany him to the Place where *Jones* was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he immediately carried *Jones* into his Room, and then acquainted him with the whole Matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. *Waters*, as what he had discovered from Mr. *Dowling*.

*Jones* expressed great Astonishment, and no less Concern at this Account; but without making any Comment or Observation  
upon

upon it. And now a Message was brought from Mr. *Blifil*. desiring to know if his Uncle was at Leisure, and he might wait upon him. *Allworthy* started and turned pale, and then in a more passionate Tone than, I believe, he had ever used before, bid the Servant tell *Blifil*, he knew him not. ‘Consider, dear Sir,—cries *Jones* in a trembling Voice.’——‘I have considered,’ answered *Allworthy*, and you yourself ‘shall carry my Message to the Villain. — No one can carry him the Sentence of his own Ruin so properly as the Man whose Ruin he hath so villainously contrived.’——‘Pardon me, dear Sir, said *Jones* ; a Moment’s Reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What might be perhaps but Justice from another Tongue, would from mine be Insult ; and to whom ? — My own Brother, and your Nephew. — Nor did he use me so barbarously.—Indeed that would have been more inexcusable than any Thing he hath done. Fortune may tempt Men of no very bad Dispositions to Injustice ; but Insults proceed only from black and rancorous Minds, and have no Temptations to excuse them. — Let me beseech you, Sir, to do nothing by him in the present Height of your An-  
ger.

‘ger. Consider, my dear Uncle, I was  
‘not myself condemned unheard.’ *All-*  
*worthy* stood silent a Moment, and then  
embracing *Jones*, he said, with Tears gush-  
ing from his Eyes, ‘O my Child! to  
‘what Goodness have I been so long  
‘blind!’

*Mrs. Miller* entring the Room at that Mo-  
ment, after a gentle Rap, which was not  
perceived, and seeing *Jones* in the Arms of  
his Uncle, the poor Woman, in an Agony  
of Joy, fell upon her Knees, and burst  
forth into the most extatic Thanksgivings to  
Heaven, for what had happened.—Then  
running to *Jones*, she embraced him eager-  
ly, crying, ‘My dearest Friend, I wish  
‘you Joy a Thousand and a Thousand  
‘Times of this blest Day;’ and next Mr.  
*Allworthy* himself received the same Con-  
gratulations. To which he answered, ‘In-  
‘deed, indeed, *Mrs. Miller*, I am beyond  
‘Expression happy.’ Some few more Rap-  
tures having passed on all Sides, *Mrs.*  
*Miller* desired them both to walk down  
to Dinner in the Parlour, where she said  
there were a very happy Set of People as-  
sembled; being indeed no other than Mr.  
*Nightingale* and his Bride, and his Cousin  
*Harris* with her Bridegroom.

*Allworthy*

*Allworthy* excused himself from dining with the Company, saying he had ordered some little Thing for him and his Nephew in his own Apartment; for that they had much private Business to discourse of, but would not resist promising the good Woman, that both he and *Jones* would make Part of her Society at Supper.

Mrs. *Miller* then asked what was to be done with *Blifil*; ‘for indeed, says she, I cannot be easy while such a Villain is in my House.’—*Allworthy* answered, ‘He was as uneasy as herself on the same Account.’ ‘O, cries she, if that be the Case, leave the Matter to me; I’ll soon shew him the Outside of my Doors, I warrant you. Here are two or three lusty Fellows below Stairs.’ ‘There will be no need of any Violence, cries *Allworthy*, if you will carry him a Message from me, he will, I am convinced, depart of his own Accord.’ ‘Will I? said Mrs. *Miller*, I never did any Thing in my Life with a better Will.’ Here *Jones* interfered, and said, ‘He had considered the Matter better, and would, if Mr. *Allworthy* pleased, be himself the Messenger.’

‘ger.’ ‘I know, says he, already enough  
 ‘of your Pleasure, Sir, and I beg Leave  
 ‘to acquaint him with it by my own Words.  
 ‘Let me beseech you, Sir, added he, to  
 ‘reflect on the dreadful Consequences of  
 ‘driving him to violent and sudden De-  
 ‘spair. How unfit, alas! is this poor Man  
 ‘to die in his present Situation.’ This  
 Suggestion had not the least Effect on  
 Mrs. *Miller*. She left the Room crying,  
 ‘You are too good, Mr. *Jones*, infinitely  
 ‘too good to live in this World.’ But it  
 made a deeper Impression on *Allworthy*.  
 ‘My good Child, said he, I am equally  
 ‘astonished at the Goodness of your Heart,  
 ‘and the Quickness of your Understand-  
 ‘ing. Heaven indeed forbid that this  
 ‘Wretch should be deprived of any Means  
 ‘or Time for Repentance. That would  
 ‘be a shocking Consideration indeed. Go  
 ‘to him therefore, and use your own Dis-  
 ‘cretion; yet do not flatter him with any  
 ‘Hopes of my Forgiveness; for I shall never  
 ‘forgive Villainy farther than my Religion  
 ‘obliges me, and that extends not either to  
 ‘our Bounty or our Conversation.’

*Jones* went up to *Bliss*’s Room, whom  
 he found in a Situation which moved his  
 Pity,



Pity, though it would have raised a less amiable Passion in many Beholders. He had cast himself on his Bed, where he lay abandoning himself to Despair, and drowned in Tears; not in such Tears as flow from Contrition, and wash away Guilt from Minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the Bent of their natural Dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human Frailty, even to the Good: No, these Tears were such as the frightened Thief sheds in his Cart, and are indeed the Effects of that Concern which the most savage Natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this Scene in full Length. Let it suffice to say, that the Behaviour of *Jones* was kind to Excess. He omitted nothing which his Invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping Spirits of *Blissl*, before he communicated to him the Resolution of his Uncle, that he must quit the House that Evening. He offered to furnish him with any Money he wanted, assured him of his hearty Forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a Brother,  
and

and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a Reconciliation with his Uncle.

*Blifl* was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his Mind whether he should yet deny all: But finding at last the Evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to Confession. He then asked Pardon of his Brother in the most vehement Manner, prostrated himself on the Ground, and kissed his Feet: In short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

*Jones* could not so far check his Disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his Countenance at this extreme Servility. He raised his Brother the Moment he could from the Ground, and advised him to bear his Afflictions more like a Man; repeating, at the same Time, his Promises, that he would do all in his Power to lessen them: For which *Blifl* making many Professions of his Unworthiness, poured forth a Profusion of Thanks: And then he having declared he would immediately depart to another Lodging, *Jones* returned to his Uncle.

Among

Among other Matters, *Allworthy* now acquainted *Jones* with the Discovery which he made concerning the 500*l.* Bank-Notes. ‘ I have,’ said he, ‘ already consulted a Lawyer, who tells me, to my great Astonishment, that there is no Punishment for a Fraud of this Kind. Indeed, when I consider the black Ingratitude of this Fellow toward you, I think a Highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent Person.’

‘ Good Heaven !’ says *Jones*, ‘ is it possible?—I am shocked beyond Measure at this News. I thought there was not an honefter Fellow in the World.—The Temptation of such a Sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller Matters have come safe to me through his Hand. Indeed, my dear Uncle, you must suffer me to call it Weakness rather than Ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor Fellow loves me, and hath done me some Kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of this very Act: For it is not above a Day or two ago, when my Affairs seemed in the most desperate Situation, that he visited me in my Confinement, and offered  
‘ me

‘ me any Money I wanted. Consider, Sir,  
 ‘ what a Temptation to a Man who had  
 ‘ tasted such bitter Distress, it must be to  
 ‘ have a Sum in his Possession, which must  
 ‘ put him and his Family beyond any fu-  
 ‘ ture Possibility of suffering the like.

‘ Child,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ you carry  
 ‘ this forgiving Temper too far. Such mis-  
 ‘ taken Mercy is not only Weakness, but  
 ‘ borders on Injustice, and is very pern-  
 ‘ cious to Society, as it encourages Vice.  
 ‘ The Dishonesty of this Fellow I might  
 ‘ perhaps have pardoned, but never his In-  
 ‘ gratitude. And give me Leave to say,  
 ‘ when we suffer any Temptation to atone  
 ‘ for Dishonesty itself, we are as candid and  
 ‘ merciful as we ought to be; and so far I  
 ‘ confess I have gone: for I have often pi-  
 ‘ tied the Fate of a Highwayman, when  
 ‘ I have been on the Grand Jury; and  
 ‘ have more than once applied to the Judge  
 ‘ on the Behalf of such as have had any mi-  
 ‘ tigating Circumstances in their Case; but  
 ‘ when Dishonesty is attended with any  
 ‘ blacker Crime, such as Cruelty, Mur-  
 ‘ der, Ingratitude, or the like, Compassion  
 ‘ and Forgiveness then become Faults. I  
 ‘ am convinced the Fellow is a Villain, and  
 ‘ he

' he shall be punished ; at least as far as I  
' can punish him.

This was spoke with so stern a Voice, that *Jones* did not think proper to make any Reply : Besides, the Hour appointed by Mr. *Western* now drew so near, that he had barely Time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present Dialogue, and *Jones* retired to another Room, where *Partridge* attended, according to Order, with his Cloaths.

*Partridge* had scarce seen his Master since the happy Discovery. The poor Fellow was unable either to contain or express his Transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many Mistakes while he was dressing *Jones*, as I have seen made by Harlequin in dressing himself on the Stage.

His Memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many Omens and Presages of this happy Event, some of which he had remarked at the Time, but many more he now remembered ; nor did he omit the Dreams he had dreamt the Evening before his meeting with *Jones* ;  
and

and concluded with saying, ' I always told  
 ' your Honour something boded in my  
 ' Mind, that you would one Time or other  
 ' have it in your Power to make my For-  
 ' tune.' *Jones* assured him, that this Boding  
 should as certainly be verified with regard to  
 him, as all the other Omens had been to  
 himself; which did not a little add to all the  
 Raptures which the poor Fellow had already  
 conceived on account of his Master.

## C H A P. XII.

*Approaching still nearer to the End.*

**J**ones being now completely dressed, at-  
 tended his Uncle to Mr. *Western's*. He  
 was indeed one of the finest Figures ever  
 beheld, and his Person alone would have  
 charmed the greater Part of Womankind;  
 but we hope it hath already appeared in this  
 History, that Nature, when she formed him,  
 did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth,  
 on this Merit only, to recommend her  
 Work.

*Sophia*, who, angry as she was, was like-  
 wise set forth to the best Advantage, for  
 which



for which I leave my female Readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even *Allworthy*, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering *Western*, that he believed she was the finest Creature in the World. To which *Western* answered, in a Whisper overheard by all present, ‘So much the better for *Tom*; — for d—n me if he shan’t ha the tousing her.’ *Sophia* was all over *Scarlet* at these Words, while *Tom*’s Countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his Chair.

The Tea-table was scarce removed, before *Western* lugged *Allworthy* out of the Room, telling him, ‘He had Business of Consequence to impart, and must speak to him that Instant in private before he forgot it.’

The Lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many Readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when Danger and Difficulty attended their Conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each others Arms when so many Bars lay in their Way, now that with Safety they were at Liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both

remain for some Time silent and motionless; insomuch, that a Stranger of moderate Sagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent: But so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their Eyes cast downwards on the Ground, and for some Minutes continued in perfect Silence.

Mr. Jones, during this Interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out some broken Words; when *Sophia* at length, partly out of Pity to him, and partly to turn the Discourse from the Subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said;—

‘ Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate Man in the World in this Discovery.’ ‘ And can you really, Madam, think me so fortunate,’ said Jones, sighing, ‘ while I have incurred your Displeasure?—’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ says she, ‘ as to that, you best know whether you have deserved it.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ you yourself are as well apprized of all my Demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with the whole Truth. O! my *Sophia*, am I never to hope for  
‘ Forgive-

‘Forgiveness?’ — ‘I think, Mr. Jones,’ said she, ‘I may almost depend on your own Justice, and leave it to yourself to pass Sentence on your own Conduct.’ — ‘Alas! Madam,’ answered he, ‘it is Mercy, and not Justice, which I implore at your Hands. Justice I know must condemn me—Yet not for the Letter I sent to Lady *Bellaстан*. Of that I most solemnly declare, you have had a true Account.’ He then insisted much on the Security given him by *Nightingale* of a fair Pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their Expectations, her Ladyship should have accepted his Offer; but confess, that he had been guilty of a great Indiscretion to put such a Letter as that into her Power; ‘which,’ said he, ‘I have dearly paid for, in the Effect it has upon you.’ ‘I do not, I cannot,’ says she, ‘believe otherwise of that Letter than you would have me. My Conduct, I think, shews you clearly I do not believe there is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After what past at *Upton*, so soon to engage in a new Amour with another Woman, while I fancied, and you pretended, your Heart was bleeding for me!—Indeed you have acted strangely. Can I believe the Passion you have profest to me

‘ to be sincere? Or if I can, what Happiness can I assure myself of with a Man capable of so much Inconstancy?’ ‘ O! my *Sophia*,’ cries he, ‘ do not doubt the Sincerity of the purest Passion that ever inflamed a human Breast. Think, most adorable Creature, of my unhappy Situation, of my Despair. ——— Could I, my *Sophia*, have flatter’d myself with the most distant Hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your Feet, in the Manner I do now, it would not have been in the Power of any other Woman to have inspired a Thought which the severest Chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O *Sophia*! if you can have Goodness enough to pardon what is past, do not let any cruel future Apprehensions shut your Mercy against me. ——— No Repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my Heaven in this dear Bosom.’ ‘ Sincere Repentance, Mr. *Jones*,’ answered she, ‘ will obtain the Pardon of a Sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect Judge of that Sincerity. A human Mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible Method to prevent it. You must expect  
‘ however

‘ however, that if I can be prevailed on by  
 ‘ your Repentance to pardon you, I will at  
 ‘ least insist on the strongest Proof of its  
 ‘ Sincerity.’— ‘ O! name any Proof in my  
 ‘ Power,’ answered *Jones* eagerly. ‘ Time,’  
 replied she; ‘ Time, Mr. *Jones*, can alone  
 ‘ convince me that you are a true Penitent,  
 ‘ and have resolved to abandon these vicious  
 ‘ Courses, which I should detest you, if I  
 ‘ imagined you capable of persevering in.’  
 ‘ Do not imagine it,’ cries *Jones*. ‘ On  
 ‘ my Knees I intreat, I implore your Con-  
 ‘ fidence, a Confidence which it shall be  
 ‘ the Business of my Life to deserve.’ ‘ Let  
 ‘ it then,’ said she, ‘ be the Business of  
 ‘ some Part of your Life to shew me you  
 ‘ deserve it. I think I have been explicit  
 ‘ enough in assuring you, that when I see  
 ‘ you merit my Confidence, you will ob-  
 ‘ tain it. After what is past, Sir, can you  
 ‘ expect I should take you upon your  
 ‘ Word?’

He replied, ‘ Don’t believe me upon my  
 ‘ Word; I have a better Security, a Pledge  
 ‘ for my Constancy, which it is impossible  
 ‘ to see and to doubt.’ ‘ What is that?’  
 said *Sophia*, a little surprised. ‘ I will show  
 ‘ you, my charming Angel,’ cried *Jones*,  
 O 3 seizing



seizing her Hand, and carrying her to the  
 Glass. 'There, behold it there, in that  
 ' lovely Figure, in that Face, that Shape,  
 ' those Eyes, that Mind which shines through  
 ' those Eyes: Can the Man who shall be  
 ' in Possession of these be inconstant? Im-  
 ' possible! my *Sophia*. They would fix a  
 ' *Dorimant*, a Lord *Rocheſter*. You could  
 ' not doubt it, if you could see yourself  
 ' with any Eyes but your own.' *Sophia*  
 blushed, and half smiled; but forcing a-  
 gain her Brow into a Frown, 'If I am to  
 ' judge,' said she, 'of the future by the  
 ' past, my Image will no more remain in  
 ' your Heart, when I am out of your  
 ' Sight, than it will in this Glass when I  
 ' am out of the Room.' 'By Heaven,  
 ' by all that is sacred,' said *Jones*, 'it ne-  
 ' ver was out of my Heart. The Deli-  
 ' cacy of your Sex cannot conceive the  
 ' Grossness of ours, nor how little one Sort  
 ' of Amour has to do with the Heart.'  
 'I will never marry a Man,' replied *So-  
 phia*, very gravely, 'who shall not learn  
 ' Refinement enough to be as incapable as  
 ' I am myself of making such a Distinction.'  
 'I will learn it,' said *Jones*. 'I have  
 ' learnt it already. The first Moment  
 ' of Hope that my *Sophia* might be my  
 ' Wife taught it me at once; and all the  
 ' rest



'rest of her Sex from that Moment be-  
 'came as little the Objects of Desire to  
 'my Sense, as of Passion to my Heart.'  
 'Well,' said *Sophia*, 'the Proof of this  
 'must be from Time. Your Situation,  
 'Mr. *Jones*, is now altered, and I assure  
 'you I have great Satisfaction in the Al-  
 'teration. You will now want no Opportu-  
 'nity of being near me, and convincing me  
 'that your Mind is altered too.' 'O!  
 'my Angel,' cries *Jones*, 'how shall I thank  
 'thy Goodness? And are you so good to  
 'own, that you have a Satisfaction in my  
 'Prosperity?—— Believe me, believe me,  
 'Madam, it is you alone have given a  
 'Relish to that Prosperity, since I owe to  
 'it the dear Hope——O! my *Sophia*, let  
 'it not be a distant one.—— I will be all  
 'Obedience to your Commands. I will  
 'not dare to press any thing further than  
 'you permit me. Yet let me intreat you  
 'to appoint a short Trial. O! tell me,  
 'when I may expect you will be convin-  
 'ced of what is most solemnly true.'  
 'When I have gone voluntarily thus far,  
 'Mr. *Jones*,' said she, 'I expect not to be  
 'pressed. Nay, I will not.'——'O don't  
 'look unkindly thus, my *Sophia*,' cries he.  
 'I do not, I dare not press you.——Yet  
 O 4 ' permit

‘ permit me at least once more to beg you  
 ‘ would fix the Period. O! consider the  
 ‘ Impatience of Love.’ — ‘ A Twelve-  
 ‘ month perhaps,’ said she. — ‘ O! my  
 ‘ *Sophia*,’ cries he, ‘ you have named an  
 ‘ Eternity.’ — ‘ Perhaps it may be some-  
 ‘ thing sooner,’ says she, ‘ I will not be  
 ‘ teased. If your Passion for me be what  
 ‘ I would have it, I think you may now be  
 ‘ easy.’ — ‘ Easy, *Sophia*, call not such  
 ‘ exulting Happiness as mine by so cold a  
 ‘ Name. — O! transporting Thought! am  
 ‘ I not assured that the blessed Day will  
 ‘ come, when I shall call you mine; when  
 ‘ Fears shall be no more; when I shall have  
 ‘ that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ex-  
 ‘ tatic Delight of making my *Sophia* hap-  
 ‘ py?’ — ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she, ‘ that Day  
 ‘ is in your own Power.’ — ‘ O! my dear,  
 ‘ my divine Angel,’ cried he, ‘ these Words  
 ‘ have made me mad with Joy. — But  
 ‘ I must, I will thank those dear Lips  
 ‘ which have so sweetly pronounced my  
 ‘ Bliss.’ He then caught her in his  
 Arms, and kissed her with an Ardour he  
 had never ventured before.

At this Instant, *Western*, who had stood  
 some Time listening, burst into the Room,  
 and with his hunting Voice and Phrase, cry’d  
 out,

out, 'To her Boy, to her, go to her.—  
 'That's it, little Honeys, O that's it.  
 'Well, what is it all over? Hath she ap-  
 'pointed the Day, Boy? What, shall it  
 'be to-morrow or next Day? It shan't  
 'be put off a Minute longer than next Day,  
 'I am resolved.' 'Let me beseech you,  
 'Sir,' says *Jones*, 'don't let me be the  
 'Occasion——' 'Beseech mine A——,'  
 cries *Western*, 'I thought thou had'st been a  
 'Lad of higher Mettle, than to give way to  
 'a Parcel of maidenish Tricks.——I tell  
 'thee 'tis all Flimflam. Zoodikers! she'd  
 'have the Wedding to-Night with all her  
 'Heart. Would'st not, *Sophy*? Come  
 'confess, and be an honest Girl for once.  
 'What, art dumb? Why do'st not speak?'  
 'Why should I confess, Sir,' says *Sophia*,  
 'since it seems you are so well acquainted  
 'with my Thoughts.'——'That's a good  
 'Girl,' cries he, 'and do'st consent then?'  
 'No indeed, Sir,' says *Sophia*, 'I have  
 'given no such Consent.'——'And wunt nut  
 'ha un then to-Morrow, nor next Day?'  
 says *Western*.——'Indeed, Sir,' says she,  
 'I have no such Intention.' 'But I  
 'can tell thee,' replied he, 'why hast  
 'nut, only because thou dost love to  
 'be disobedient, and to plague and  
 'vex thy Father.'——'Pray, Sir,' said *Jones*  
 interfering.——'I tell thee, thou at a Pup-

'py,' cries he. 'When I forbid her,  
 ' then it was all nothing but sighing and  
 ' whining, and languishing and writing;  
 ' now I am vor thee, she is against thee.  
 ' All the Spirit of contrary, that's all. She  
 ' is above being guided and governed by  
 ' her Father, that is the whole Truth on't.  
 ' It is only to disoblige and contradict me.'  
 ' What would my Papa have me do?' cries  
*Sophia*. 'What would I have thee do?'  
 says he, 'why gi un thy Hand this Mo-  
 ' ment.'—'Well, Sir,' said *Sophia*, 'I will  
 ' obey you. — There is my Hand, Mr.  
 ' *Jones*.' 'Well, and will you consent to  
 ' ha un to-morrow Morning?' says *Wes-*  
*tern*. — 'I will be obedient to you, Sir,'  
 cries she. — 'Why then to-morrow Morn-  
 ' ing be the Day,' cries he. — 'Why,  
 ' then to-morrow Morning shall be  
 ' the Day, Papa, since you will have it.  
 ' so,' says *Sophia*. *Jones* then fell upon his  
 Knees, and kissed her Hand in an Agony,  
 of Joy, while *Western* began to caper and  
 dance about the Room, presently crying  
 out,—'Where the Devil is *Allworthy*? He  
 ' is without now a-talking with that d—d  
 ' Lawyer *Dowling*, when he should be mind-  
 ' ing other Matters.' He then sallied out in  
 quest of him, and very opportunely left  
 the Lovers to enjoy a few tender Mi-  
 nutes alone.

But

But he soon returned with *Allworthy*, saying, 'If you won't believe me, you may ask her yourself. Hast nut gin thy Consent, *Sophy*, to be married to-morrow?' 'Such are your Commands, Sir,' cries *Sophia*, 'and I dare not be guilty of Disobedience.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'my Nephew will merit so much Goodness, and will be always as sensible as myself of the great Honour you have done my Family. An Alliance with so charming and so excellent a young Lady, would indeed be an Honour to the greatest in *England*.' 'Yes,' cries *Western*, 'but if I had suffered her to stand still I shall I, dilly dally, you might not have had that Honour yet a-while; I was forced to use a little fatherly Authority to bring her to.' 'I hope not, Sir,' cries *Allworthy*. 'I hope there is not the least Constraint.' 'Why there,' cries *Western*, 'you may bid her unsay all again, if you will. Do'st repent heartily of thy Promise, do'st not, *Sophy*?' 'Indeed, Papa,' cries she, 'I do not repent, nor do I believe I ever shall; of any Promise in favour of Mr. *Jones*.' 'Then, Nephew,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I felicitate you most heartily; for I think

O 6

you



‘ you are the happiest of Men. And,  
 ‘ Madam, you will give me leave to con-  
 ‘ gratulate you on this joyful Occasion;  
 ‘ indeed I am convinced you have bestow-  
 ‘ ed yourself on one who will be sensible of  
 ‘ your great Merit, and who will at least  
 ‘ use his best Endeavours to deserve it.’  
 ‘ His best Endeavours!’ cries *Western*, ‘ that  
 ‘ he will I warrant un.—Harkee, *Allworthy*,  
 ‘ I’ll bet thee five Pound to a Crown we  
 ‘ have a Boy to-morrow nine Months; but  
 ‘ prithee tell me what wut ha? wut ha Bur-  
 ‘ gundy, Champagne, or what? for please  
 ‘ *Jupiter*, we’ll make a Night on’t.’ ‘ In-  
 ‘ deed, Sir, said *Allworthy*, ‘ you must ex-  
 ‘ cuse me; both my Nephew and I were  
 ‘ engaged before I suspected this near Ap-  
 ‘ proach of his Happiness.’—‘ Engaged!’  
 quoth the Squire, ‘ never tell me.—I won’t  
 ‘ part with thee to-night upon any Occa-  
 ‘ sion. Shalt sup here, please the Lord.  
 ‘ *Harry*.’ ‘ You must pardon me, my dear  
 ‘ Neighbour,’ answered *Allworthy*; ‘ I have  
 ‘ given a solemn Promise, and that you  
 ‘ know I never break.’ ‘ Why, prithee,  
 ‘ who art engaged to?’ cries the Squire.—  
*Allworthy* then informed him, as likewise of  
 the Company. — ‘ Odzookers!’ answered  
 the Squire, ‘ I will go with thee, and so  
 ‘ shall



‘ shall *Sophy*; for I won’t part with thee  
 ‘ to-night; and it would be barbarous to  
 ‘ part *Tom* and the Girl.’ This Offer was  
 presently embraced by *Allworthy*; and *Sophia*  
 consented, having first obtained a private  
 Promise from her Father, that he  
 would not mention a Syllable concerning  
 her Marriage.

CH A P. *The last.*

*In which the History is concluded.*

**Y**OUNG *Nightingale* had been that  
 Afternoon by Appointment to wait  
 on his Father who received him much more  
 kindly than he expected. There likewise  
 he met his Uncle, who was returned to  
 Town in quest of his new-married Daughter.

This Marriage was the luckiest Incident  
 which could have happened to the young  
 Gentleman; for these Brothers lived in a  
 constant State of Contention about the Go-  
 vernment of their Children, both heartily  
 despising the Method which each other took.  
 Each of them therefore now endeavoured  
 as much as he could to palliate the Offence  
 which

which his own Child had committed, and to aggravate the Match of the other. This Desire of triumphing over his Brother, added to the many Arguments which *Allworthy* had used, so strongly operated on the old Gentleman, that he met his Son with a smiling Countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that Evening at Mrs. *Miller's*.

As for the other, who really loved his Daughter with the most immoderate Affection, there was little Difficulty in inclining him to a Reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his Nephew where his Daughter and her Husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her Knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a Tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour was as well reconciled to both her and her Husband, as if he had himſelf joined their Hands.

In this Situation were Affairs when Mr. *Allworthy* and his Company arrived to complete the Happineſs of Mrs. *Miller*, who no ſooner ſaw *Sophia*, than ſhe gueſſed every Thing that had happened; and ſo great was

was her Friendship to *Jones*, that it added not a few Transports to those she felt on the Happiness of her own Daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many Instances of a Number of People met together, where every one was so perfectly happy, as in this Company. Amongst whom the Father of young *Nightingale* enjoyed the least perfect Content; for notwithstanding his Affection for his Son, notwithstanding the Authority and the Arguments of *Allworthy*, together with the other Motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his Son's Choice; and perhaps the Presence of *Sophia* herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his Concern, as a Thought now and then suggested itself, that his Son might have had that Lady, or some such other. Not that any of the Charms which adorned either the Person or Mind of *Sophia*, created the Uneasiness: It was the Contents of her Father's Coffers which set his Heart a longing. These were the Charms which he could not bear to think his Son had sacrificed to the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*.

The Brides were both very pretty Women; but so totally were they eclipsed by  
the

the Beauty of *Sophia*, that had they not been two of the best-tempered Girls in the World, it would have raised some Envy in their Breasts; for neither of their Husbands could long keep his Eyes from *Sophia*, who sat at the Table like a Queen receiving Homage, or rather like a superiour Being receiving Adoration from all around her. But it was an Adoration which they gave, not which she exacted: For she was as much distinguished by her Modesty and Affability, as by all her other Perfections.

The Evening was spent in much true Mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former Sufferings and Fears gave such a Relish to their Felicity, as even Love and Fortune in their fullest Flow could not have given without the Advantage of such a Comparison. Yet as great Joy, especially after a sudden Change and Revolution of Circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the Heart than on the Tongue, *Jones* and *Sophia* appeared the least merry of the whole Company. Which *Western* observed with great Impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st not talk Boy! • Why do'st look so grave! Hast lost thy • Tongue Girl! Drink another Glass of • Wine

'Wine, sha't drink another Glas?' And the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry Song, which bore some Relation to Matrimony, and the Loss of a Maidenhead, Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that Topic, as to have driven her out of the Room, if Mr. *Allworthy* had not checkt him sometimes by Looks, and once or twice by a *Fie! Mr. Western.* He began indeed once to debate the Matter, and assert his Right to talk to his own Daughter as he thought fit; but as no Body seconded him, he was soon reduced to Order.

Notwithstanding this little Restraint, he was so pleased with the Chearfulness and Good-Humour of the Company, that he insisted on their meeting the next Day at his Lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely *Sophia*, who was now in private become a Bride too, officiated as the Mistress of the Ceremonies, or, in the polite Phrase, did the Honours of the Table. She had that Morning given her Hand to *Jones*, in the Chapel at *Doctors Commons*, where Mr. *Allworthy*, Mr. *Western*, and Mrs. *Miller* were the only Persons present.

*Sophia*



*Sophia* had earnestly desired her Father, that no others of the Company, who were that Day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her Marriage. The same Secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. *Miller*, and *Jones* undertook for *Allworthy*. This somewhat reconciled the Delicacy of *Sophia* to the public Entertainment, which, in Compliance with her Father's Will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own Inclinations. In Confidence of this Secrecy, she went through the Day pretty well, till the Squire, who was now advanced into the second Bottle, could contain his Joy no longer, but, filling out a Bumper, drank a Health to the Bride. The Health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great Confusion of our poor blushing *Sophia*, and the great Concern of *Jones* upon her Account. To say Truth, there was not a Person present made wiser by this Discovery; for Mrs. *Miller* had whispered it to her Daughter, her Daughter to her Husband, her Husband to his Sister, and she to all the rest.

*Sophia* now took the first Opportunity of withdrawing with the Ladies, and the Squire sat in to his Cups, in which he was,  
by



by Degrees, deserted by all the Company; except the Uncle of young *Nightingale*, who loved his Bottle as well as *Western* himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole Evening, and long after that happy Hour which had surrendered the charming *Sophia* to the eager Arms of her enraptured *Jones*.

Thus, Reader, we have at length brought our History to a Conclusion, in which, to our great Pleasure, tho' contrary perhaps to thy Expectation, Mr. *Jones* appears to be the happiest of all human Kind: For what Happiness this World affords equal to the Possession of such a Woman as *Sophia*, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other Persons who have made any considerable Figure in this History, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed in a few Words as possible, to satisfy their Curiosity.

*Allworthy* hath never yet been prevailed upon to see *Bliffl*, but he hath yielded to the Importunity of *Jones*, backed by *Sophia*, to settle 200*l.* a Year upon him;  
to

to which *Jones* hath privately added a third. Upon this Income he lives in one of the northern Counties, about 200 Miles distant from *London*, and lays up 200 *l.* a Year out of it, in order to purchase a Seat in the next Parliament from a neighbouring Borough, which he has bargained for with an Attorney there. He is also lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich Widow of that Sect, whose Estate lies in that Part of the Kingdom.

*Square* died soon after he writ the before-mentioned Letter; and as to *Thwackum*, he continues at his Vicarage. He hath made many fruitless Attempts to regain the Confidence of *Allworthy*, or to ingratiate himself with *Jones*, both of whom he flatters to their Faces, and abuses behind their Backs. But in his stead, Mr. *Allworthy* hath lately taken Mr. *Abraham Adams* into his House, of whom *Sophia* is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the Tuition of her Children.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* is separated from her Husband, and retains the little Remains of her Fortune. She lives in Reputation at the polite End of the Town, and is so good an Economist, that she spends three Times the

the Income of her Fortune, without running in Debt. She maintains a perfect Intimacy with the Lady of the *Irish* Peer; and in Acts of Friendship to her repays all the Obligations she owes to her Husband.

Mrs. *Western* was soon reconciled to her Niece *Sophia*, and hath spent two Months together with her in the Country. Lady *Bellaſton* made the latter a formal Viſit at her Return to Town, where ſhe behaved to *Jones*, as to a perfect Stranger, and with great Civility, wiſhed him Joy on his Marriage.

Mr. *Nightingale* hath purchaſed an Eſtate for his Son in the Neighbourhood of *Jones*, where the young Gentleman, his Lady, Mrs. *Miller*, and her little Daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable Intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two Families.

As to thoſe of lower Account, Mrs. *Waters* returned into the Country, had a Penſion of 60 *l.* a Year ſettled upon her by Mr. *Allworthy*, and is married to Parſon *Supple*, on whom, at the Inſtance of *Sophia*, *Western* hath beſtowed a conſiderable Living.

*Black*

*Black George* hearing the Discovery that had been made, run away, and was never since heard of; and *Jones* bestowed the Money on his Family, but not in equal Proportions, for *Molly* had much the greatest Share.

As for *Partridge*, *Jones* hath settled 50 *l.* a Year on him; and he hath again set up a School, in which he meets with much better Encouragement than formerly; and there is now a Treaty of Marriage on Foot, between him and Miss *Molly Seagrim*, which through the Mediation of *Sophia*, is likely to take Effect.

We now return to take Leave of Mr. *Jones* and *Sophia*, who, within two Days after their Marriage, attended Mr. *Western* and Mr. *Allworthy* into the Country. *Western* hath resigned his Family Seat, and the greater Part of his Estate to his Son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser House of his, in another Part of the Country, which is better for Hunting. Indeed he is often as a Visitant with Mr. *Jones*, who as well as his Daughter, hath an infinite Delight in doing every Thing in their Power to please him. And this Desire of theirs is attended

attended with such Success, that the old Gentleman declares he was never happy in his Life till now. He hath here a Parlour and Anti-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases, and his Daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; for *Jones* hath assured her, that as next to pleasing her, one of his highest Satisfactions is to contribute to the Happiness of the old Man; so the great Duty which she expresses and performs to her Father renders her almost equally dear to him, with the Love which she bestows on himself.

*Sophia* hath already produced him two fine Children, a Boy and a Girl, of whom the old Gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his Time in the Nursery, where he declares the rattling of his little Grand-Daughter, who is above a Year and half old, is sweeter Music than the finest Cry of Dogs in *England*.

*Allworthy* was likewise greatly liberal to *Jones* on the Marriage, and hath omitted no Instance of shewing his Affection to him and his Lady, who love him as a Father. Whatever in the Nature of *Jones* had a Tendency to Vice, has been corrected by  
conti-



continual Conversation with this good Man, and by his Union with the lovely and virtuous *Sophia*. He has also, by Reflexion on his past Follies, acquired a Discretion and Prudence very uncommon in one of his lively Parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier Man and Woman, than this fond Couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest Affection for each other, an Affection daily encreased and confirmed by mutual Endearments, and mutual Esteem. Nor is their Conduct towards their Relations and Friends less amiable, than towards one another. And such is their Condescension, their Indulgence, and their Beneficence to those below them, that there is not a Neighbour, a Tenant, or a Servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the Day when Mr. *Jones* was married to his *Sophia*.

F I N I S.